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THE
ENGLISH THEATRE.

IN
EIGHT VOLUMES.

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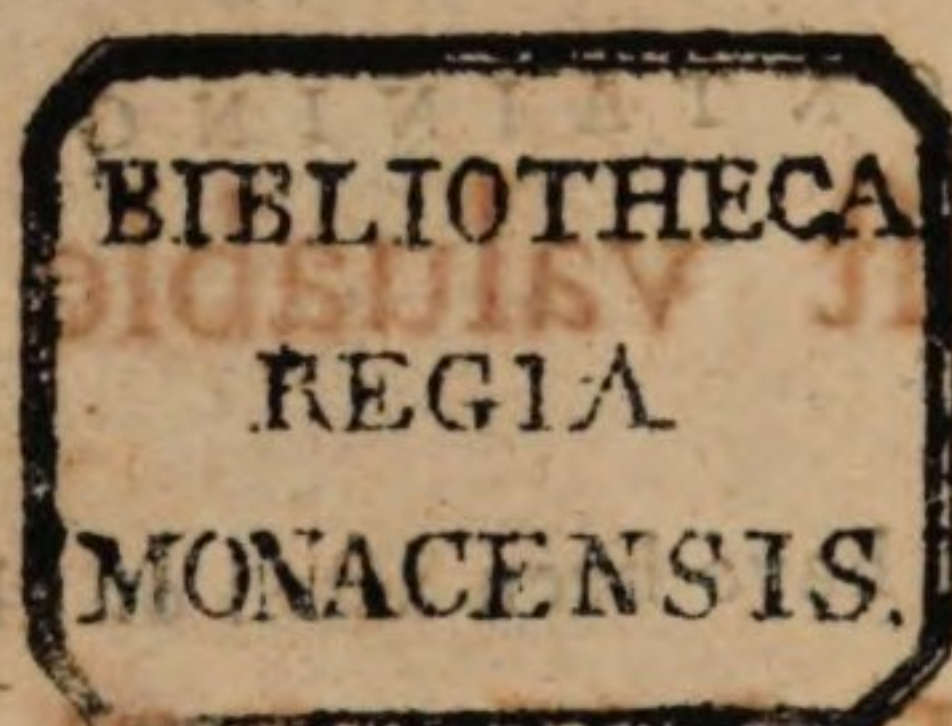
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Where may be had, All Sorts of PLAYS.

THE
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The most valuable Plays
Which have been
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VOL. II.

For Love. By Mr. Dyer.
The most perfect Mother. By Mr. Roper.
Anna Bullen. By Mr. Dyer.
Cato. By Joseph Addison.

L O N D O N

Printed for T. Lawrence, in Fleet Street.

MDCCLXV.

Where may be had, All sorts of Plays.



Gravelot inv.

Vol. 4, pa. 171.

J. F. Guckel sculp.

ALL FOR LOVE:

OR, THE

WORLD WELL LOST.

A

TRAGEDY.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

*Facile est verbum aliquod ardens (ut ita dicam) notare:
idque restinctis animorum incendiis irridere.* Cicero.



L O N D O N:

Printed for J. and R. TONSON in the Strand.

MDCCLXIII.

ALL FOR LOVE:

OR THE

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A

TRAGEDY.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

Printed by W. Stansfeld, at the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, 1704.



LONDON.

Printed for J. and R. Tonson in the Strand.

MDCCLXIV.



P R O L O G U E.

WHAT Flocks of Criticks hover here To-day,
As Vultures wait on Armies for their Prey,
All gaping for the Carcass of a Play!
With croaking Notes they bode some dire Event,
And follow dying Poets by the Scent.
Ours gives himself for gone; you've watch'd your Time!
He fights this Day unarm'd; without his Rhyme.
And brings a Tale which often has been told;
As sad as Dido's; and almost as old.
His Hero, whom you Wits his Bully call,
Bates of his Mettle; and scarce rants at all:
He's somewhat lewd; but a well-meaning Mind;
Weeps much; fights little; but is wond'rous kind.
In short, a Pattern, and Companion fit,
For all the keeping Tonies of the Pit.
I could name more: a Wife, and Mistress too;
Both (to be plain) too good for most of you:
The Wife well-natur'd, and the Mistress true.

Now, Poets, if your Fame has been his Care,
Allow him all the Candour you can spare.
A brave Man scorns to quarrel once a Day;
Like Hector's, in at every petty Fray.
Let those find Fault whose Wit's so very small,
They've need to show that they can think at all:
Errors like Straws upon the Surface flow;
He who would search for Pearls, must dive below.
Fops may have leave to level all they can;
As Pigmies would be glad to lop a Man.
Half-Wits are Fleas; so little and so light,
We scarce could know they live, but that they bite.

PROLOGUE.

*But, as the Rich, when tir'd with daily Feasts,
For change, become their next poor Tenant's Guests;
Drink hearty Draughts of Ale, from plain brown Bowls,
And snatch the homely Rasher from the Coals:
So you, retiring from much better Cheer,
For once, may venture to do Penance here.
And since that plenteous Autumn now is past,
Whose Grapes and Peaches have indulg'd your Taste,
Take in good Part, from our poor Poet's Board,
Such rivell'd Fruits as Winter can afford.*

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

Marc Antony.	Mr. Hart.
Ventidius, <i>his General.</i>	Mr. Mohun.
Dolabella, <i>his Friend.</i>	Mr. Clarke.
Alexas, <i>the Queen's Eunuch.</i>	Mr. Goodman.
Serapion, <i>Priest of Isis.</i>	Mr. Griffin.
<i>Another Priest.</i>	Mr. Coysn.
<i>Servants to Antony.</i>	

W O M E N.

Cleopatra, <i>Queen of Ægypt.</i>	Mrs. Boutell.
Octavia, <i>Antony's Wife.</i>	Mrs. Corey.
Charmion, } <i>Cleopatra's Maids.</i>	
Iras, }	
Antony's <i>two little Daughters.</i>	

SCENE, ALEXANDRIA.

ALL



ALL FOR LOVE:

OR, THE WORLD WELL LOST.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

S C E N E, *The Temple of Isis.*

Enter Serapion, Myris, Priests of Isis.

S E R A P I O N.

Portents, and Prodigies, are grown so frequent,
That they have lost their Name. Our fruitful Nile
Flow'd ere the wonted Season, with a Torrent
So unexpected, and so wondrous fierce,
That the wild Deluge overtook the Haste
Ev'n of the Hinds that watch'd it: Men and Beasts
Were borne above the Tops of Trees, that grew
On th' utmost Margin of the Water-mark.
Then, with so swift an Ebb, the Flood drove backward,
It slid from underneath the Scaly Herd:

Here monstrous *Phocæ* panted on the Shore;
 Forsaken *Dolphins* there, with their broad Tails,
 Lay lashing the departing Waves: Hard by 'em,
 Sea Horses floundring in the slimy Mud,
 Toss'd up their Heads, and dash'd the Ooze about 'em.

Enter Alexas behind them.

Myr. Avert these Omens, Heaven.

Serap. Last Night, between the Hours of twelve and one,
 In a lone Isle o'the Temple while I walk'd,
 A Whirlwind rose, that, with a violent Blast,
 Shook all the Dome: The Doors around me clapt;
 The Iron Wicket, that defends the Vault,
 Where the long Race of *Ptolemies* is laid,
 Burst open, and disclos'd the mighty Dead.
 From out each Monument, in order plac'd,
 An armed Ghost starts up: The Boy-King last
 Rear'd his inglorious Head. A Peal of Groans
 Then follow'd, and a lamentable Voice
 Cry'd, *Ægypt* is no more. My Blood ran back,
 My shaking Knees against each other knock'd;
 On the cold Pavement down I fell intranc'd,
 And so unfinish'd left the horrid Scene.

Alex. And, dream'd you this? or, did invent the Story,
 [Shewing himself.

To frighten our *Ægyptian* Boys withal,
 And train 'em up betimes in fear of Priesthood?

Serap. My Lord, I saw you not,
 Nor meant my Words should reach your Ears; but what
 I utter'd was most true.

Alex. A foolish Dream,
 Bred from the Fumes of indigested Feasts,
 And holy Luxury.

Serap. I know my Duty:
 This goes no farther.

Alex. 'Tis not fit it should.
 Nor would the Times now bear it, were it true.
 All Southern, from yon Hills, the *Roman* Camp
 Hangs o'er us black and threatning, like a Storm
 Just breaking on our Heads.

Serap.

Serap. Our faint *Ægyptians* pray for *Antony*;
But in their servile Hearts they own *Octavius*.

Myr. Why then does *Antony* dream out his Hours,
And tempts not Fortune for a noble Day,
Which might redeem what *Actium* lost?

Alex. He thinks 'tis past Recovery.

Serap. Yet the Foe
Seems not to press the Siege.

Alex. O, there's the Wonder.

Mecænas and *Agrippa*, who can most
With *Cæsar*, are his Foes. His Wife *Octavia*,
Driv'n from his House, solicits her Revenge;
And *Dolabella*, who was once his Friend,
Upon some private Grudge, now seeks his Ruin:
Yet still War seems on either side to sleep.

Serap. 'Tis strange that *Antony*, for some Days past,
Has not beheld the Face of *Cleopatra*;
But here, in *Isis*' Temple, lives retir'd,
And makes his Heart a Prey to black Despair.

Alex. 'Tis true; and we much fear he hopes by Absence
To cure his Mind of Love.

Serap. If he be vanquish'd,
Or make his Peace, *Ægypt* is doom'd to be
A Roman Province; and our plenteous Harvests
Must then redeem the Scarceness of their Soil.
While *Antony* stood firm, our *Alexandria*
Rival'd proud *Rome* (Dominion's other Seat)
And Fortune striding, like a vast *Colossus*,
Could fix an equal Foot of Empire here.

Alex. Had I my Wish, these Tyrants of all Nature,
Who lord it o'er Mankind, should perish, perish,
Each by the other's Sword; but, since our Will
Is lamely follow'd by our Pow'r, we must
Depend on one; with him to rise or fall.

Serap. How stands the Queen affected?

Alex. O she dotes,
She dotes, *Serapion*, on this vanquish'd Man,
And winds herself about his mighty Ruins;
Whom would she yet forsake, yet yield him up,
This hunted Prey, to his Pursuer's Hands,

She might preserve us all : but 'tis in vain ———
 This changes my Designs, this blasts my Counsels,
 And makes me use all means to keep him here,
 Whom I could wish divided from her Arms
 Far as the Earth's deep Center. Well, you know
 The State of Things ; no more of your ill Omens,
 And black Prognosticks ; labour to confirm
 The Peoples Hearts.

*Enter Ventidius, talking aside with a Gentleman of
 Antony's.*

Serap. These Romans will o'er-hear us.
 But, who's that Stranger ? By his warlike Port,
 His fierce Demeanor, and erected Look,
 He's of no vulgar Note.

Alex. O 'tis *Ventidius*,
 Our Emp'ror's great Lieutenant in the East,
 Who first shew'd *Rome* that *Parthia* could be conquer'd.
 When *Antony* return'd from *Syria* last,
 He left this Man to guard the *Roman* Frontiers.

Serap. You seem to know him well.

Alex. Too well. I saw him in *Cilicia* first,
 When *Cleopatra* there met *Antony* :
 A mortal Foe he was to us, and *Ægypt*.
 But, let me witness to the Worth I hate,
 A braver *Roman* never drew a Sword.
 Firm to his Prince ; but, as a Friend, not Slave.
 He ne'er was of his Pleasures ; but presides
 O'er all his cooler Hours, and Morning Counsels :
 In short, the Plainness, Fierceness, rugged Virtue
 Of an old true-stampt *Roman* lives in him.
 His Coming bodes I know not what of Ill
 To our Affairs. Withdraw, to mark him better ;
 And I'll acquaint you why I sought you here,
 And what's our present Work.

*[They withdraw to a Corner of the Stage ; and Ven-
 tidius, with the other, comes forwards to the Front.]*

Vent. Not see him, say you ?
 I say, I must, and will.

Gent. He has commanded,
 On Pain of Death, none should approach his Presence.

Vent.

Vent. I bring him News will raise his drooping Spirits,
Give him new Life.

Gent. He sees not *Cleopatra*.

Vent. Would he had never seen her.

Gent. He eats not, drinks not, sleeps not, has no use
Of any thing, but Thought; or, if he talks,
'Tis to himself, and then 'tis perfect Raving:
Then he defies the World, and bids it pass;
Sometimes he gnaws his Lip, and curses loud
The Boy *Octavius*; then he draws his Mouth
Into a scornful Smile and cries, Take all,
The World's not worth my Care.

Vent. Just, just his Nature.

Virtue's his Path; but sometimes 'tis too narrow
For his vast Soul; and then he starts out wide,
And bounds into a Vice that bears him far
From his first Course, and plunges him in Ills:
But, when his Danger makes him find his Fault,
Quick to observe, and full of sharp Remorse,
He censures eagerly his own Misdeeds,
Judging himself with Malice to himself,
And not forgiving what as Man he did,
Because his other Parts are more than Man.
He must not thus be lost.

[*Alexas and the Priests come forward.*]

Alex. You have your full Instructions, now advance;
Proclaim your Orders loudly.

Serap. Romans, *Ægyptians*, hear the Queen's Command.
Thus *Cleopatra* bids, Let Labour cease,
To Pomp and Triumphs give this happy Day,
That gave the World a Lord: 'Tis *Antony's*.
Live, *Antony*; and *Cleopatra* live.
Be this the general Voice sent up to Heav'n,
And every publick Place repeat this Echo.

Vent. Fine Pageantry!

[*Aside.*]

Serap. Set out before your Doors
The Images of all your sleeping Fathers,
With Laurels crown'd; with Laurels wreath your Posts,
And strow with Flow'rs the Pavement; let the Priests
Do present Sacrifice; pour out the Wine,

And

And call the Gods to join with you in Gladness.

Vent. Curse on the Tongue that bids this general Joy,
Can they be Friends of *Antony*, who revel
When *Antony's* in Danger? hide, for shame,
You *Romans*, your Great Grandfires Images,
For fear their Souls should animate their Marbles,
To blush at their degenerate Progeny.

Alex. A Love which knows no Bounds to *Antony*,
Would mark the Day with Honours; when all Heav'n
Labour'd for him, when each propitious Star
Stood wakeful in his Orb, to watch that Hour,
And shed his better Influence. Her own Birth-day
Our Queen neglected, like a vulgar Fate,
That pass'd obscurely by.

Vent. Would it had slept,
Divided far from his; till some remote
And future Age had call'd it out, to ruin
Some other Prince, not him.

Alex. Your Emperor,
Tho' grown unkind, would be more gentle, than
T' upbraid my Queen, for loving him too well,

Vent. Does the mute Sacrifice upbraid the Priest?
He knows him not his Executioner.

O, she has deck'd his Ruin with her Love,
Led him in golden Bands to gaudy Slaughter,
And made Perdition pleasing: She has left him
The Blank of what he was;

I tell thee, Eunuch, she has quite unmann'd him;
Can any *Roman* see, and know him now,
Thus alter'd from the Lord of half Mankind,
Unbent, unfinew'd, made a Woman's Toy,
Shrunk from the vast Extent of all his Honours,
And cramp'd within a Corner of the World?

O, *Antony*!

Thou bravest Soldier, and thou best of Friends!
Bounteous as Nature; next to Nature's God! [em,
Could'st thou but make new Worlds, so would'st thou give
As Bounty were thy Being. Rough in Battle
As the first *Romans*, when they went to War;
Yet, after Victory, more pitiful,

Than

Than all their praying Virgins left at home !

Alex. Would you could add to those more shining
Virtues

His Truth to her who loves him.

Vent. Would I could not.

But, wherefore waste I precious Hours with thee ?

'Thou art her darling Mischief, her chief Engine,

Antony's other Fate. Go, tell thy Queen,

Ventidius is arriv'd, to end her Charms.

Let your *Egyptian* Timbrels play alone ;

Nor mix effeminate Sounds with *Roman* Trumpets.

You dare not fight for *Antony* ; go pray,

And keep your Cowards holy-day in Temples.

[*Exeunt Alex. Serap.*]

Re-enter the Gentleman of M. Antony.

2 Gent. The Emperor approaches, and commands,
On pain of Death, that none presume to stay.

1 Gent. I dare not disobey him. [*Going out with the other.*]

Vent. Well, I dare.

But I'll observe him first unseen, and find

Which way his Humour drives : the rest I'll venture.

[*Withdraws.*]

*Enter Anthony, walking with a disturb'd Motion before
he speaks.*

Ant. They tell me, 'tis my Birth-day, and I'll keep it
With double Pomp of Sadness.

'Tis what the Day deserves, which gave me Breath.

Why was I rais'd the Meteor of the World,

Hung in the Skies, and blazing as I travell'd,

'Till all my Fires were spent ; and then cast downward

To be trod out by *Cæsar* ?

Vent. [*Aside.*] On my Soul,

'Tis mournful, wondrous mournful !

Ant. Count thy Gains.

Now, *Antony*, would'st thou be born for this ?

Glutton of Fortune, thy devouring Youth

Has starv'd thy wanting Age.

Vent. How Sorrow shakes him !

[*Aside.*]

So now the Tempest tears him up by th' Roots,

And on the Ground extends the noble Ruin.

Ant.

Ant. [*Having thrown himself down.*] Lie there, thou
Shadow of an Emperor ;

The Place thou preffest on thy Mother Earth
Is all thy Empire now : Now it contains thee ;
Some few Days hence, and then 'twill be too large,
When thou'rt contracted in thy narrow Urn,
Shrunk to a few cold Ashes ; then *Octavia*,
(For *Cleopatra* will not live to see it)
Octavia then will have thee all her own,
And bear thee in her widow'd Hand to *Cæsar* ;
Cæsar will weep, the Crocodile will weep,
To see his Rival of the Universe
Lie still and peaceful there. I'll think no more on't.
Give me some Musick ; look that it be sad :
I'll sooth my Melancholy, 'till I swell,
And burst myself with Sighing — [*Soft Musick.*
'Tis somewhat to my Humour : Stay, I fancy
I'm now turn'd wild, a Commoner of Nature ;
Of all forsaken, and forsaking all ;
Live in a shady Forest's Sylvan Scene,
Stretch'd at my Length beneath some blasted Oak,
I lean my Head upon the mossy Bark,
And look just of a Piece, as I grew from it :
My uncomb'd Locks, matted like Mistleto,
Hang o'er my hoary Face ; a murm'ring Brook
Runs at my Foot.

Vent. Methinks I fancy
Myself there too.

Ant. The Herd come jumping by me,
And fearless, quench their Thirst, while I look on,
And take me for their Fellow-Citizen.
More of this Image, more ; it lulls my Thoughts.

[*Soft Musick again.*

Vent. I must disturb him ; I can hold no longer.

[*Stands before him.*

Ant. *Starting up.* Art thou *Ventidius* ?

Vent. Are you *Antony* ?

I'm liker what I was, than you to him
I left you last.

Ant. I'm angry.

Vent. So am I.

Ant.

Ant. I would be private : Leave me

Vent. Sir, I love you,
And therefore will not leave you.

Ant. Will not leave me ?
Where have you learnt that Answer ? Who am I ?

Vent. My Emperor ; the Man I love next Heav'n :
If I said more, I think 'twere scarce a Sin :
You're all that's good, and god-like.

Ant. All that's wretched.
You will not leave me then ?

Vent. 'Twas too presuming
To say I would not ; but I dare not leave you :
And, 'tis unkind in you to chide me hence
So soon, when I so far have come to see you.

Ant. Now thou hast seen me, art thou satisfy'd ?
For, if a Friend, thou hast beheld enough ;
And, if a Foe, too much.

Vent. Look, Emperor, this is no common Dew,
[Weeping.

I have not wept this forty Years ; but now
My Mother comes afresh into my Eyes ;
I cannot help her Softness.

Ant. By Heav'n, he weeps, poor good old Man, he weeps !
The Big round Drops course one another down
The furrows of his Cheeks. Stop 'em, *Ventidius*,
Or I shall blush to Death : They set my Shame,
That caus'd 'em, full before me.

Vent. I'll do my best.

Ant. Sure there's Contagion in the Tears of Friends :
See, I have caught it too. Believe me, 'tis not
For my own Grievs, but thine ——— Nay, Father.

Vent. Emperor !

Ant. Emperor ! Why, that's the Stile of Victory :
The conqu'ring Soldier, red with unfelt Wounds,
Salutes his General so : but never more
Shall that Sound reach my Ears.

Vent. I warrant you.

Ant. *Actium, Actium !* Oh ———

Vent. It fits too near you.

Ant. Here, here it lies ; a Lump of Lead by Cay,
And,

And, in my short, distracted, nightly Slumbers,
The Hag that rides my Dreams ———

Vent. Out with it; give it vent.

Ant. Urge not my Shame.

I lost a Battle.

Vent. So has *Julius* done.

Ant. 'Thou favour'st me, and speak'st not half thou
For *Julius* fought it out, and lost it fairly: [think'st;
But *Antony* ———

Vent. Nay, stop not.

Ant. *Antony*,

(Well, thou wilt have it) like a Coward, fled,
Fled while his Soldiers fought; fled first, *Ventidius*.
Thou long'st to curse me, and I give thee leave.
I know thou cam'st prepar'd to rail.

Vent. I did.

Ant. I'll help thee — I have been a Man, *Ventidius*.

Vent. Yes, and a brave one; but ———

Ant. I know thy Meaning.

But, I have lost my Reason, have disgrac'd
The Name of Soldier, with inglorious Ease.
In the full Vintage of my flowing Honours,
Sate still, and saw it prest by other Hands.
Fortune came smiling to my Youth, and woo'd it,
And purple Greatness met my ripen'd Years.
When first I came to Empire, I was borne
On Tides of People, crouding to my Triumphs;
The Wish of Nations, and the willing World
Receiv'd me as its Pledge of future Peace;
I was so great, so happy, so lov'd,
Fate could not ruin me; till I took Pains
And work'd against my Fortune, chid her from me,
And turn'd her loose; yet still she came again.
My careless Days, and my luxurious Nights,
At length have weary'd her, and now she's gone,
Gone, gone, divorc'd for ever. Help me, Soldier,
To curse this Mad-man, this industrious Fool,
Who labour'd to be wretched: Pr'ythee curse me.

Vent. No,

Ant. Why?

Vent.

Vent. You are too sensible already
Of what you've done, too conscious of your Failings,
And, like a Scorpion, whipt by others first
To Fury, sting yourself in mad Revenge.
I would bring Balm, and pour it in your Wounds,
Cure your distemper'd Mind, and heal your Fortunes.

Ant. I know thou would'st.

Vent. I will.

Ant. Ha, ha, ha, ha.

Vent. You laugh.

Ant. I do, to see officious Love
Give Cordials to the Dead.

Vent. You would be lost then?

Ant. I am.

Vent. I say you are not. Try your Fortune.

Ant. I have, to th' utmost. Dost thou think me desperate,
Without just Cause? No, when I found all lost
Beyond repair, I hid me from the World,
And learnt to scorn it here; which now I do
So heartily, I think it is not worth
The cost of keeping.

Vent. *Cæsar* thinks not so:
He'll thank you for the Gift he could not take.
You would be kill'd, like *Tully*, would you? do,
Hold out your Throat to *Cæsar*, and die tamely.

Ant. No, I can kill myself; and so resolve.

Vent. I can die with you too, when time shall serve;
But Fortune calls upon us now to live,
To Fight, to Conquer.

Ant. Sure thou dream'st, *Ventidius*.

Vent. No; 'tis you dream; you sleep away your Hours
In desperate Sloth, miscall'd Philosophy.
Up, up, for Honour's sake; twelve Legions wait you,
And long to call you Chief: By painful Journeys,
I led 'em, patient, both of Heat and Hunger,
Down from the *Parthian* Marches, to the *Nile*.
'Twill do you good to see their Sun-burnt Faces,
Their scarr'd Cheeks, and chopt Hands: there's Virtue in
They'll sell those mangled Limbs at dearer Rates ['em.
Than yon trim Bands can buy.

Ant.

Ant. Where left you them?

Vent. I said, in lower Syria.

Ant. Bring 'em hither;

There may be Life in these.

Vent. They will not come.

Ant. Why didst thou mock my Hopes with promis'd
To double my Despair? They're Mutinous. [Aids,

Vent. Most firm and Loyal.

Ant. Yet they will not march

To succour me. O Trifler!

Vent. They petition

You would make haste to head 'em.

Ant. I'm besieg'd.

Vent. There's but one Way shut up: How came I hither?

Ant. I will not stir.

Vent. They would perhaps desire

A better Reason.

Ant. I have never us'd

My Soldiers to demand a Reason of

My Actions. Why did they refuse to march?

Vent. They said they would not fight for *Cleopatra*.

Ant. What was't they said?

Vent. They said, they would not fight for *Cleopatra*,
Why should they fight indeed, to make her conquer,
And make you more a Slave? to gain you Kingdoms,
Which, for a Kiss, at your next midnight Feast,
You'll sell to her? then she new names her Jewels,
And calls this Diamond such or such a Tax,
Each Pendant in her Ear shall be a Province.

Ant. *Ventidius*, I allow your Tongue free Licence
On all my other Faults; but, on your Life,
No word of *Cleopatra*: She deserves
More Wounds than I can lose.

Vent. Behold, you Pow'rs,
To whom you have intrusted Humankind;
See *Europe*, *Africk*, *Asia* put in Balance,
And all weigh'd down by one light worthless Woman!
I think the Gods are *Antonies*, and give,
Like Prodigals, this nether World away
To none but wasteful Hands.

Ant.

Ant. You grow presumptuous.

Vent. I take the Privilege of plain Love to speak.

Ant. Plain Love! plain Arrogance, plain Insolence!
Thy Men are Cowards; thou, an envious Traitor;
Who, under seeming Honesty, hath vented
The Burden of thy rank o'erflowing Gall.
O that thou wert my Equal; great in Arms
As the first *Cæsar* was, that I might kill thee
Without a stain to Honour!

Vent. You may kill me:
You have done more already, call'd me Traitor.

Ant. Art thou not one?

Vent. For showing you yourself.
Which none else durst have done; but had I been
That Name, which I disdain to speak again,
I needed not have fought your abject Fortunes,
Come to partake your Fate, to die with you.
What hinder'd me to've led my conqu'ring Eagles
To fill *Octavia's* Bands? I could have been
A Traitor then, a glorious happy Traitor,
And not have been so call'd.

Ant. Forgive me, Soldier:
I've been too passionate.

Vent. You thought me false;
Thought my old Age betray'd you: Kill me, Sir;
Pray kill me; yet you need not, your Unkindness
Has left your Sword no Work.

Ant. I did not think so;
I said it in my Rage: Pr'ythee forgive me:
Why did'st thou tempt my Anger, by Discovery
Of what I would not hear;

Vent. No Prince but you
Could merit that Sincerity I us'd,
Nor durst another Man have ventur'd it;
But you, ere Love mis-led your wand'ring Eye
Were sure the Chief and Best of human Race,
Fram'd in the very Pride and Boast of Nature;
So perfect, that the Gods who form'd you wonder'd
At their own Skill, and cry'd, A lucky Hit
Has mended our Design. Their Envy hindred,

Else

Else you had been Immortal, and a Pattern,
When Heav'n would work for Ostentation sake,
To copy out again.

Ant. But *Cleopatra* ———

Go on; for I can bear it now.

Vent. No more.

Ant. Thou dar'st not trust my Passion; but thou may'st;
Thou only lov'st; the rest have flatter'd me. [Word.

Vent. Heav'n's Blessing on your Heart, for that kind
May I believe you love me? speak again.

Ant. Indeed I do. Speak this, and this, and this.

[Hugging him.

Thy Praises were unjust; but, I'll deserve'em,
And yet mend all. Do with me what thou wilt;
Lead me to Victory, thou know'st the Way.

Vent. And, will you leave this ———

Ant. Pr'ythee do not curse her,
And I will leave her; though, Heav'n knows, I love
Beyond Life, Conquest, Empire; all, but Honour;
But I will leave her.

Vent. That's my Royal Master,
And, shall we fight?

Ant. I warrant thee, old Soldier,
Thou shalt behold me once again in Iron,
And at the Head of our old Troops, that beat
The *Parthians*, cry aloud, Come follow me.

Vent. O now I hear my Emperor! in that Word
Octavius fell. Gods, let me see that Day,
And, if I have ten Years behind, take all;
I'll thank you for th' Exchange.

Ant. Oh *Cleopatra*!

Vent. Again?

Ant. I've done: In that last Sigh, she went.
Cæsar shall know what 'tis to force a Lover
From all he holds most dear.

Vent. Methinks you breathe
Another Soul: Your Looks are more Divine;
You speak a Hero, and you move a God.

Ant. O, thou hast fir'd me: my Soul's up in Arms,
And mans each Part about me; Once again,

That

That noble Eagerness of Fight has seiz'd me ;
That Eagerness, with which I darted upward
To *Cassius*' Camp : In vain the steepy Hill
Oppos'd my Way ; in vain a War of Spears
Sung round my Head, and planted all my Shield ;
I won the Trenches, while my foremost Men
Lagg'd on the Plain below.

Vent. Ye Gods, ye Gods,
For such another Hour !

Ant. Come on, my Soldier !
Our Hearts and Arms are still the same : I long
Once more to meet our Foes ; that Thou and I,
Like Time and Death, marching before our Troops,
May taste Fate to 'em ; Mow 'em out a Passage,
And, entring where the foremost Squadrons yield,
Begin the noble Harvest of the Field. [*Exeunt.*]



A C T II. S C E N E I.

Enter Cleopatra, Iras and Alexas.

Cleo. WHAT shall I do, or whither shall I turn ?
Ventidius has o'ercome, and he will go.

Alex. He goes to fight for you.

Cleo. Then he would see me, ere he went to fight ;
Flatter me not ; If once he goes, he's lost ;
And all my Hopes destroy'd.

Alex. Does this weak Passion
Become a mighty Queen ?

Cleo. I am no Queen ;
Is this to be a Queen, to be besieg'd
By yon insulting *Roman* ; and to wait
Each Hour the Victor's Chain ? These Ills are small ;
For *Antony* is lost, and I can mourn
For nothing else but him. Now come, *Octavius*,
I have no more to lose ; prepare thy Bands ;
I'm fit to be a Captive : *Antony*

Has taught my Mind the Fortune of a Slave.

Iras. Call Reason to assist you.

Cleo. I have none,

And none would have: My Love's a noble Madness,
Which shows the Cause deserv'd it. Moderate Sorrow
Fits vulgar Love; and for a vulgar Man:
But I have lov'd with such transcendant Passion,
I soar'd, at first, quite out of Reason's View,
And now am lost above it. — No, I'm proud
'Tis thus: Would *Antony* could see me now;
Think you he would not sigh? though he must leave me,
Sure he would sigh: for he is noble-natur'd,
And bears a tender Heart: I know him well.
Ah, no, I know him not; I knew him once,
But now 'tis past.

Iras. Let it be past with you:
Forget him, Madam.

Cleo. Never, never, *Iras.*
He once was mine; and once, though now 'tis gone,
Leaves a faint Image of Possession still.

Alex. Think him Unconstant, Cruel, and Ungrateful.

Cleo. I cannot: If I could, those Thoughts were vain;
Faithless, Ungrateful, Cruel, though he be,
I still must love him.

Enter Charmion.

Now, what News, my *Charmion*?
Will he be kind? and, will he not forsake me?
Am I to live or die? nay, do I live?
Or am I dead? for when he gave his Answer,
Fate took the Word, and then I liv'd or dy'd.

Char. I found him, Madam ———

Cleo. A long Speech preparing?
If thou bring'st Comfort, haste, and give it me;
For never was more need.

Iras. I know he loves you.

Cleo. Had he been kind, her Eyes had told me so.
Before her Tongue could speak it: Now she studies,
To soften what he said; but give me Death,
Just as he sent it, *Charmion*, undisguis'd,
And in the Words he spoke.

Char.

Char. I found him then
Incompass'd round, I think, with Iron Statues,
So mute, so motionless his Soldiers stood,
While awfully he cast his Eyes about,
And ev'ry Leader's Hopes and Fears survey'd :
Methought he look'd resolv'd, and yet not pleas'd.
When he beheld me struggling in the Crowd,
He blush'd, and bade, make way.

Alex. There's Comfort yet.

Char. *Ventidius* fixt his Eyes upon my Passage
Severely, as he meant to frown me back,
And sullenly gave place : I told my Message,
Just as you gave it, broken and disorder'd ;
I number'd in it all your Sighs and Tears,
And while I mov'd your Pitiful Request,
That you but only begg'd a last Farewel,
He fetch'd an inward Groan, and ev'ry time
I nam'd you, sigh'd, as if his Heart were breaking,
But shun'd my Eyes, and guiltily look'd down ;
He seem'd not now that awful *Antony*
Who shook an arm'd Assembly with his Nod,
But making show as he would rub his Eyes,
Disguis'd and blotted out a falling Tear.

Cleo. Did he then weep ? and was I worth a Tear ?
If what thou hast to say be not as pleasing,
Tell me no more, but let me die contented.

Char. He bid me say, He knew himself so well,
He could deny you nothing, if he saw you ;
And therefore ———

Cleo. Thou would'st say, he would not see me ?

Char. And therefore beg'd you not to use a Power,
Which he could ill resist ; yet he should ever
Respect you as he ought.

Cleo. Is that a Word
For *Antony* to use to *Cleopatra* ?
Oh that faint Word, Respect ! how I disdain it !
Disdain myself, for loving after it !
He should have kept that Word for cold *Octavia*,
Respect is for a Wife : Am I that Thing,
That dull insipid Lump, without Desires,

And

And without Pow'r to give 'em ?

Alex. You misjudge ;
You see through Love, and that deludes your Sight :
As, what is straight, seems crooked through the Water ;
But I, who bear my Reason undisturb'd,
Can see this *Antony*, this dreaded Man,
A fearful Slave, who fain would run away,
And shuns his Master's Eyes ; if you pursue him,
My life on't, he still drags a Chain along,
That needs must clog his Flight.

Cleo. Could I believe thee !

Alex. By ev'ry Circumstance I know he loves.
True, he's hard prest, by Int'rest and by Honour :
Yet he but doubts, and parlies, and cast out
Many a long Look for Succour.

Cleo. He sends word,
He fears to see my Face.

Alex. And would you more ?
He shows his Weakness who declines the Combat ;
And you must urge your Fortune. Could he speak
More plainly ? To my Ears, the Message sounds
Come to my Rescue, *Cleopatra*, come ;
Come, free me from *Ventidius* ; from my Tyrant :
See me, and give me a Pretence to leave him.
I hear his Trumpets. This way he must pass.
Please you, retire a while ; I'll work him first,
That he may bend more easy.

Cleo. You shall rule me ;
But all, I fear, in vain, [Ex. with Char. and Iras.

Alex. I fear so too ;
Though I conceal'd my Thoughts, to make her bold :
But 'tis our utmost Means, and Fate befriend it.

[Withdraws.

Enter Lictors with Fasces ; one bearing the Eagle : Then
enter *Antony* with *Ventidius*, followed by other Com-
manders.

Ant. *Octavius* is the Minion of blind Chance,
But holds from Virtue nothing.

Vent. Has he Courage ?

Ant. But just enough to season him from Coward,
O, 'tis the coldest Youth upon a Charge,

The

The most deliberate Fighter ! if he ventures
(As in *Illyria* once they say he did
To storm a Town) 'tis when he cannot chuse,
When all the World have fixt their Eyes upon him :
And then he lives on that for seven Years after.
But, at a close Revenge he never fails.

Vent. I heard you challeng'd him.

Ant. I did, *Ventidius*,
What think'st thou was his Answer ? 'Twas so tame, —
He said he had more Ways than one to die ;
I had not.

Vent. Poor !

Ant. He has more Ways than one ;
But he would chuse 'em all before that one.

Vent. He first would chuse an Ague, or a Fever.

Ant. No : It must be an Ague, not a Fever :
He has not Warmth enough to die by that.

Vent. Or old Age and a Bed.

Ant. Ay, there's his Choice.
He would live, like a Lamp, to the last Wink,
And crawl upon the utmost Verge of Life :
O *Hercules* ! Why should a Man like this,
Who dares not trust his Fate for one great Action,
Be all the Care of Heav'n ? Why should he Lord it
O'er fourscore thousand Men, of whom each one
Is braver than himself ?

Vent. You conquer'd for him :
Philippi knows it ; there you shar'd with him
That Empire, which your Sword made all your own.

Ant. Fool that I was, upon my Eagle's Wings
I bore this Wren, 'till I was tir'd with Soaring,
And now he mounts above me.

Good Heav'ns, is this, is this the Man who braves me ?
Who bids my Age make way ? Drives me before him,
To the World's Ridge, and sweeps me off like Rubbish ?

Vent. Sir, we lose time ; the Troops are mounted all.

Ant. Then give the Word to march :
I long to leave this Prison of a Town,
To join the Legions ; and, in open Field,
Once more to show my Face. Lead, my Deliverer.

Enter Alexas.

Alex. Great Emperor,
In mighty Arms renown'd above Mankind,
But, in soft Pity to th' Opprest, a God :
This Message sends the mournful *Cleopatra*
To her departing Lord.

Vent. Smooth Sycophant !

Alex. A thousand Wishes, and ten thousand Pray'rs,
Millions of Blessings wait you to the Wars,
Millions of Sighs in Tears she sends you too,
And would have sent

As many dear Embraces to your Arms,
As many parting Kisses to your Lips ;
But those, she fears, have weary'd you already.

Vent. [*Aside.*] False Crocodile!

Alex. And yet she begs not now, you would not leave her,
That were a Wish too mighty for her Hopes, [*Love,*]
And too presuming (for her low Fortune, and your ebbing
That were a Wish for her more prosp'rous Days,
Her blooming Beauty, and your growing Kindness.

Ant. [*Aside.*] Well, I must Man it out ; What would
the Queen ?

Alex. First, to these noble Warriors, who attend
Your daring Courage in the Chase of Fame,
(Too daring, and too dang'rous for her Quiet)
She humbly recommends all she holds dear,
All her own Cares and Fears, the Care of you.

Vent. Yes, witness *Actium*.

Ant. Let him speak, *Ventidius*.

Alex. You, when his matchless Valour bears him forward,
With Ardour too Heroick, on his Foes,
Fall down, as she would do, before his Feet ;
Lie in his Way, and stop the Paths of Death ;
Tell him, this God is not invulnerable,
That absent *Cleopatra* bleeds in him ;
And, that you may remember her Petition,
She begs you wear these Trifles, as a Pawn,
Which, at your wisht Return, she will redeem

[*Gives Jewels to the Commanders.*]

With all the Wealth of *Ægypt* :

This

This, to the great *Ventidius* she presents,
Whom she can never count her Enemy,
Because he loves her Lord.

Vent. Tell her I'll none on't ;
I'm not asham'd of honest Poverty :
Not all the Diamonds of the East can bribe
Ventidius from his Faith. I hope to see
These, and the rest of all her sparkling Store,
Where they shall more deservingly be plac'd.

Ant. And who must wear 'em then ?

Vent. The wrong'd *Octavia*.

Ant. You might have spar'd that Word.

Vent. And she that Bribe.

Ant. But have I no Remembrance ?

Alex. Yes, a dear one ;
Your Slave, the Queen ———

Ant. My Mistress.

Alex. Then your Mistress,
Your Mistress would, she says, have sent her Soul,
But that you had long since ; she humbly begs
This Ruby Bracelet, set with bleeding Hearts,
(The Emblems of her own) may bind your Arm.

[Presenting a Bracelet.]

Vent. Now, my best Lord, in Honour's Name, I ask you,
For Manhood's sake, and for your own dear Safety,
Touch not these poison'd Gifts,
Infected by the Sender, touch 'em not ;
Myriads of bluest Plagues lie underneath 'em,
And more than Aconite has dipt the Silk.

Ant. Nay, now you grow too Cynical, *Ventidius* :
A Lady's Favours may be worn with Honour.
What, to refuse her Bracelet ! On my Soul,
When I lie pensive in my Tent alone,
'Twill pass the wakeful Hours of Winter Nights,
To tell those pretty Beads upon my Arm,
To count for every one a soft Embrace,
A melting Kiss at such and such a Time ;
And now and then the Fury of her Love,
When ——— And what Harm's in this ?

Alex. None, none, my Lord,
But what's to her, that now 'tis past for ever.

Ant. [*Going to tie it.*] We Soldiers are so awkward—
help me tie it.

Alex. In faith, my Lord, we Courtiers too are awkward
In these Affairs: So are all Men indeed:
Ev'n I, who am not one. But shall I speak?

Ant. Yes, freely.

Alex. Then, my Lord, fair Hands alone
Are fit to tie it; she, who sent it, can.

Vent. Hell, Death! this Eunuch Pandar ruins you.
You will not see her?

[*Alexas whispers an Attendant, who goes out.*]

Ant. But to take my Leave.

Vent. Then I have wash'd an *Æthiope*. Y'are undone;
Y'are in the Toils; y'are taken; y'are destroy'd:
Her Eyes do *Cæsar's* Work.

Ant. You fear too soon.

I'm constant to myself: I know my Strength;
And yet she shall not think me barbarous neither,
Born in the Depths of *Africk*: I'm a *Roman*,
Bred to the Rules of soft Humanity.
A Guest, and kindly us'd, should bid farewell.

Vent. You do not know
How weak you are to her, how much an Infant;
You are not proof against a Smile, or Glance;
A Sigh will quite disarm you.

Ant. See, she comes!
Now you shall find your Error. Gods, I thank you:
I form'd the Danger greater than it was,
And now 'tis near, 'tis lessen'd.

Vent. Mark the End yet.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmion and Iras.

Ant. Well, Madam, we are met.

Cleo. Is this a Meeting?
Then, we must part?

Ant. We must.

Cleo. Who says we must?

Ant. Our own hard Fates.

Cleo. We make those Fates ourselves.

Ant.

Ant. Yes, we have made 'em; we have lov'd each other
Into our mutual Ruin.

Cleo. The Gods have seen my Joys with envious Eyes;
I have no Friends in Heav'n; and all the World,
(As 'twere the Bus'ness of Mankind to part us)
Is arm'd against my Love: Ev'n you yourself
Join with the rest; you, you are arm'd against me.

Ant. I will be justify'd in all I do
To late Posterity, and therefore hear me.

If I mix a Lye
With any Truth, reproach me freely with it;
Else, favour me with Silence.

Cleo. You command me,
And I am dumb.

Vent. I like this well: He shows Authority.

Ant. That I derive my Ruin
From you alone——

Cleo. O Heav'ns! I ruin you!

Ant. You promis'd me your Silence, and you break it
Ere I have scarce begun.

Cleo. Well, I obey you.

Ant. When I beheld you first, it was in *Ægypt*,
Ere *Cæsar* saw your Eyes; you gave me Love,
And were too young to know it; that I settled
Your Father in his Throne, was for your sake,
I left th' Acknowledgment for Time to ripen.

Cæsar stept in, and with a greedy Hand
Pluck'd the green Fruit, ere the first Blush of Red,
Yet cleaving to the Bough. He was my Lord,
And was, beside, too great for me to rival.
But, I deserv'd you first, tho' he enjoy'd you.
When, after, I beheld you in *Cilicia*,
An Enemy to *Rome*, I pardon'd you.

Cleo. I clear'd myself——

Ant. Again you break your Promise.
I lov'd you still, and took your weak Excuses,
Took you into my Bosom, stain'd by *Cæsar*,
And not half mine: I went to *Ægypt* with you,
And hid me from the Bus'ness of the World,
Shut out enquiring Nations from my Sight,

To give whole Years to you.

Vent. Yes, to your Shame be't spoken. [*Aside.*

Ant. How I lov'd

Witness ye Days and Nights, and all ye Hours,

That danc'd away with Down upon your Feet,

As all your Bus'ness were to count my Passion.

One Day past by, and nothing saw but Love;

Another came, and still 'twas only Love:

The Suns were weary'd out with looking on,

And I untir'd with loving.

I saw you ev'ry Day, and all the Day;

And ev'ry Day was still but as the first;

So eager was I still to see you more.

Vent. 'Tis all too true.

Ant. *Fulvia*, my Wife, grew jealous,

As she indeed had reason, rais'd a War

In *Italy*, to call me back.

Vent. But yet

You went not.

Ant. While within your Arms I lay,

The World fell mouldring from my Hands each Hour,

And left me scarce a Grasp (I thank your Love for't.)

Vent. Well push'd: That last was home.

Cleo. Yet may I speak?

Ant. If I have urg'd a Falshood, yes; else, not.

Your Silence says I have not. *Fulvia* dy'd;

(Pardon, you Gods, with my Unkindness dy'd.)

To set the World at Peace, I took *Octavia*,

This *Cæsar's* Sister; in her pride of Youth,

And flow'r of Beauty did I wed that Lady,

Whom blushing I must praise, because I left her.

You call'd; my Love obey'd the fatal Summons:

This rais'd the *Roman* Arms; the Cause was yours.

I would have fought by Land, where I was stronger;

You hinder'd it: Yet, when I fought at Sea,

Forsook me fighting; and (oh stain to Honour!

Oh lasting Shame!) I knew not that I fled;

But fled to follow you.

Vent. What haste she made to hoist her purple Sails!

And, to appear magnificent in Flight,

Drew

Drew half our Strength away.

Ant. All this you caus'd.

And, would you multiply more Ruins on me ?
This honest Man, my best, my only Friend,
Has gather'd up the Shipwrack of my Fortunes ;
Twelve Legions I have left, my last Recruits,
And you have watch'd the News, and bring your Eyes
To seize them too. If you have ought to answer,
Now speak, you have free Leave.

Alex. [*Aside.*] She stands confounded :
Despair is in her Eyes.

Vent. Now lay a Sigh i'th' way, to stop his Passage :
Prepare a Tear, and bid it for his Legions ;
'Tis like they shall be fold.

Cleo. How shall I plead my Cause, when you my Judge
Already have condemn'd me ? Shall I bring
The Love you bore me for my Advocate ?
That now is turn'd against me, that destroys me ;
For, Love once past, is, at the best, forgotten ;
But oftner sours to Hate : 'twill please my Lord
To ruin me, and therefore I'll be guilty.
But, could I once have thought it would have pleas'd you,
That you would pry, with narrow searching Eyes
Into my Faults, severe to my Destruction,
And watching all Advantages with Care,
That serve to make me wretched ? Speak, my Lord,
For I end here. Though I deserve this Usage,
Was it like you to give it ?

Ant. O you wrong me,
To think I sought this Parting, or desir'd
T' accuse you more than what will clear myself,
And justify this Breach.

Cleo. Thus low I thank you.
And, since my Innocence will not offend,
I shall not blush to own it.

Vent. After this
I think she'll blush at nothing.

Cleo. You seem griev'd,
(And therein you are kind) that *Cæsar* first
Enjoy'd my Love, though you deserv'd it better :

I grieve for that, my Lord, much more than you ;
 For, had I first been yours, it would have fav'd
 My second Choice : I never had been his,
 And ne'er had been but yours. But *Cæsar* first,
 You say, possess'd my Love. Not so, my Lord :
 He first possess'd my Person : you my Love :
Cæsar lov'd me ; but I lov'd *Antony*.
 If I endur'd him after, 'twas because
 I judg'd it due to the first Name of Men ;
 And, half constrain'd, I gave, as to a Tyrant,
 What he would take by force.

Vent. O Syren ! Syren !
 Yet grant that all the Love she boasts were true,
 Has she not ruin'd you ? I still urge that,
 The fatal Consequence.

Cleo. The Consequence indeed,
 For I dare challenge him, my greatest Foe,
 To say it was design'd : 'Tis true, I lov'd you,
 And kept you far from an uneasy Wife,
 (Such *Fulvia* was.)

Yes, but he'll say, you left *Octavia* for me ;—
 And, can you blame me to receive that Love,
 Which quitted such Desert, for worthless Me ?
 How often have I wish'd some other *Cæsar*,
 Great as the first, and as the second Young,
 Would court my Love, to be refus'd for you !

Vent. Words, Words ; but *Actium*, Sir, remember
Actium.

Cleo. Ev'n there, I dare his Malice. True, I counsell'd
 To fight at Sea ; but, I betray'd you not.
 I fled, but not to th' Enemy. 'Twas Fear ;
 Would I had been a Man, not to have fear'd,
 For none would then have envy'd me your Friendship,
 Who envy me your Love.

Ant. We're both unhappy :
 If nothing else, yet our ill Fortune parts us.
 Speak ; Would you have me perish, by my Stay ?

Cleo. If as a Friend you ask my Judgment, Go ;
 If as a Lover, Stay. If you must perish :
 'Tis a hard Word ; but stay.

Vent.

Vent. See now th' Effects of her so boasted Love !
She strives to drag you down to Ruin with her ;
But, could she scape without you, oh how soon
Would she let go her Hold, and haste to shore,
And never look behind !

Cleo. Then judge my Love by this.

[*Giving Antony a Writing.*

Could I have borne
A Life or Death, a Happiness or Woe
From yours divided, this had giv'n me Means.

Ant. By *Hercules*, the Writing of *Octavius* !
I know it well : 'tis that proscribing Hand,
Young as it was, that led the way to mine,
And left me but the second Place in Murder——
See, see, *Ventidius* ! here he offers *Ægypt*,
And joins all *Syria* to it, as a Present,
So, in requital, she forsake my Fortunes,
And join her Arms with his.

Cleo. And yet you leave me !
You leave me, *Antony* ; and, yet I love you.
Indeed I do : I have refus'd a Kingdom,
That's a Trifle ;
For I could part with Life ; with any thing,
But only you. O let me die but with you !
Is that a hard Request ?

Ant. Next living with you,
'Tis all that Heav'n can give.

Alex. He melts ; we Conquer. [Aside.

Cleo. No : You shall go : Your Int'rest calls you hence ;
Yes ; your dear Int'rest pulls too strong, for these
Weak Arms to hold you here —— [Takes his Hand.
Go ; leave me, Soldier ;
(For you're no more a Lover :) leave me dying :
Push me all pale and panting from your Bosom,
And, when your March begins, let one run after
Breathless almost for Joy ; and cry, she's dead :
The Soldiers shout ; you then perhaps may sigh
And muster all your *Roman* Gravity ;
Ventidius chides ; and strait your Brow clears up,
As I had never been.

Ant. Gods, 'tis too much; too much for Man to bear.

Cleo. What is't for me then,
A weak forsaken Woman: and a Lover? —
Here let me breathe my last? Envy me not
This Minute in your Arms: I'll die apace:
As fast as e'er I can; and end your Trouble.

Ant. Die! Rather let me perish: Loosen'd Nature
Leap from its Hinges, sink the Props of Heav'n,
And fall the Skies to crush the nether World.
My Eyes, my Soul; my All! — [Embraces her.

Vent. And what's this Toy,
In Balance with your Fortune, Honour, Fame?

Ant. What is't, *Ventidius*? it out-weighs 'em all;
Why, we have more than conquer'd *Cæsar* now:
My Queen's not only Innocent, but loves me,
This, this is she who drags me down to Ruin!
But, could she scape without me, with what haste
Would she let slip her Hold, and make to Shore,
And never look behind!

Down on thy Knees, Blasphemer as thou art,
And ask Forgiveness of wrong'd Innocence.

Vent. I'll rather die, than take it. Will you go?

Ant. Go! Whither? Go from all that's Excellent!
Faith, Honour, Virtue, all good Things forbid,
That I should go from her, who sets my Love
Above the Price of Kingdoms. Give, you Gods,
Give to your Boy, your *Cæsar*,
This Rattle of a Globe to play withal,
This Gu-gau World, and put him cheaply off:
I'll not be pleas'd with less than *Cleopatra*.

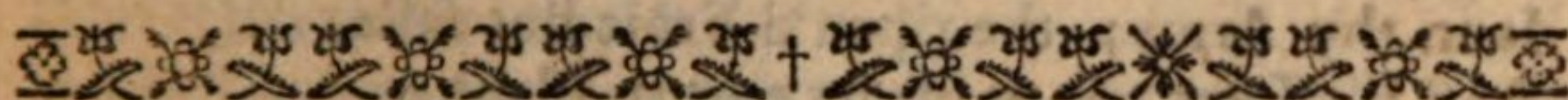
Cleo. She's wholly yours. My Heart's so full of Joy,
That I shall do some wild Extravagance
Of Love, in publick; and the foolish World,
Which knows not Tenderneſs, will think me Mad.

Vent. O Women! Women! Women! all the Gods
Have not such Pow'r of doing good to Man,
As you of doing harm. [Exit,

Ant. Our Men are arm'd.
Unbar the Gate that looks to *Cæsar's* Camp;
I would revenge the Treachery he meant me:

And

And long Security makes Conquest easy.
 I'm eager to return before I go ;
 For, all the Pleasures I have known, beat thick
 On my Remembrance : How I long for Night !
 That both the Sweets of mutual Love may try,
 And Triumph once o'er *Cæsar* ere we die. [Exeunt.]



A C T III. S C E N E I.

At one Door, enter Cleopatra, Charmion, Iras, and Alexas, a Train of Ægyptians : At the other Antony and Romans. The Entrance on both Sides is prepar'd by Musick; the Trumpets first sounding on Antony's Part: Then answer'd by Timbrels, &c. on Cleopatra's. Charmion and Iras hold a Laurel Wreath betwixt them. A Dance of Ægyptians. After the Ceremony, Cleopatra Crowns Antony.

Ant. **I** Thought how those white Arms would fold me in,
 And strain me close, and melt me into Love ;
 So pleas'd with that sweet Image, I sprung forwards,
 And added all my Strength to every Blow.

Cleo. Come to me, come, my Soldier, to my Arms,
 You've been too long away from my Embraces ;
 But, when I have you fast, and all my own,
 With broken Murmurs, and with amorous Sighs,
 I'll say, you were unkind, and punish you,
 And mark you red with many an eager Kiss.

Ant. My brighter *Venus* !

Cleo. O my greater *Mars* !

Ant. Thou join'st us well, my Love !
 Suppose me come from the *Phlegrean* Plains,
 Where gasping Giants lay, cleft by my Sword :
 And Mountain Tops par'd off each other Blow,
 To bury those I slew : Receive me, Goddess :
 Let *Cæsar* spread his subtile Nets, like *Vulcan*,
 In thy Embraces I would be beheld.

By Heav'n and Earth at once ;
 And make their Envy what they meant their Sport.
 Let those who took us blush ; I would love on
 With awful State, regardless of their Frowns,
 As their superior God.
 "There's no Satiety of Love, in thee ;
 Enjoy'd, thou still art new ; perpetual Spring
 Is in thy Arms ; the ripen'd Fruit but falls,
 And Blossoms rise to fill its empty Place ;
 And I grow rich by Giving.

Enter Ventidius, and stands apart.

Alex. O, now the Danger's past, your General comes,
 He joins not in your Joys, nor minds your Triumphs ;
 But, with contracted Brows, looks frowning on,
 As Envyng your Success.

Ant. Now, on my Soul, he loves me ; truly loves me ;
 He never flatter'd me in any Vice,
 But awes me with his Virtue : Ev'n this Minute
 Methinks he has a Right of chiding me.
 Lead to the Temple : I'll avoid his Presence ;
 It checks too strong upon me. *[Exeunt the rest.]*

[As Antony is going, Ventidius pulls him by the Robe.]

Vent. Emperor !

Ant. 'Tis the old Argument ; I pr'ythee spare me.

[Looking back:]

Vent. But this one Hearing, Emperor.

Ant. Let go

My Robe ; or, by my Father *Hercules*——

Vent. By *Hercules's* Father, that's yet greater,
 I bring you somewhat you would wish to know.

Ant. Thou see'st we are observ'd ; attend me here,
 And I'll return. *[Exit.]*

Vent. I'm waning in his Favour, yet I love him ;
 I love this Man, who runs to meet his Ruin ;
 And, sure the Gods, like me, are fond of him :
 His Virtues lie so mingled with his Crimes,
 As would confound their Choice to punish one,
 And not reward the other.

Enter Antony.

Ant. We can Conquer,

You

You see, without your Aid.
 We have dislodg'd their Troops,
 They look on us at distance, and, like Curs
 Scap'd from the Lions Paws, they bay far off,
 And lick their Wounds, and faintly threaten War.
 Five thousand *Romans* with their Faces upward
 Lie breathless on the Plain.

Vent. 'Tis well: And he
 Who lost 'em, could have spar'd ten thousand more.
 Yet if, by this Advantage, you could gain
 An easier Peace, while *Cæsar* doubts the Chance
 Of Arms! ———

Ant. O think not on't, *Ventidius*;
 The Boy pursues my Ruin, he'll no Peace;
 His Malice is confederate in Advantage;
 O, he's the coolest Murderer, so stanch,
 He kills, and keeps his Temper.

Vent. Have you no Friend
 In all his Army, who has Power to move him;
Mecænas, or *Agrippa* might do much.

Ant. They're both too deep in *Cæsar*'s Interests.
 We'll work it out by dint of Sword, or perish.

Vent. Fain I would find some other.

Ant. Thank thy Love.
 Some four or five such Victories as this
 Will save thy farther Pains.

Vent. Expect no more; *Cæsar* is on his Guard:
 I know, Sir, you have conquer'd against odds;
 But still you draw Supplies from one poor Town,
 And of *Ægyptians*: He has all the World,
 And, at his Beck, Nations come pouring in,
 To fill the Gaps you make. Pray think again.

Ant. Why dost thou drive me from myself, to search
 For Foreign Aids? to hunt my Memory,
 And range all o'er a waste and barren Place
 To find a Friend? The Wretched have no Friends——
 Yet I had one, the bravest Youth of *Rome*,
 Whom *Cæsar* loves beyond the Love of Women,
 He could resolve his Mind, as Fire does Wax,
 From that hard rugged Image melt him down

And

And mould him in what softer Form he pleas'd.

Vent. Him would I see ; that Man of all the World :
Just such a one we want.

Ant. He lov'd me too,
I was his Soul ; he liv'd not but in me :
We were so clos'd within each other's Breasts,
The Rivets were not found that join'd us first.
That does not reach us yet : We were so mixt,
As meeting Streams, both to ourselves were lost ;
We were one Mass ; we could not give or take,
But from the same ; for he was I, I he.

Vent. He moves as I would wish him. [*Aside.*

Ant. After this,
I need not tell his Name : 'Twas *Dolabella*.

Vent. He's now in *Cæsar's* Camp.

Ant. No matter where,
Since he's no longer mine. He took unkindly
That I forbade him *Cleopatra's* Sight ;
Because I fear'd he lov'd her : He confess
He had a Warmth, which, for my sake, he stifled ;
For 'twere impossible that two, so one,
Should not have lov'd the same. When he departed,
He took no leave ; and that confirm'd my Thoughts.

Vent. It argues that he lov'd you more than her,
Else he had staid ; but he perceiv'd you jealous,
And would not grieve his Friend : I know he loves you.

Ant. I should have seen him then ere now.

Vent. Perhaps
He has thus long been lab'ring for your Peace.

Ant. Would he were here.

Vent. Would you believe he lov'd you ?
I read your Answer in your Eyes you would.
Not to conceal it longer, he has sent
A Messenger from *Cæsar's* Camp, with Letters.

Ant. Let him appear.

Vent. I'll bring him instantly.

[*Exit Ventidius, and re-enters immediately with Dolabella.*

Ant. 'Tis he himself, himself, by holy Friendship !

[*Runs to embrace him.*

Art thou return'd at last, my better Half ;

Come,

Come, give me all myself.

Let me not live,

If the young Bridegroom, longing for his Night,
Was ever half so fond.

Dola. I must be silent: for my Soul is busy
About a nobler Work: She's new come home;
Like a long-absent Man, and wanders o'er
Each Room, a Stranger to her own, to look
If all be safe.

Ant. Thou hast what's left of me.
For I am now so sunk from what I was,
Thou find'st me at my lowest Water-mark.
The Rivers that ran in, and rais'd my Fortunes,
Are all dry'd up, or take another course:
What I have left is from my native Spring;
I've still a Heart that swells, in Scorn of Fate,
And lifts me to my Banks.

Dola. Still you are Lord of all the World to me.

Ant. Why, then I yet am so; for thou art all.
If I had any Joy when thou wert Absent,
I grudg'd it to myself; methought I robb'd
Thee of thy Part. But, Oh my *Dolabella*!
Thou hast beheld me other than I am.
Hast thou not seen my Morning Chambers fill'd
With Scepter'd Slaves, who waited to salute me?
With Eastern Monarchs, who forgot the Sun,
To worship my Uprising? Menial Kings
Ran coursing up and down my Palace-yard,
Stood silent in my Presence, watch'd my Eyes,
And, at my least Command, all started out
Like Racers to the Goal.

Dola. Slaves to your Fortune.

Ant. Fortune is *Cæsar*'s now; and what am I?

Vent. What you have made yourself; I will not flatter.

Ant. Is this friendly done?

Dola. Yes, When his End is so, I must join with him;
Indeed I must, and yet you must not chide:
Why am I else your Friend?

Ant. Take heed, young man,
How thou upbraid'st my Love: The Queen has Eyes,
And

And thou too hast a Soul. Canst thou remember
When, swell'd with Hatred, thou beheld'st her first
As accessary to thy Brother's Death?

Dola. Spare my Remembrance; 'twas a guilty Day,
And still the Blush hangs here.

Ant. To clear herself,
For sending him no Aid, she came from *Egypt*,
Her Gally down the Silver *Sydnos* row'd,
The Tackling Silk, the Streamers wav'd with Gold,
The gentle Winds were lodg'd in purple Sails:
Her Nymphs, like *Nereids*, round her Couch were plac'd;
Where she, another Sea-born *Venus*, lay.

Dola. No more: I would not hear it.

Ant. O, you must!
She lay, and leant her Cheek upon her Hand,
And cast a Look so languishingly sweet,
As if, secure of all Beholders Hearts,
Neglecting she could take 'em: Boys, like *Cupids*,
Stood fanning, with their painted Wings, the Winds
That plaid about her Face: But if she smil'd,
A darting Glory seem'd to blaze abroad:
That Mens desiring Eyes were never weary'd;
But hung upon the Object: To soft Flutes
The Silver Oars kept time; and while they plaid,
The Hearing gave new Pleasure to the Sight;
And both to Thought. 'Twas Heav'n, or somewhat more;
For she so charm'd all Hearts that gazing Crowds
Stood panting on the Shore, and wanted Breath
To give their Welcome Voice.

Then, *Dolabella*, where was then thy Soul?
Was not thy Fury quite disarm'd with Wonder?
Didst thou not shrink behind me from those Eyes,
And whisper in my Ear, Oh tell her not
That I accus'd her of my Brother's Death?

Dola. And should my Weakness be a Plea for yours?
Mine was an Age when Love might be excus'd,
When kindly Warmth, and when my springing Youth
Made it a Debt to Nature. Yours ———

Vent. Speak boldly.
Yours, he would say, in your declining Age,

When

When no more Heat was left but what you forc'd,
When all the Sap was needful for the Trunk,
When it went down, then they constrain'd the Course,
And robb'd from Nature, to supply Desire;
In you (I would not use so harsh a Word)
'Tis but plain Dotage.

Ant. Ha!

Dola. 'Twas urg'd too home.
But yet the Loss was private that I made;
'Twas but myself I lost: I lost no Legions;
I had no World to lose, no People's Love.

Ant. This from a Friend?

Dola. Yes, *Antony*, a true one;
A Friend so tender, that each Word I speak
Stabs my own Heart, before it reach your Ear.
O, judge me not less kind because I chide:
To *Cæsar* I excuse you.

Ant. O ye Gods!
Have I then liv'd to be excus'd to *Cæsar*?

Dola. As to your Equal.

Ant. Well, he's but my Equal:
While I wear this, he never shall be more.

Dola. I bring Conditions from him.

Ant. Are they Noble?
Methinks thou shouldst not bring 'em else; yet he
Is full of deep Dissembling; knows no Honour
Divided from his Int'rest. Fate mistook him;
For Nature meant him for an Usurer,
He's fit indeed to buy, not conquer Kingdoms.

Vent. Then, granting this,
What Pow'r was theirs who wrought so hard a Temper
To honourable Terms!

Ant. It was my *Dolabella*, or some God.

Dola. Nor I; nor yet *Mecænas*, nor *Agrippa*:
They were your Enemies; and I a Friend
Too weak alone; yet 'twas a *Roman* Deed.

Ant. 'Twas like a *Roman* done: Show me that Man
Who has preserv'd my Life, my Love, my Honour;
Let me but see his Face.

Vent.

Vent. That Task is mine,
And, Heav'n, thou know'st how pleasing. [*Exit Vent.*

Dola. You'll remember
To whom you stand oblig'd?

Ant. When I forget it,
Be thou unkind, and that's my greatest Curse.
My Queen shall thank him too.

Dola. I fear she will not.

Ant. But she shall do't: The Queen, my *Dolabella*!
Hast thou not still some Grudgings of thy Fever?

Dola. I would not see her lost.

Ant. When I forsake her,
Leave me, my better Stars; for she has Truth
Beyond her Beauty. *Cæsar* tempted her,
At no less Price than Kingdoms, to betray me;
But she resisted all: And yet thou chid'st me
For loving her too well. Could I do so?

Dola. Yes, there's my Reason.

*Re-enter Ventidius, with Octavia, leading Antony's two
little Daughters.*

Ant. Where? — *Octavia* there! [*Starting back.*

Vent. What, is she Poison to you? a Disease?
Look on her, view her well; and those she brings:
Are they all Strangers to your Eyes? has Nature
No secret Call, no Whisper they are yours?

Dola. For Shame, my Lord, if not for Love, receive 'em
With kinder Eyes. If you confess a Man,
Meet 'em, embrace 'em, bid 'em welcome to you.
Your Arms should open, ev'n without your Knowledge,
To clasp 'em in; your Feet should turn to Wings,
To bear you to 'em; and your Eyes dart out,
And aim a Kiss ere you could reach their Lips.

Ant. I stood amaz'd to think how they came hither.

Vent. I sent for 'em; I brought 'em in, unknown
To *Cleopatra's* Guards.

Dola. Yet, are you cold?

Octav. Thus long I have attended for my Welcome;
Which, as a Stranger, sure I might expect.
Who am I?

Ant. *Cæsar's* Sister.

Octav.

Octav. That's unkind!

Had I been nothing more than *Cæsar's* Sister,
Know, I had still remain'd in *Cæsar's* Camp;
But your *Octavia*, your much injur'd Wife,
Though banish'd from your Bed, driv'n from your House,
In spite of *Cæsar's* Sister, still is yours.
'Tis true, I have a Heart disdains your Coldness,
And prompts me not to seek what you should offer;
But a Wife's Virtue still surmounts that Pride:
I come to claim you as my own; to show
My Duty first, to ask, nay beg, your Kindness:
Your Hand, my Lord; 'tis mine, and I will have it.

[Taking his Hand.]

Vent. Do, take it, thou deserv'st it.

Dola. On my Soul,
And so she does: She's neither too submissive,
Nor yet too haughty; but so just a Mean
Shows, as it ought, a Wife and *Roman* too.

Ant. I fear, *Octavia*, you have begg'd my Life.

Octav. Begg'd it, my Lord?

Ant. Yes, begg'd it, my Ambassadors,
Poorly and basely begg'd it of your Brother.

Octav. Poorly and basely I could never beg:
Nor could my Brother grant.

Ant. Shall I, who, to my kneeling Slave, could say,
Rise up, and be a King; shall I fall down
And cry, Forgive me, *Cæsar*? shall I set
A Man, my Equal, in the Place of *Jove*,
As he could give me Being? No; that Word,
Forgive, would choak me up,
And die upon my Tongue.

Dola. You shall not need it.

Ant. I will not need it. Come, you've all betray'd me;
My Friend too! To receive some vile Conditions.
My Wife has bought me, with her Prayers and Tears;
And now I must become her branded Slave.
In every peevish Mood she will upbraid
The Life she gave: If I but look awry,
She cries, I'll tell my Brother.

Octav. My hard Fortune

Subjects

Subjects me still to your unkind Mistakes.
 But the Conditions I have brought are such
 You need not blush to take: I love your Honour,
 Because 'tis mine; it never shall be said
Octavia's Husband was her Brother's Slave.
 Sir, you are free; free, ev'n from her you loath;
 For, tho' my Brother bargains for your Love,
 Makes me the Price and Cement of your Peace,
 I have a Soul like yours; I cannot take
 Your Love as Alms, nor beg what I deserve.
 I'll tell my Brother we are reconcil'd;
 He shall draw back his Troops, and you shall march
 To rule the East: I may be dropt at *Athens*;
 No matter where, I never will complain,
 But only keep the barren Name of Wife,
 And rid you of the Trouble.

Vent. Was ever such a Strife of sullen Honour!
 Both scorn to be oblig'd.

Dela. O, she has touch'd him in the tender'st Part;
 See how he reddens with Despight and Shame
 To be out-done in Generosity!

Vent. See how he winks! how he dries up a Tear,
 That fain would fall!

Ant. *Octavia*, I have heard you, and must praise
 The Greatness of your Soul;
 But cannot yield to what you have propos'd:
 For I can ne'er be conquer'd but by Love;
 And you do all for Duty. You would free me,
 And would be dropt at *Athens*; was't not so?

Octav. It was, my Lord.

Ant. Then I must be oblig'd
 To one who loves me not, who, to herself,
 May call me thankless and ungrateful Man:
 I'll not endure it, no.

Vent. I'm glad it pinches there.

Octav. Would you triumph o'er poor *Octavia's* Virtue?
 That Pride was all I had to bear me up;
 That you might think you ow'd me for your Life,
 And ow'd it to my Duty, not my Love.
 I have been injur'd, and my haughty Soul

Could

Could brook but ill the Man who flights my Bed.

Ant. Therefore you love me not.

Octav. Therefore, my Lord,
I should not love you.

Ant. Therefore you would leave me?

Octav. And therefore I should leave you—if I could;

Dola. Her Soul's too great, after such Injuries,
To say she loves; and yet she lets you see it.
Her Modesty and Silence plead her Cause.

Ant. O, *Dolabella*, which way shall I turn?
I find a secret Yielding in my Soul;
But *Cleopatra*, who would die with me,
Must she be left? Pity pleads for *Octavia*;
But does it not plead more for *Cleopatra*?

Vent. Justice and Pity both plead for *Octavia*;
For *Cleopatra*, neither.
One would be ruin'd with you; but she first
Had ruin'd you: The other, you have ruin'd,
And yet she would preserve you.
In every thing their Merits are unequal.

Ant. O, my distracted Soul!

Octav. Sweet Heav'n compose it.
Come, come, my Lord, if I can pardon you,
Methinks you should accept it. Look on these;
Are they not yours? Or stand they thus neglected
As they are mine? Go to him, Children, go;
Kneel to him, take him by the Hand, speak to him;
For you may speak, and he may own you too,
Without a Blush; and so he cannot all
His Children: Go, I say, and pull him to me,
And pull him to yourselves, from that bad Woman.
You, *Agrippina*, hang upon his Arms;
And you, *Antonia*, clasp about his Waist:
If he will shake you off, if he will dash you
Against the Pavement, you must bear it, Children;
For you are mine, and I was born to suffer.

[Here the Children go to him, &c.]

Vent. Was ever Sight so moving! Emperor!

Dola. Friend!

Octav. Husband!

Both

Both Child. Father!

Ant. I am vanquish'd: Take me,
Octavia; take me, Children; share me all. [*Embracing them.*
 I've been a thriftless Debtor to your Loves,
 And run out much, in Riot from your Stock;
 But all shall be amended.

Octav. O blest Hour!

Dola. O happy Change!

Vent. My Joy stops at my Tongue;
 But it has found two Channels here for one,
 And bubbles out above. [*wilt;*

Ant. to Octav. This is thy Triumph; lead me wherethou
 Ev'n to thy Brother's Camp.

Octav. All there are yours.

Enter Alexas hastily.

Alex. The Queen, my Mistress, Sir, and yours——

Ant. 'Tis past. *Octavia*, you shall stay this Night;
 To-morrow, *Cæsar* and we are one.

[*Ex. leading Octavia, Dol. and the Children follow.*

Vent. There's News for you; run, my officious Eunuch,
 Be sure to be the first; haste forward:
 Haste, my dear Eunuch, haste. [*Exit.*

Alex. This downright fighting Fool, this thick-scall'd
 This blunt unthinking Instrument of Death, [*Hero,*
 With plain dull Virtue, has out-gone my Wit:
 Pleasure forsook my early't Infancy,
 The Luxury of others robb'd my Cradle,
 And ravish'd thence the Promise of a Man:
 Cast out from Nature, disinherited
 Of what her meanest Children claim by Kind;
 Yet, Greatness kept me from Contempt: That's gone.
 Had *Cleopatra* follow'd my Advice,
 Then he had been betray'd, who now forsakes.
 She dies for Love; but she has known its Joys:
 Gods, is this just, that I, who know no Joys,
 Must die, because she loves?

Enter Cleopatra, Charmion, Iras, and Train.

Oh, Madam, I have seen what blasts my Eyes!
Octavia's here!

Cleo.

Cleo. Peace with that Raven's Note.
I know it too; and now am in
The Pangs of Death.

Alex. You are no more a Queen;
Egypt is lost.

Cleo. What tell'st thou me of *Egypt*?
My Life, my Soul is lost! *Octavia* has him!
O fatal Name to *Cleopatra's* Love!
My Kisses, my Embraces now are hers;
While I—— But thou hast seen my Rival; speak,
Does she deserve this Blessing? Is she fair?
Bright as a Goddess? and is all Perfection
Confin'd to her? It is. Poor I was made
Of that coarse Matter which, when she was finish'd,
The Gods threw by, for Rubbish.

Alex. She's indeed a very Miracle.

Cleo. Death to my Hopes, a Miracle!

Alex. A Miracle; [Bowing.
I mean of Goodness; for in Beauty, Madam,
You make all Wonders cease.

Cleo. I was too rash:
Take this in part of Recompence. But, oh,
[Giving a Ring.
I fear thou flatter'st me.

Char. She comes! she's here!

Iras. Fly, Madam, *Cæsar's* Sister!

Cleo. Were she the Sister of the Thund'rer *Jove*,
And bore her Brother's Lightning in her Eyes,
Thus would I face my Rival.

[Meets *Octav.* with *Ventid.* *Octav.* bears up to her.

Their Trains come up on either side.

Octav. I need not ask if you are *Cleopatra*,
Your haughty Carriage——

Cleo. Shows I am a Queen:
Nor need I ask you who you are.

Octav. A Roman:
A Name that makes and can unmake a Queen.

Cleo. Your Lord, the Man who serves me, is a Roman.

Octav. He was a Roman, till he lost that Name
To be a Slave in *Egypt*; but I come

To

To free him thence.

Cleo. Peace, peace, my Lover's *Juno*.
When he grew weary of that Household-Clog,
He chose my easier Bonds.

Octav. I wonder not
Your Bonds are easy; you have long been practis'd
In that lascivious Art: He's not the first
For whom you spread your Snares: Let *Cæsar* witness.

Cleo. I lov'd not *Cæsar*; 'twas but Gratitude
I paid his Love: The worst your Malice can,
Is but to say the greatest of Mankind
Has been my Slave. The next, but far above him
In my Esteem, is he whom Law calls yours,
But whom his Love made mine.

Octav. I would view nearer [*Coming up close to her.*]
That Face, which has so long usurp'd my Right,
To find th' inevitable Charms, that catch
Mankind so sure, that ruin'd my dear Lord.

Cleo. O, you do well to search; for had you known
But half these Charms, you had not lost his Heart.

Octav. Far be their Knowledge from a *Roman* Lady,
Far from a modest Wife. Shame of our Sex,
Dost thou not blush, to own those black Endearments
That make Sin pleasing?

Cleo. You may blush, who want 'em.
If bounteous Nature, if indulgent Heav'n
Have giv'n me Charms to please the bravest Man;
Should I not thank 'em? should I be ashamed,
And not be proud? I am, that he has lov'd me;
And, when I love not him, Heav'n change this Face
For one like that.

Octav. Thou lov'st him not so well.

Cleo. I love him better, and deserve him more.

Octav. You do not; cannot: You have been his Ruin.
Who made him cheap at *Rome*, but *Cleopatra*?
Who made him scorn'd abroad, but *Cleopatra*?
At *Actium*, who betray'd him? *Cleopatra*.
Who made his Children Orphans? and poor me
A wretched Widow? only *Cleopatra*.

Cleo.

Cleo. Yet she who loves him best is *Cleopatra*.
If you have suffer'd, I have suffer'd more.
You bear the specious Title of a Wife,
To gild your Cause, and draw the pitying World
To favour it: The World contemns poor me;
For I have lost my Honour, lost my Fame,
And stain'd the Glory of my Royal House,
And all to bear the branded Name of Mistress.
There wants but Life, and that too I would lose
For him I love.

Octav. Be't so then; take thy Wish. [*Exit cum suis*]

Cleo. And 'tis my Wish,
Now he is lost for whom alone I liv'd.
My Sight grows dim, and every Object dances,
And swims before me, in the Maze of Death.
My Spirits, while they were oppos'd, kept up;
They could not sink beneath a Rival's Scorn:
But now she's gone they faint.

Alex. Mine have had leisure
To recollect their Strength, and furnish Counsel,
To ruin her; who else must ruin you.

Cleo. Vain Promiser!
Lead me, my *Charmion*; nay, your Hand too, *Iras*.
My Grief has Weight enough to sink you both.
Conduct me to some solitary Chamber,
And draw the Curtains round;
Then leave me to myself, to take alone
My Fill of Grief:

There I till Death will his Unkindness weep:
As harmless Infants moan themselves asleep.

[*Exeunt*]





A C T IV. S C E N E I.

Enter Antony and Dolabella.

Dola. **W**H Y would you shift it from your self, on me?
Can you not tell her you must part?

Ant. I cannot.

I could pull out an Eye, and bid it go,
And t'other should not weep. Oh, *Dolabella*,
How many Deaths are in this Word *Depart*!
I dare not trust my Tongue to tell her so:
One Look of hers would thaw me into Tears,
And I should melt till I were lost again.

Dola. Then let *Ventidius*;
He's rough by Nature.

Ant. Oh, he'll speak too harshly;
He'll kill her with the News: Thou, only thou.

Dola. Nature has cast me in so soft a Mould,
That but to hear a Story feign'd for Pleasure
Of some sad Lover's Death, moistens my Eyes,
And robs me of my Manhood. ——— I should speak
So faintly; with such Fear to grieve her Heart,
She'd not believe it earnest.

Ant. Therefore; therefore
Thou only, thou art fit: Think thy self Me,
And when thou speak'st (but let it first be long)
Take off the Edge from every sharper Sound,
And let our Parting be as gently made
As other Loves begin: Wilt thou do this?

Dola. What you have said, so sinks into my Soul,
That, if I must speak, I shall speak just so.

Ant. I leave you then to your sad Task: Farewel.
I sent her word to meet you.

[Goes to the Door, and comes back.]

I forgot;

Let her be told, I'll make her Peace with mine:

Her

Her Crown and Dignity shall be preserv'd,
If I have Pow'r with *Cæsar* ——— O be sure
To think on that.

Dola. Fear not, I will remember.

[*Antony goes again to the Door, and comes back.*]

Ant. And tell her, too, how much I was constrain'd;
I did not this, but with extreamest Force;
Desire her not to hate my Memory,
For I still cherish hers; ——— insist on that.

Dola. Trust me, I'll not forget it.

Ant. Then that's all. [*Goes out, and returns again.*]

Wilt thou forgive my Fondness this once more?
Tell her, tho' we shall never meet again,
If I should hear she took another Love,
The News would break my Heart — Now I must go;
For every time I have return'd, I feel
My Soul more tender; and my next Command
Would be to bid her stay, and ruin both. [*Exit.*]

Dola. Men are but Children of a larger Growth,
Our Appetites as apt to change as theirs,
And full as craving too, and full as vain;
And yet the Soul, shut up in her dark Room,
Viewing so clear abroad, at home sees nothing;
But, like a Mole in Earth, busy and blind,
Works all her Folly up, and casts it outward
To the World's open View: Thus I discover'd,
And blam'd the Love of ruin'd *Antony*;
Yet wish that I were he, to be so ruin'd.

Enter Ventidius above.

Vent. Alone? and talking to himself? concern'd too?
Perhaps my Guess is right; he lov'd her once,
And may pursue it still.

Dola. O Friendship! Friendship!
Ill canst thou answer this; and Reason, worse:
Unfaithful in th' Attempt; hopeless to win:
And, if I win, undone: Mere Madness all.
And yet th' Occasion's fair. What Injury
To him, to wear the Robe which he throws by?

Vent. None, none at all. This happens as I wish,
To ruin her yet more with *Antony*.

*Enter Cleopatra, talking with Alexas; Charmion,
Iras on the other side.*

Dola. She comes! What Charms have Sorrow on that Face!

Sorrow seems pleas'd to dwell with so much Sweetness;
Yet, now and then, a melancholy Smile
Breaks loose, like Lightning, in a Winter's Night,
And shows a Moment's Day.

Vent. If she should love him too! her Eunuch there!
That *Porc'pisc* bodes ill Weather. Draw, draw nearer,
Sweet Devil, that I may hear.

Alex. Believe me; try

[*Dolabella goes over to Charmion and Iras; seems
to talk with them.*]

To make him jealous; Jealousy is like
A polish'd Glass held to the Lips when Life's in doubt:
If there be Breath, 'twill catch the Damp and show it.

Cleo. I grant you Jealousy's a Proof of Love,
But 'tis a weak and unavailing Medicine;
It puts out the Disease, and makes it show,
But has no Pow'r to cure.

Alex. 'Tis your last Remedy, and strongest too:
And then this *Dolabella*, who so fit
To practise on? He's handsome, valiant, young,
And looks as he were laid for Nature's Bait,
To catch weak Women's Eyes.
He stands already more than half suspected
Of loving you: The least kind Word or Glance,
You give this Youth, will kindle him with Love:
Then, like a burning Vessel set adrift,
You'll send him down amain before the Wind,
To fire the Heart of jealous *Antony*.

Cleo. Can I do this? Ah no; my Love's so true,
That I can neither hide it where it is,
Nor show it where it is not. Nature meant me
A Wife; a silly harmless household Dove,
Fond without Art, and kind without Deceit;
But Fortune, that has made a Mistress of me,
Has thrust me out to the wide World, unfurnish'd
Of Falshood to be happy.

Alex.

Alex. Force your self.

Th' Event will be, your Lover will return
Doubly desirous to possess the Good
Which once he fear'd to lose.

Cleo. I must attempt it;
But Oh with what Regret!

[Exit Alex. (She comes up to Dolabella.)]

Vent. So now the Scene draws near; they're in my reach.

Cleo. to Dol. Discourfing with my Women! Might not I
Share in your Entertainment?

Char. You have been
The Subject of it, Madam.

Cleo. How! and how?

Iras. Such Praises of your Beauty!

Cleo. Mere Poetry.

Your Roman Wits, your Gallus and Tibullus,
Have taught you this from Cytheris and Delia.

Dola. Those Roman Wits have never been in Egypt,
Cytheris and Delia else had been unsung:
I, who have seen——had I been born a Poet,
Should chuse a nobler Name.

Cleo. You flatter me.

But, 'tis your Nation's Vice: All of your Country
Are Flatterers, and all false. Your Friend's like you.
I'm sure he sent you not to speak these Words.

Dola. No, Madam; yet he sent me——

Cleo. Well, he sent you——

Dola. Of a less pleasing Errand.

Cleo. How less pleasing?

Less to yourself, or me?

Dola. Madam, to both;

For you must mourn, and I must grieve to cause it.

Cleo. You, Charmion, and your Fellow, stand at distance.
Hold up, my Spirits. [Aside.] —— Well, now your
mournful Matter;

For I'm prepar'd, perhaps can guess it too.

Dola. I wish you would; for 'tis a thankless Office
To tell ill News: And I, of all your Sex,
Most fear displeasing you.

Cleo. Of all your Sex,

I soonest could forgive you, if you should.

Vent. Most delicate Advances! Woman! Woman!
Dear, damn'd, inconstant Sex!

Cleo. In the first Place,
I am to be forsaken; is't not so?

Dola. I wish I could not answer to that Question.

Cleo. Then pass it o'er, because it troubles you:
I should have been more griev'd another time.
Next, I'm to lose my Kingdom——Farewel, *Egypt*.
Yet, is there any more?

Dola. Madam, I fear
Your too deep Sense of Grief has turn'd your Reason.

Cleo. No, no, I'm not run mad; I can bear Fortune:
And Love may be expell'd by other Love,
As Poisons are by Poisons.

Dola. ——You o'erjoy me, Madam.
To find your Grievs so moderately born.
You've heard the worst; all are not false, like him.

Cleo. No; Heav'n forbid they should.

Dola. Some Men are constant.

Cleo. And Constancy deserves Reward, that's certain.

Dola. Deserves it not; but give it leave to hope.

Vent. I'll swear thou hast my Leave. I have enough:
But how to manage this! Well, I'll consider. [*Exit.*

Dola. I came prepar'd,
To tell you heavy News; News, which I thought
Would fright the Blood from your pale Cheeks to hear:
But you have met it with a Chearfulness
That makes my Task more easy; and my Tongue,
Which on another's Message was employ'd,
Would gladly speak its own.

Cleo. Hold, *Dolabella*.
First tell me, were you chosen by my Lord?
Or sought you this Employment?

Dola. He pick'd me out; and, as his Bosom-friend,
He charg'd me with his Words.

Cleo. The Message then
I know was tender, and each Accent smooth,
To mollify that rugged Word *Depart*.

Dola.

Dola. Oh, you mistake: He chose the harshest Words
With fiery Eyes, and with contracted Brows,
He coin'd his Face in the severest Stamp:
And Fury shook his Fabrick like an Earthquake;
He heav'd for Vent, and burst like bellowing *Ætna*,
In Sounds scarce human, "Hence, away for ever:
"Let her begone, the Blot of my Renown,
"And Bane of all my Hopes:

[All the time of this Speech, Cleopatra seems more and more concern'd, till she sinks quite down.]

"Let her be driv'n as far as Men can think
"From Man's Commerce: She'll poison to the Center.

Cleo. Oh, I can bear no more! *[Faints.]*

Dola. Help, help: Oh Wretch! Oh cursed, cursed
What have I done! *[Wretch!]*

Char. Help, chafe her Temples, *Iras.*

Iras. Bend, bend her forward quickly.

Char. Heav'n be prais'd,

She comes again.

Cleo. Oh, let him not approach me.

Why have you brought me back to this loath'd Being,
Th' Abode of Falshood, violated Vows,
And injur'd Love? For Pity, let me go;
For, if there be a Place of long Repose,
I'm sure I want it. My disdainful Lord
Can never break that Quiet; nor awake
The sleeping Soul, with hollowing in my Tomb
Such Words as fright her hence. Unkind, Unkind.

Dola. Believe me, 'tis against myself I speak, *[Kneeling.]*
That sure deserves Belief; I injur'd him:
My Friend ne'er spoke those Words. Oh, had you seen
How often he came back, and every time
With something more obliging and more kind,
To add to what he said; what dear Farewells
How almost vanquisht by his Love he parted,
And lean'd to what unwillingly he left:
I, Traitor as I was, for Love of you,
(But what can you not do, who made me false!)
I forg'd that Lye; for whose Forgiveness kneels
This self-accus'd, self-punish'd Criminal.

Cleo. With how much Ease believe we what we wish!
Rise, *Dolabella*; if you have been guilty,
I have contributed, and too much Love
Has made me guilty too.

Th' Advance of Kindness which I made, was feign'd,
To call back fleeting Love by Jealousy;
But 'twould not last. Oh, rather let me lose,
Than so ignobly trifle with his Heart.

Dola. I find your Breast fenc'd round from human Reach,
Transparent as a Rock of solid Chrystal;
Seen through, but never pierc'd. My Friend, my Friend!
What endless Treasure hast thou thrown away;
And scatter'd, like an Infant, in the Ocean,
Vain Sums of Wealth which none can gather thence.

Cleo. Could you not beg
An Hour's Admittance to his private Ear?
Like one who wanders through long barren Wilds,
And yet foreknows no hospitable Inn
Is near to succour Hunger,
Eats his Fill, before his painful March:
So would I feed a while my famish'd Eyes
Before we part; for I have far to go,
If Death be far, and never must return.

Ventidius, with Octavia, behind.

Vent. From hence you may discover—Oh, sweet, sweet!
Would you indeed? the pretty Hand in earnest?

Dola. I will, for this Reward. [Takes her Hand.

————— Draw it not back,
Tis all I e'er will beg.

Vent. They turn upon us.

Octav. What quick Eyes has Guilt!

Vent. Seem not to have observ'd 'em, and go on.

They enter.

Dola. Saw you the Emperor, *Ventidius*?

Vent. No.

I fought him; but I heard that he was private,
None with him, but *Hipparchus* his Freedman.

Dola. Know you his Bus'ness?

Vent. Giving him Instructions,
And Letters, to his Brother *Cæsar*.

Dola.

Dola. Well,
He must be found. [*Exeunt Dola. and Cleo.*]

Octav. Most glorious Impudence!

Vent. She look'd methought
As she would say, Take your old Man, *Octavia*;
Thank you, I'm better here.
Well, but what Use
Make we of this Discovery?

Octav. Let it die.

Vent. I pity *Dolabella*; but she's dangerous:
Her Eyes have Pow'r beyond *Theffalian* Charms
To draw the Moon from Heav'n; for Eloquence,
The Sea-green Syrens taught her Voice their Flatt'ry;
And, while she speaks, Night steals upon the Day,
Unmark'd of those that hear: Then she's so charming,
Age buds at sight of her, and swells to Youth:
The holy Priests gaze on her when she smiles;
And with heav'd Hands forgetting Gravity,
They bless her wanton Eyes: Even I who hate her,
With a malignant Joy behold such Beauty;
And, while I curse, desire it. *Antony*
Must needs have some Remains of Passion still,
Which may ferment into a worse Relapse,
If now not fully cur'd. I know, this Minute,
With *Cæsar* he's endeavouring her Peace.

Octav. You have prevail'd: ——— But for a farther
purpose [*Walks off.*]

I'll prove how he will relish this Discovery.
What, make a Strumpet's Peace! it swells my Heart:
It must not, sha' not be.

Vent. His Guards appear.
Let me begin, and you shall second me.

Enter Antony.

Ant. *Octavia*, I was looking you, my Love:
What, are your Letters ready? I have giv'n
My last Instructions.

Octav. Mine, my Lord, are written.

Ant. *Ventidius*! [*Drawing him aside.*]

Vent. My Lord?

Ant. A Word in private.

When saw you *Dolabella*?

Vent. Now, my Lord,
He parted hence; and *Cleopatra* with him.

Ant. Speak softly. 'Twas by my Command he went,
To bear my last Farewel.

Vent. It look'd indeed [Aloud.
Like your Farewel.

Ant. More softly — My Farewel?
What secret Meaning have you in those Words
Of my Farewel? He did it by my Order.

Vent. Then he obey'd your Order. I suppose [Aloud.
You bid him do it with all Gentleness,
All Kindness, and all — Love.

Ant. How she mourn'd,
The poor forsaken Creature!

Vent. She took it as she ought; she bore your Parting
As she did *Cæsar's*, as she would another's,
Were a new Love to come.

Ant. Thou dost bely her; [Aloud.
Most basely, and maliciously bely her.

Vent. I thought not to displease you; I have done.

Octav. You seem disturb'd, my Lord. [Coming up.

Ant. A very Trifle.
Retire, my Love.

Vent. It was indeed a Trifle.
He sent —

Ant. No more. Look how thou disobey'st me; [Angrily.
Thy Life shall answer it.

Octav. Then 'tis no Trifle.

Vent. to *Octav.* 'Tis less; a very Nothing: You too saw it,
As well as I, and therefore 'tis no Secret.

Ant. She saw it!

Vent. Yes; She saw young *Dolabella* —

Ant. Young *Dolabella*!

Vent. Young, I think him young,
And handsome too; and so do others think him.
But what of that? He went by your Command,
Indeed 'tis probable, with some kind Message;
For she receiv'd it graciously; she smil'd:

And

And then he grew familiar with her Hand,
Squeez'd it, and worry'd it with ravenous Kisses;
She blush'd, and sigh'd, and smil'd, and blush'd again;
At last she took occasion to talk softly,
And brought her Cheek up close, and lean'd on his;
At which, he whisper'd Kisses back on hers;
And then she cry'd aloud, That Constancy
Should be rewarded.

Octav. This I saw and heard.

Ant. What Woman was it, whom you heard and saw
So playful with my Friend!
Not *Cleopatra*?

Vent. Ev'n she, my Lord!

Ant. My *Cleopatra*?

Vent. Your *Cleopatra*;

Dolabella's Cleopatra:

Every Man's *Cleopatra*.

Ant. Thou ly'st.

Vent. I do not lye, my Lord.

Is this so strange? Should Mistresses be left,
And not provide against a Time of Change?
You know she's not much us'd to lonely Nights.

Ant. I'll think no more on't.

I know 'tis false, and see the Plot betwixt you.
You needed not have gone this way, *Octavia*.
What harms it you that *Cleopatra's* just?
She's mine no more. I see; and I forgive:
Urge it no farther, Love.

Octav. Are you concern'd
That she's found false?

Ant. I should be, were it so;

For, tho' 'tis past, I would not that the World
Should tax my former Choice: That I lov'd one
Of so light Note; but I forgive you both.

Vent. What has my Age deserv'd, that you should think
I would abuse your Ears with Perjury?
If Heav'n be true, she's false.

Ant. Tho' Heav'n and Earth
Should witness it, I'll not believe her tainted.

Vent.

Vent. I'll bring you then a Witness
From Hell to prove her so. Nay, go not back;
[*Seeing Alexas just entring, and starting back.*
For stay you must and shall.

Alex. What means my Lord?

Vent. To make you do what most you hate; speak
You are of *Cleopatra's* private Counsel, [Truth.
Of her Bed-counsel, her lascivious Hours;
Are conscious of each nightly Change she makes,
And watch her, as *Chaldeans* do the Moon,
Can tell what Signs she passes through, what Day.

Alex. My noble Lord.

Vent. My most illustrious Pandar,
No fine set Speech, no Cadence, no turn'd Periods,
But a plain home-spun Truth, is what I ask:
I did, myself, o'erhear your Queen make Love
To *Dolabella*. Speak; for I will know,
By your Confession, what more past betwixt 'em;
How near the Bus'ness draws to your Employment;
And when the happy Hour.

Ant. Speak Truth, *Alexas*, whether it offend
Or please *Ventidius*, care not: Justify
Thy injur'd Queen from Malice: Dare his worst.

Octav. [*Aside.*] See, how he gives him Courage, how he
To find her false! and shuts his Eyes to Truth, [fears
Willing to be mis-led!

Alex. As far as Love may plead for Woman's Frailty,
Urg'd by Desert and Greatness of the Lover;
So far (*Divine Octavia*) may my Queen
Stand ev'n excus'd to you, for loving him,
Who is your Lord: So far, from brave *Ventidius*,
May her past Actions hope a fair Report.

Ant. 'Tis well, and truly spoken: Mark, *Ventidius*.

Alex. To you, most noble Emperor, her strong Passion
Stands not excus'd, but wholly justified.
Her Beauty's Charms alone, without her Crown,
From *Ind* and *Meroe* drew the distant Vows
Of fighting Kings; and at her Feet were laid
The Scepters of the Earth, expos'd on heaps,
To chuse where she would Reign;

She

She thought a *Roman* only could deserve her;
And, of all *Romans*, only *Antony*.
And, to be less than Wife to you, disdain'd
Their lawful Passion.

Ant. 'Tis but Truth. [sert,

Alex. And yet, though Love, and your unmatch'd De-
Have drawn her from the due regard of Honour,
At last, Heav'n open'd her unwilling Eyes
To see the Wrongs she offer'd fair *Octavia*,
Whose holy Bed she lawlessly usurp'd.
The sad Effects of this prosperous War,
Confirm'd those pious Thoughts.

Vent. [*Aside.*] O, wheel you there?
Observe him now; the Man begins to mend,
And talk substantial Reason. Fear not, Eunuch,
The Emperor has giv'n thee leave to speak.

Alex. Else had I never dar'd t' offend his Ears
With what the last Necessity has urg'd
On my forsaken Mistress; yet I must not
Presume to say her Heart is wholly alter'd.

Ant. No, dare not for thy Life, I charge thee dare not
Pronounce that fatal Word.

Octav. Must I bear this? Good Heav'n, afford me
Patience. [*Aside.*

Vent. On, sweet Eunuch; my dear half Man, proceed.

Alex. Yet *Dolabella*
Has lov'd her long; he, next my God-like Lord,
Deserves her best; and should she meet his Passion,
Rejected, as she is, by him she lov'd —

Ant. Hence, from my sight; for I can bear no more:
Let Furies drag thee quick to Hell; let all
The longer Damn'd have rest; each torturing Hand
Do thou employ, till *Cleopatra* comes,
Then join thou too, and help to torture her.

[*Exit Alexas, thrust out by Antony.*

Octav. 'Tis not well,
Indeed, my Lord, 'tis much unkind to me,
To show this Passion, this extream Concernment
For an abandon'd, faithless Prostitute.

Ant.

Ant. *Octavia*, leave me: I am much disorder'd,
Leave me, I say.

Octav. My Lord!

Ant. I bid you leave me.

Vent. Obey him, Madam: Best withdraw a while,
And see how this will work.

Octav. Wherein have I offended you, my Lord,
That I am bid to leave you? Am I false,
Or infamous? Am I a *Cleopatra*?

Were I she,

Base as she is, you would not bid me leave you;
But hang upon my Neck, take slight Excuses,
And fawn upon my Falshood.

Ant. 'Tis too much,
Too much, *Octavia*; I am prest with Sorrows
Too heavy to be born; and you add more:
I would retire, and recollect what's left
Of Man within, to aid me.

Octav. You would mourn
In private, for your Love, who has betray'd you.
You did but half return to me: Your Kindness
Linger'd behind with her. I hear, my Lord,
You make Conditions for her,
And would include her Treaty. Wond'rous Proofs
Of Love to me!

Ant. Are you my Friend, *Ventidius*?
Or are you turn'd a *Doiabella* too,
And let this Fury loose?

Vent. Oh, be advis'd,
Sweet Madam, and retire.

Octav. Yes, I will go; but never to return.
You shall no more be haunted with this Fury.
My Lord, my Lord, Love will not always last.
When urg'd with long Unkindness, and Disdain:
Take her again whom you prefer to me;
She stays but to be call'd. Poor cozen'd Man!
Let a feign'd Parting give her back your Heart,
Which a feign'd Love first got; for injur'd Me,
Tho' my just Sense of Wrongs forbid my Stay,
My Duty shall be yours.

To the dear Pledges of our former Love,
My Tenderness and Care shall be transferr'd,
And they shall chear, by turns, my widow'd Nights:
So take my last Farewel; for I despair
To have you whole, and scorn to take you half. [Exit.

Vent. I combat Heav'n, which blasts my best Designs:
My last Attempt must be to win her back;
But Oh, I fear, in vain. [Exit.

Ant. Why was I fram'd with this plain honest Heart,
Which knows not to disguise its Grievs and Weakness,
But bears its Workings outward to the World?
I should have kept the mighty Anguish in,
And forc'd a Smile at *Cleopatra's* Falshood:
Octavia had believ'd it, and had staid.
But I am made a shallow-forded Stream,
Seen to the Bottom: All my Clearness scorn'd,
And all my Faults expos'd—See where he comes

Enter Dolabella.

Who has prophan'd the sacred Name of Friend,
And worn it into Vileness!
With how secure a Brow, and specious Form
He gilds the secret Villain! Sure that Face
Was meant for Honesty; but Heav'n mis-match'd it,
And furnish'd Treason out with Nature's Pomp,
To make its Work more easy.

Dola. O, my Friend!

Ant. Well, *Dolabella*, you perform'd my Message?

Dola. I did, unwillingly.

Ant. Unwillingly?

Was it so hard for you to bear our Parting?
You should have wish'd it.

Dola. Why?

Ant. Because you love me.

And she receiv'd my Message, with as true,
With as unfeign'd a Sorrow, as you brought it?

Dola. She loves you, ev'n to Madness.

Ant. Oh, I know it.

You, *Dolabella*, do not better know
How much she loves me. And should I
ForfAKE this Beauty? 'This all-perfect Creature?

Dola.

Dola. I could not, were she mine.

Ant. And yet you first
Persuaded me: How come you alter'd since?

Dola. I said at first I was not fit to go:
I could not hear her Sighs, and see her Tears,
But Pity must prevail: and so, perhaps,
It may again with you; for I have promis'd
That she should take her last Farewel: And, see,
She comes to claim my Word.

Enter Cleopatra.

Ant. False *Dolabella*!

Dola. What's false, my Lord?

Ant. Why *Dolabella's* false,
And *Cleopatra's* false; both false and faithless.
Draw near, you well-join'd Wickedness, you Serpents,
Whom I have in my kindly Bosom, warm'd,
Till I am stung to Death.

Dola. My Lord, have I
Deserv'd to be thus us'd?

Cleo. Can Heav'n prepare
A newer Torment? Can it find a Curse
Beyond our Separation?

Ant. Yes, if Fate
Be just, much greater: Heav'n should be ingenious
In punishing such Crimes. The rolling Stone,
And gnawing Vulture, were slight Pains invented
When *Jove* was young, and no Examples known
Of mighty Ills; but you have ripen'd Sin
To such a monstrous Growth, 'twill pose the Gods
To find an equal Torture. Two, two such,
Oh there's no farther Name, two such—to me,
To me, who lock'd my Soul within your Breasts,
Had no Desires, no Joys, no Life, but you;
When half the Globe was mine, I gave it you
In Dowry with my Heart; I had no Use,
No Fruit of all, but you: A Friend and Mistress
Was what the World could give, Oh, *Cleopatra*!
Oh *Dolabella*! how could you betray
This tender Heart, which with an Infant-fondness
Lay lull'd betwixt your Bosoms, and there slept

Secure

Secure of injur'd Faith ?

Dola. If she has wrong'd you,
Heav'n, Hell, and you revenge it.

Ant. If she has wrong'd me !
Thou would'st evade thy Part of Guilt ; but swear
Thou lov'st not her.

Dola. Not so as I love you.

Ant. Not so ! Swear, swear, I say, thou dost not love her,

Dola. No more than Friendship will allow.

Ant. No more ?

Friendship allows thee nothing : Thou art perjur'd —
And yet thou didst not swear thou lov'dst her not ;
But not so much, no more. Oh trifling Hypocrite,
Who dar'st not own to her thou dost not love,
Nor own to me thou dost ! *Ventidius* heard it ;
Octavia saw it.

Cleo. They are Enemies.

Ant. *Alexas* is not so : He, he confest it ;
He, who, next Hell, best knew it, he avow'd it.
Why do I seek a Proof beyond yourself ? [To *Dola*]
You whom I sent to bear my last Farewel,
Return'd to plead her Stay.

Dola. What shall I answer ?

If to have lov'd be Guilt, then I have sinn'd ;
But if to have repented of that Love
Can wash away my Crime, I have repented.
Yet, if I have offended past Forgiveness,
Let her not suffer : She is innocent.

Cleo. Ah, what will not a Woman do who loves !
What means will she refuse, to keep that Heart
Where all her Joys are plac'd ! 'Twas I encourag'd,
'Twas I blew up the Fire that scorch'd his Soul,
To make you jealous ; and by that regain you.
But all in vain ; I could not Counterfeit :
In spite of all the Dams, my Love broke o'er,
And drown'd my Heart again ; Fate took th' Occasion ;
And thus one Minute's Feigning has destroy'd
My whole Life's Truth.

Ant. Thin Cobweb Arts of Falshood ;
Seen, and broke through at first.

Dola

Dola. Forgive your Mistress.

Cleo. Forgive your Friend.

Ant. You have convinc'd yourselves.

You plead each other's Cause: What Witness have you,
That you but meant to raise my Jealousy?

Cleo. Ourselves and Heav'n. [ship;

Ant. Guilt witnesses for Guilt. Hence, Love and Friend—
You have no longer place in human Breasts,
These two have driv'n you out: Avoid my Sight;
I would not kill the Man whom I have lov'd;
And cannot hurt the Woman; but avoid me,
I do not know how long I can be tame;
For, if I stay one Minute more to think
How I am wrong'd, my Justice and Revenge
Will cry so loud within me, that my Pity
Will not be heard for either.

Dola. Heaven has but
Our Sorrow for our Sins; and then delights
To pardon erring Man: Sweet Mercy seems
Its darling Attribute, which limits Justice;
As if there were Degrees in Infinite;
And Infinite would rather want Perfection,
Than punish to extent.

Ant. I can forgive
A Foe; but not a Mistress, and a Friend:
Treason is there in its most horrid Shape,
Where Trust is greatest: And the Soul resign'd
Is stabb'd by its own Guards: I'll hear no more;
Hence from my Sight, for ever.

Cleo. How? for ever!
I cannot go one Moment from your Sight,
And must I go for ever?
My Joys, my only Joys are center'd here:
What Place have I to go to? my own Kingdom?
That I have lost for you: Or to the Romans?
They hate me for your sake: Or must I wander
The wide World o'er, a helpless, banish'd Woman.
Banish'd for love of you; banish'd from you;
Ay, there's the Banishment! Oh hear me; hear me,
With strictest Justice: For I beg no Favour:

And

And if I have offended you, then kill me,
But do not banish me.

Ant. I must not hear you.
I have a Fool within me takes your Part;
But Honour stops my Ears.

Cleo. For pity hear me!
Would you cast off a Slave who follow'd you,
Who crouch'd beneath your Spurn? — He has no Pity!
See, if he gives one Tear to my Departure;
One Look, one kind Farewel: Oh Iron Heart!
Let all the Gods look down. and judge betwixt us,
If he did ever love!

Ant. No more: *Alexas*!

Dola. A perjur'd Villain!

Ant to *Cleo.* Your *Alexas*; yours,

Cleo. O, 'twas his Plot: His ruinous Design
T'ingage you in my Love by Jealousy.
Hear him; confront him with me; let him speak.

Ant. I have; I have.

Cleo. And if he clear me not —

Ant. Your Creature! one who hangs upon your
Smiles!

Watches your Eye, to say or to unsay
Whate'er you please! I am not to be mov'd.

Cleo. Then must we part? Farewel, my cruel Lord;
Th' Appearance is against me; and I go
Unjustify'd, for ever from your Sight.
How I have lov'd, you know; how yet I love,
My only Comfort is, I know myself:
I love you more, ev'n now you are unkind,
Than when you lov'd me most; so well, so truly,
I'll never strive against it; but die pleas'd
To think you once were mine.

Ant. Good Heav'n they weep at parting.
Must I weep too? that calls 'em innocent.
I must not weep; and yet I must, to think
That I must not forgive —

Live; but live wretched, 'tis but just you should,
Who made me so: Live from each other's Sight:
Let me not hear you meet. Set all the Earth,

And

And all the Seas, betwixt your funder'd Loves :

View nothing common but the Sun and Skies :

Now, all take feveral Ways ;

And each your own sad Fate with mine deplore ;

That you were false, and I could trust no more.

[Exeunt severally.]



ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Cleopatra, Charmion, and Iras.

Char. **B**E juster, Heav'n : such Virtue punish'd thus,
Will make us think that Chance rules all above,
And shuffles, with a random Hand, the Lots
Which Man is forc'd to draw.

Cleo. I could tear out these Eyes, that gain'd his Heart,
And had not Pow'r to keep it. O the Curse
Of doting on, ev'n when I find it Dotage !
Bear Witness, Gods, you heard him bid me go ;
You whom he mock'd with imprecating Vows
Of promis'd Faith ——— I'll die, I will not bear it.
You may hold me ———

[She pulls out her Dagger, and they hold her.]
But I can keep my Breath : I can die inward,
And choak this Love.

Enter Alexas.

Iras. Help, O Alexas, help !
The Queen grows desperate, her Soul struggles in her,
With all the Agonies of Love and Rage,
And strives to force its Passage.

Cleo. Let me go.
Art thou there, Traitor! ——— O,
O, for a little Breath, to vent my Rage !
Give, give me way, and let me loose upon him.

Alex. Yes, I deserve it, for my ill-tim'd Truth.
Was it for me to prop
The Ruins of a falling Majesty ?

To place myself beneath the mighty Flaw,
Thus to be crush'd, and pounded into Atoms,
By its o'erwhelming Weight? 'Tis too presuming
For Subjects, to preserve that wilful Pow'r
Which courts its own Destruction.

Cleo. I would reason
More calmly with you. Did you not o'er-rule,
And force my plain, direct, and open Love
Into these crooked Paths of Jealousy?
Now, what's th' Event? *Octavia* is remov'd;
But *Cleopatra's* banish'd. Thou, thou, Villain,
Hast push'd my Boat to open Sea; to prove,
At my sad Cost, if thou canst steer it back.
It cannot be; I'm lost too far; I'm ruin'd:
Hence, thou Impostor, Traitor, Monster, Devil——
I can no more: Thou, and my Griefs, have sunk
Me down so low, that I want Voice to curse thee.

Alex. Suppose some shipwrack'd Seaman near the Shore,
Dropping and faint, with climbing up the Cliff,
If, from above, some charitable Hand
Pull him to Safety, hazarding himself
To draw the other's Weight; would he look back
And curse him for his Pains? the Case is yours;
But one Step more, and you have gain'd the Height,

Cleo. Sunk, never more to rise.

Alex. *Octavia's* gone, and *Dolabella* banish'd.
Believe me, Madam, *Antony* is yours.
His Heart was never lost; but started off
To Jealousy, Love's last Retreat and Covert:
Where it lies hid in Shades, watchful in Silence,
And list'ning for the Sound that calls it back.
Some other, any Man, ('tis so advanc'd)
May perfect this unfinish'd Work, which I
(Unhappy only to myself) have left
So easy to his Hand.

Cleo. Look well thou do't; else ——

Alex. Else, what your Silence threatens——*Antony*
Is mounted up the *Pharos*; from whose Turret,
He stands surveying our *Egyptian* Gallies,
Engag'd with *Cæsar's* Fleet: Now Death, or Conquest,
If

If the first happen, Fate acquits my Promise :
If we o'ercome, the Conqueror is yours.

[A distant Shout within.

Char. Have Comfort, Madam: Did you mark that
Shout?

[Second Shout nearer.

Iras. Hark ; they redouble it.

Alex. 'Tis from the Port.

The Loudness shows it near: Good News, kind Heav'ns.

Cleo. *Osiris* make it so.

Enter Serapion.

Serap. Where, where's the Queen ?

Alex. How frightfully the holy Coward stares !

As if not yet recover'd of th' Assault,

When all his Gods, and what's more dear to him,
His Off'rings were at stake.

Serap. O Horror, Horror !

Egypt has been : our latest Hour is come :

The Queen of Nations from her ancient Seat
Is sunk for ever in the dark Abyss :

Time has unroll'd her Glories to the last,
And now clos'd up the Volume,

Cleo. Be more plain :

Say, whence thou cam'st, (though Fate is in thy Face ;
Which from thy haggard Eyes looks wildly out,
And threatens ere thou speak'st.)

Serap. I came from *Pharos* ;

From viewing (spare me, and imagine it)

Our Land's last Hope, your Navy ———

Cleo. Vanquish'd ?

Serap. No.

They fought not.

Cleo. Then they fled.

Serap. Nor that. I saw,

With *Antony*, your well-appointed Fleet

Row out ; and thrice he wav'd his Hand on high,

And thrice with chearful Cries they shouted back :

'Twas then, false Fortune, like a fawning Strumpet,
About to leave the Bankrupt Prodigal,

With a dissembled Smile would kiss at parting,

And flatter to the Last ; the well-tim'd Oars

Now

Now dipt from every Bank, now smoothly run
To meet the Foe; and soon indeed they met,
But not as Foes. In few, we saw their Caps
On either yde thrown up: th' *Egyptian* Gallies
(Receiv'd like Friends) past through, and fell behind
The *Roman* Rear: and now, they all come forward,
And ride within the Port.

Cleo. Enough, *Serapion*: I've heard my Doom. This needed not, you Gods:
When I lost *Antony*, your Work was done;
'Tis but superfluous Malice. Where's my Lord?
How bears he this last Blow?

Serap. His Fury cannot be express'd by Words:
Thrice he attempted headlong to have fall'n
Full on his Foes, and aim'd at *Cæsar's* Galley:
With held, he raves on You: cries, He's betray'd.
Should he now find you ———

Alex. Shun him, seek your Safety,
Till you can clear your Innocence.

Cleo. I'll stay.

Alex. You must not, haste you to your Monument,
While I make speed to *Cæsar*.

Cleo. *Cæsar*! No,
I have no Business with him.

Alex. I can work him
To spare your Life, and let this Madman perish. [too?

Cleo. Base fawning Wretch! would'st thou betray him
Hence from my Sight, I will not hear a Traitor;

'Twas thy Design brought all this Ruin on us;

Serapion, thou art honest? counsel me:

But haste, each Moment's precious.

Serap. Retire; you must not yet see *Antony*.

He who began this Mischief,

'Tis just he tempt the Danger: Let him clear you:

And, since he offer'd you his servile Tongue,

To gain a poor precarious Life from *Cæsar*,

Let him expose that fawning Eloquence,

And speak to *Antony*.

Alex. O Heaven's! I dare not,

I meet my certain Death.

Cleo.

Cleo. Slave, thou deserv'st it.
 Not that I fear my Lord, will I avoid him ;
 I know him noble : When he banish'd me,
 And thought me false, he scorn'd to take my Life ;
 But I'll be justify'd, and then die with him.

Alex. O pity me, and let me follow you.

Cleo. To Death, if thou stir hence. Speak, if thou can'st,
 Now for thy Life, which basely thou wouldst save ;
 While mine I prize at this. Come, good *Serapion*.

[*Exeunt Cleo. Serap. Char. and Iras.*]

Alex. O that I less cou'd fear to lose this Being,
 Which, like a Snow-ball, in my Coward Hand,
 The more 'tis grasp'd, the faster melts away.
 Poor Reason ! what a wretched Aid art thou !
 For still, in spite of thee,
 These two long Lovers, Soul and Body, dread
 Their final Separation. Let me think :
 What can I say, to save myself from Death ?
 No matter what becomes of *Cleopatra*.

Ant. Which way ? where ? [Within.]

Vent. This leads to th' Monument. [Within.]

Alex. Ah me ! I hear him ; yet I'm unprepared :
 My Gift of Lying's gone ;
 And this Court-Devil, which I so oft have rais'd,
 Forfakes me at my Need. I dare not stay ;
 Yet cannot far go hence. [Exit.]

Enter Antony and Ventidius.

Ant. O happy *Cæsar* ! Thou hast Men to lead,
 Think not 'tis thou hast conquer'd *Antony* ;
 But *Rome* has conquer'd *Egypt*. I'm betray'd.

Vent. Curse on this treach'rous Train !
 Their Soil and Heaven infect 'em all with Baseness :
 And their young Souls come tainted to the World
 With the first Breath they draw.

Ant. Th' original Villain sure no God created ;
 He was a Bastard of the Sun, by *Nile*,
 Ap't into Man ; with all his Mother's Mud
 Crusted about his Soul.

Vent. The Nation is
 One Universal Traitor ; and their Queen

The

The very Spirit and Extract of 'em all.

Ant. Is there yet left
A Possibility of Aid from Valour?
Is there one God unsworn to my Destruction?
The least unmortgag'd Hope? for, if there be,
Methinks I cannot fall beneath the Fate
Of such a Boy as *Cæsar*.

The World's one Half is yet in *Antony*;
And from each Limb of it that's hew'd away,
The Soul comes back to me.

Vent. There yet remain
Three Legions in the Town. The last Assault
Lopt off the rest: If Death be your Design,
As I must wish it now, these are sufficient
To make a Heap about us of dead Foes,
An honest Pile for Burial.

Ant. They're enough.
We'll not divide our Stars; but Side by Side
Fight Emulous: And with malicious Eyes
Survey each other's Acts: So every Death
Thou giv'st, I'll take on me, as a just Debt,
And pay thee in a Soul.

Vent. Now you shall see I love you. Not a Word
Of chiding more. By my few Hours of Life
I am so pleas'd with this brave *Roman* Fate,
That I would not be *Cæsar*, to out-live you.
When we put off this Flesh, and mount together,
I shall be shown to all th' *Ethereal* Crowd;
Lo, this is he who dy'd with *Antony*. [Troops;

Ant. Who knows but we may pierce through all their
And reach my *Veterans* yet? 'Tis worth the Tempting,
T' o'er-leap this Gulph of Fate,
And leave our wond'ring Destinies behind.

Enter Alexas, trembling.

Vent. See, see, that Villain;
See *Cleopatra* stamp't upon that Face,
With all her Cunning, all her Arts of Falshood!
How she looks out through those dissembling Eyes!
How he has set his Count'nance for Deceit;
And promises a Lye, before he speaks!

Let me dispatch him first.

[Drawing.

Alex. O spare me, spare me.

Ant. Hold; he's not worth your killing. On thy Life,
(Which thou may'st keep, because I scorn to take it)
No Syllable to justify thy Queen;
Save thy base Tongue its Office.

Alex. Sir, she's gone,
Where she shall never be molested more
By Love, or you.

Ant. Fled to her *Dolabella*!

Die, Traitor, I revoke my Promise, die. [Going to kill him.

Alex. O hold, she is not fled.

Ant. She is: My Eyes
Are open to her Falshood; my whole Life
Has been a golden Dream of Love and Friendship.
But, now I wake, I'm like a Merchant, rows'd
From soft Repose, to see his Vessel sinking,
And all his Wealth cast o'er. Ingrateful Woman!
Who follow'd me, but as the Swallow Summer,
Hatching her young Ones in my kindly Beams,
Singing her Flatt'ries to my Morning Wake;
But, now my Winter comes, she spreads her Wings,
And seeks the Spring of *Cæsar*.

Alex. Think not so:

Her Fortunes have, in all things, mixt with yours.
Had she betray'd her Naval Force to *Rome*,
How easily might she have gone to *Cæsar*,
Secure by such a Bribe!

Vent. She sent it first,
To be more welcome after.

Ant. 'Tis too plain;
Else wou'd she have appear'd, to clear her self.

Alex. Too fatally she has; she could not bear
To be accus'd by you; but shut her self
Within her Monument: Look'd down and sigh'd;
While, from her unchang'd Face, the silent Tears
Dropt, as they had not leave, but stole their Parting.
Some undistinguish'd Words she inly murmur'd;
At last, she rais'd her Eyes; and, with such Looks
As dying *Lucrece* cast —

Ant.

Ant. My Heart forebodes —

Vent. All for the best: Go on.

Alex. She snatch'd her Ponyard,
And, ere we cou'd prevent the fatal Blow,
Plung'd it within her Breast: Then turn'd to me,
Go, bear my Lord (said she) my last Farewel;
And ask him, if he yet suspect my Faith.
More she was saying, but Death rush'd betwixt.
She half pronounc'd your Name with her last Breath,
And bury'd half within her.

Vent. Heav'n be prais'd.

Ant. Then art thou innocent, my poor dear Love?
And art thou dead?

O those two Words! their Sound should be divided:
Hadst thou been false, and dy'd; or hadst thou liv'd,
And hadst been true — But Innocence and Death!
This shows not well above. Then what am I,
The Murderer of this Truth, this Innocence!
Thoughts cannot form themselves in Words so horrid
As can express my Guilt!

Vent. Is't come to this? The Gods have been too gra-
And thus you thank 'em for't. [cious;

Ant. to Alex. Why stay'st thou here?
Is it for thee to spy upon my Soul,
And see its inward Mourning? Get thee hence;
Thou art not worthy to behold, what now
Becomes a *Roman* Emperor to perform.

Alex. He loves her still: [Aside.
His Grief betrays it. Good! the Joy to find
She's yet alive, compleats the Reconcilement.
I've sav'd myself, and her. But, oh! the *Romans*!
Fate comes too fast upon my Wit,
Hunts me too hard, and meets me at each Double. [Exit.

Vent. Wou'd she had dy'd a little sooner tho',
Before *Octavia* went; you might have treated:
Now 'twill look tame, and wou'd not be receiv'd.
Come, rouze yourself, and let's die warm together.

Ant. I will not fight: There's no more Work for War.
The Bus'ness of my angry Hours is done.

Vent. *Cæsar* is at your Gates.

Ant. Why, let him enter;
He's welcome now.

Vent. What Lethargy has crept into your Soul?

Ant. 'Tis but a Scorn of Life, and just Desire
To free myself from Bondage.

Vent. Do it bravely.

Ant. I will; but not by Fighting. O, *Ventidius*!
What should I fight for now? My Queen is dead.
I was but great for her; my Pow'r, my Empire,
Were but my Merchandise to buy her Love;
And conquer'd Kings, my Factors. Now she's dead,
Let *Cæsar* take the World——
An empty Circle, since the Jewel's gone
Which made it worth my Strife: My Being's nauseous;
For all the Bribes of Life are gone away.

Vent. Wou'd you be taken?

Ant. Yes, I wou'd be taken;
But, as a *Roman* ought, dead, my *Ventidius*:
For I'll convey my Soul from *Cæsar*'s reach,
And lay down Life myself. 'Tis time the World
Shou'd have a Lord, and know whom to obey.
We two have kept its Homage in suspense,
And bent the Globe on whose each side we trod,
Till it was dinted inwards: Let him walk
Alone upon't; I'm weary of my Part.
My Torch is out; and the World stands before me
Like a black Defart at th' Approach of Night:
I'll lay me down, and stray no farther on.

Vent. I could be griev'd,
But that I'll not out-live you: Chuse your Death;
For, I have seen him in such various Shapes,
I care not which I take: I'm only troubled,
The Life I bear, is worn to such a Rag,
'Tis scarce worth giving. I could wish indeed
We threw it from us with a better Grace;
That, like two Lions taken in the Toils,
We might at least thrust out our Paws, and wound
The Hunters that inclose us.

Ant. I have thought on't,
Ventidius, you must live.

Vent.

Vent. I must not, Sir.

Ant. Wilt thou not live, to speak some Good of me?
To stand by my fair Fame, and guard th' Approaches
From the ill Tongues of Men?

Vent. Who shall guard mine
For living after you?

Ant. Say, I command it.

Vent. If we die well, our Deaths will speak themselves
And need no living Witnesses.

Ant. Thou hast lov'd me,
And fain I wou'd reward thee: I must die;
Kill me, and take the Merit of my Death
To make thee Friends with *Cæsar*.

Vent. Thank your Kindness.
You said I lov'd you; and, in Recompence,
You bid me turn a Traitor: Did I think
You wou'd have us'd me thus? that I should die
With a hard Thought of you?

Ant. Forgive me, *Roman*.
Since I have heard of *Cleopatra's* Death
My Reason bears no Rule upon my Tongue,
But lets my Thoughts break all at random out:
I've thought better; do not deny me twice.

Vent. By Heav'n, I will not,
Let it not be t'out-live you.

Ant. Kill me first,
And then die thou; For 'tis but just thou serve
Thy Friend, before thyself.

Vent. Give me your Hand.
We soon shall meet again. Now, Farewel, Emperor.
[Embrace.]

Methinks that Word's too cold to be my last:
Since Death sweeps all Distinctions, Farewel, Friend.
That's all ———

I will not make a Bus'ness of a Trifle:
And yet I cannot look on you, and kill you;
Pray turn your Face.

Ant. I do: Strike home be sure.

Vent. Home, as my Sword will reach. [Kills himself.]

Ant. O, thou mistak'st;
That Wound was none of thine: Give it me back:
Thou robb'st me of my Death.

Vent. I do indeed;
But, think 'tis the first time I e'er deceiv'd you;
If that may plead my Pardon. And you, Gods,
Forgive me, if you will; for I die perjur'd,
Rather than kill my Friend. [Dies.]

Ant. Farewel. Ever my Leader, ev'n in Death!
My Queen and thou have got the Start of me;
And I'm the Lag of Honour——Gone so soon?
Is Death no more? He us'd him carelessly,
With a familiar Kindness: Ere he knock'd,
Ran to the Door, and took him in his Arms,
As who should say, You're welcome at all Hours,
A Friend need give no Warning. Books had spoil'd him;
For all the Learn'd are Cowards by Profession.
'Tis not worth
My farther Thought; for Death, for ought I know,
Is but to think no more. Here's to be satisfy'd.

[Falls on his Swoon.]

I've mist my Heart. O unperforming Hand!
Thou never could'st have err'd in a worse Time.
My Fortune jades me to the last; and Death,
Like a great Man, takes State, and makes me wait
For my Admittance—— [Trampling within.]
Some perhaps from *Cæsar*:
If he should find me living, and suspect
That I play'd Booty with my Life! I'll mend
My Work, ere they can reach me. [Rises upon his Knees.]

Enter Cleopatra, Charmion, and Iras.

Cleo. Where is my Lord? where is he?

Char. There he lies,
And dead *Ventidius* by him.

Cleo. My Fears were Prophets; I am come too late.
O that accurs'd *Alexas*! [Runs to him.]

Ant. Art thou living?
Or am I dead before I knew? and thou
The first kind Ghost that meets me?

Cleo.

Cleo. Help me seat him.

Send quickly, send for Help. [*They place him in a Chair.*

Ant. I am answer'd.

We live both. Sit thee down, my *Cleopatra*:

I'll make the most I can of Life, to stay

A Moment more with thee.

Cleo. How is it with you?

Ant. 'Tis as with a Man

Removing in a Hurry; all pack'd up,

But one dear Jewel that his Haste forgot;

And he, for that, returns upon the Spur:

So I come back, for thee.

Cleo. Toolong, ye Heav'ns, you have been cruel to me;

Now show your mended Faith, and give me back

His fleeting Life.

Ant. It will not be, my Love,

I keep my Soul by force.

Say but thou art not false.

Cleo. 'Tis now too late

To say I'm true: I'll prove it, and die with you.

Unknown to me, *Alexas* feign'd my Death:

Which, when I knew, I hasted to prevent

This fatal Consequence. My Fleet betray'd

Both you and me.

Ant. And *Dolabella*——

Cleo. Scarce esteem'd before he lov'd; but hated now.

Ant. Enough: My Life's not long enough for more.

Thou say'st thou wilt come after: I believe thee;

For I can now believe whate'er thou say'st,

That we may part more kindly.

Cleo. I will come:

Doubt not, my Life, I'll come, and quickly too:

Cæsar shall triumph o'er no Part of thee.

Ant. But grieve not, while thou stay'st,

My last disastrous Times:

Think we have had a clear and glorious Day;

And Heav'n did kindly to delay the Storm

Just till our Close of Ev'ning. Ten Years Love,

And not a Moment lost, but all improv'd

To th' utmost Joys: What Ages have we liv'd!

And

And now to die each others; and, so dying,
While Hand in Hand we walk in Groves below,
Whole Troops of Lovers Ghosts shall flock about us,
And all the Train be ours.

Cleo. Your Words are like the Notes of dying Swans,
Too sweet to last. Were there so many Hours
For your Unkindness, and not one for Love?

Ant. No, not a Minute—This one Kiss—more worth
Than all I leave to *Cæsar*. [Dies.]

Cleo. O, tell me so again,
And take ten thousand Kisses, for that Word.
My Lord, my Lord: Speak, if you yet have Being;
Sigh to me, if you cannot speak; or cast
One Look: Do any thing that shows you live.

Iras. He's gone too far, to hear you;
And this you see, a Lump of senseless Clay,
The Leavings of a Soul.

Char. Remember, Madam,
He charg'd you not to grieve.

Cleo. And I'll obey him.
I have not lov'd a *Roman*, not to know
What should become his Wife; his Wife, my *Charmion*;
For 'tis to that high Title I aspire;
And now I'll not die less. Let dull *Octavia*
Survive, to mourn him dead: My noble Fate
Shall knit our Spousals with a Tie too strong
For *Roman* Laws to break.

Iras. Will you then die?

Cleo. Why should'st thou make that Question?

Iras. *Cæsar* is merciful,

Cleo. Let him be so
To those that want his Mercy: My poor Lord
Made no such Cov'nant with him, to spare me
When he was dead. Yield me to *Cæsar's* Pride?
What, to be led in Triumph through the Streets,
A Spectacle to base *Plebeian* Eyes;
While some dejected Friend of *Antony's*,
Close in a Corner, shakes his Head, and mutters
A secret Curse on her who ruin'd him?
I'll none of that.

Char.

Char. Whatever you resolve,
I'll follow ev'n to Death.

Iras. I only fear'd
For you ; but more should fear to live without you.

Cleo. Why, now 'tis as it should be. Quick, my Friends,
Dispatch ; ere this, the Town's in *Cæsar's* Hands :
My Lord looks down concern'd, and fears my Stay,
Lest I should be surpriz'd ;

Keep him not waiting for his Love too long.
You, *Charmion*, bring my Crown and richest Jewels,
With 'em, the Wreath of Victory I made
(Vain Augury !) for him who now lies dead ;
You, *Iras*, bring the Cure of all our Ills.

Iras. The Aspicks, Madam ?

Cleo. Must I bid you twice ? [*Ex. Char. and Iras.*
'Tis sweet to die, when they would force Life on me,
To rush into the dark Abode of Death,
And seize him first ; if he be like my Love,
He is not frightful sure.

We're now alone, in Secresy and Silence ;
And is not this like Lovers ? I may kiss
These pale, cold Lips ; *Octavia* does not see me ;
And, Oh ! 'tis better far to have him thus,
Than see him in her Arms—O welcome, welcome.

Enter Charmion and Iras.

Char. What must be done ?

Cleo. Short Ceremony, Friends ;
But yet it must be decent. First, this Laurel
Shall crown my Hero's Head : He fell not basely,
Nor left his Shield behind him. Only thou
Could'st Triumph o'er thyself ; and thou alone
Wert worthy so to Triumph.

Char. To what End
These Ensigns of your Pomp and Royalty ?

Cleo. Dull, that thou art ! why, 'tis to meet my Love ;
As when I saw him first, on *Cydnos* Bank,
All sparkling, like a Goddess ; so adorn'd,
I'll find him once again : My second Spousals
Shall match my first, in Glory. Haste, haste, both,
And dress the Bride of *Antony*.

Char.

Char. 'Tis done.

Cleo. Now set me by my Lord. I claim this Place;
For I must conquer *Cæsar* too, like him,
And win my Share o'th' World. Hail, you dear Relicks
Of my immortal Love!

O let no impious Hand remove you hence;
But rest for ever here: Let *Egypt* give
His Death that Peace, which it deny'd his Life.
Reach me the Casket.

Iras. Underneath the Fruit the Aspicks lies.

Cleo. Welcome, thou kind Deceiver!

[*Putting aside the Leaves.*

Thou best of Thieves; who, with an easy Key,
Dost open Life, and, unperceiv'd by us,
Ev'n steal us from ourselves: Discharging so
Death's dreadful Office, better than himself,
Touching our Limbs so gently into Slumber,
That Death stands by, deceiv'd by his own Image,
And thinks himself but Sleep.

Serap. The Queen, where is she? [Within]
The Town is yielded, *Cæsar's* at the Gates.

Cleo. He comes too late t'invade the Rights of Death,
Haste, bare my Arm, and rouse the Serpent's Fury.

[*Holds out her Arm, and draws it back,*

Coward Flesh——

Would'st thou conspire with *Cæsar*, to betray me,
As thou wert none of mine? I'll force thee to't,
And not be sent by him,
But bring myself my Soul to *Antony*.

[*Turns aside, and then shows her Arm bloody.*

Take hence; the Work is done.

Serap. Break ope the Door, [Within]
And guard the Traitor well.

Char. The next is ours.

Iras. Now, *Charmion*, to be worthy
Of our great Queen and Mistress. [*They apply the Aspicks.*

Cleo. Already, Death, I feel thee in my Veins;
I go with such a Will to find my Lord,
That we shall quickly meet.

A heavy Numbness creeps through every Limb,

And

And now 'tis at my Head : My Eye-lids fall,
And my dear Love is vanish'd in a Mist.
Where shall I find him, where ? O turn me to him,
And lay me on his Breast——*Cæsar*, thy worst ;
Now part us, if thou canst. [Dies.

*[Iras sinks down at her Feet, and dies ; Charmion
stands behind her Chair, as dressing her Head.*

Enter Serapion, two Priests, Alexas bound, Egyptians.

2 Priests. Behold, Serapion, what havock Death has
Serap. 'Twas what I fear'd. [made !

Charmion, is this well done ?

Char. Yes, 'tis well done, and like a Queen, the last
Of her great Race : I follow her. [Sinks down ; dies.

Alex. 'Tis true,
She has done well : Much better thus to die,
Than live to make a Holy-day in Rome.

Serap. See, how the Lovers fit in State together,
As they were giving Laws to half Mankind.
Th' Impression of a Smile left in her Face,
Shows she dy'd pleas'd with him for whom she liv'd,
And went to charm him in another World.

Cæsar's just entring ; Grief has now no leisure.
Secure that Villain, as our Pledge of Safety,
To grace th'Imperial Triumph. Sleep, blest Pair,
Secure from human Chance, long Ages out,
While all the Storms of Fate fly o'er your Tomb ;
And Fame, to late Posterity, shall tell,
No Lovers liv'd so great, or dy'd so well. [Exeunt.





E P I L O G U E.

POets, like Disputants, when Reasons fail,
Have one sure Refuge left; and that's to rail.
Fop, Coxcomb, Fool, are thunder'd through the Pit;
And this is all their Equipage of Wit.
We wonder how the Devil this Difference grows,
Betwixt our Fools in Verse, and yours in Prose:
For, 'Faith, the Quarrel rightly understood,
'Tis Civil War with their own Flesh and Blood.
The thread-bare Author hates the gawdy Coat;
And swears at the Gilt Coach; but swears a foot:
For 'tis observ'd of every scribbling Man,
He grows a Fop as fast as e'er he can;
Prunes up, and asks his Oracle the Glass,
If Pink or Purple best become his Face,
For our poor Wretch, he neither rails nor prays;
Nor likes your Wit just as you like his Plays;
He has not yet so much of Mr. Bays.
He does his best; and if he cannot please,
Would quietly sue out his Writ of Ease.
Yet, if he might his own Grand Jury call,
By the Fair Sex he begs to stand or fall.
Let Cæsar's Pow'r the Mens Ambition move,
But grace you him who lost the World for Love.
Yet if some antiquated Lady say,
The last Age is not copy'd in his Play;
Heav'n help the Man who for that Face must drudge,
Which only has the Wrinkles of a Judge.
Let not the Young and Beauteous join with those;
For should you raise such numerous Hosts of Foes,
Young Wits and Sparks he to his Aid must call;
'Tis more than one Man's Work to please you all.



THE
AMBITIOUS STEP-MOTHER.

A
TRAGEDY.

As Acted at the THEATRES-ROYAL.

By NICHOLAS ROWE, Esq;

—*Decet hæc dare dona novercam.*

OVID. Metam. lib. 8.

*Vane Ligur, frustra que animis elate superbis,
Nequicquam—————tentasti lubricus artes,
Advenit qui vestra dies muliebribus armis
Verba redargueret.*

VIRG. Æn. lib. II.



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WATER RESOURCES DIVISION

WASHINGTON, D.C. 20506

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for the year ending
June 30, 1964

Presented to the
House of Representatives

at the 88th Congress,
2d Session

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P R O L O G U E,

Spoken by Mr. BETTERTON.

I F dying Lovers yet deserve a Tear,
If a sad Story of a Maid's Despair
Yet move Compassion in the pitying Fair;
This Day the Poet does his Arts employ,
The soft Accesses of your Souls to try.
Nor let the Stoic boast his Mind unmov'd;
The Brute Philosopher, who ne'er has prov'd
The Joy of Loving and of being Lov'd;
Who scorns his Human Nature to confess,
And striving to be more than Man, is less.
Nor let the Men the weeping Fair accuse,
Those kind Protectors of the Tragic Muse,
Whose Tears did moving Otway's Labors crown,
And made the poor Monimia's Grief their own:
Those Tears their Art, not Weakness, has confess'd,
Their Grief approv'd the Niceness of their Taste,
And they wept most, because they judg'd the best.
O could this Age's Writers hope to find
An Audience to Compassion thus inclin'd,
The Stage would need no Farce, nor Song, nor Dance.
Nor Capering Monsieur brought from active France;
Clinch, and his Organ-Pipe, his Dogs and Bear,
To native Barnet might again repair,
Or breathe with Captain Otter Bankside Air:

P R O L O G U E.

*Majestic Tragedy should once again
 In purple Pomp adorn the swelling Scene.
 Her Search should ransack all the Ancients Store,
 The Fortunes of their Loves and Arms explore,
 Such as might grieve you, but shou'd please you more.
 What Shakespear durst not, this bold Age shou'd do,
 And famous Greek and Latin Beauties shew:
 Shakespear, whose Genius to itself a Law,
 Could Men in every Height of Nature draw,
 And copy'd all but Women that he saw.
 Those ancient Heroines your Concern shou'd move,
 Their Grief and Anger much, but most their Love;
 For in the Account of every Age we find
 The best and fairest of that Sex were kind,
 To Pity always and to Love inclin'd.
 Assert, ye Fair Ones, who in Judgment sit,
 Your ancient Empire over Love and Wit;
 Reform your Sense, and teach the Men t'obey:
 They'll leave their Tumbling, if you lead the Way.
 Be but what those before to Otway were:
 O were you but as kind! we know you are as fair.*



Dramatis

Diary of John

M E N

At 10 o'clock, I left the house and went to the
field. The weather was very warm and sunny.
I worked for about 2 hours and then came
back. I found that the plants were growing
very well. I will continue to work on them
tomorrow.

W O M E N

At 10 o'clock, I went to the field with the
women. We worked for about 2 hours and
then came back. The plants were growing
very well. I will continue to work on them
tomorrow.



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

ARTAXERXES, *Prince of Persia, Elder Son to King Arsaces, by a former Queen.*

ARTABAN, *Son to Arsaces, by Artemisa:*

MEMNON, *Formerly General to Arsaces, now disgraced; a Friend to Artaxerxes.*

MIRZA, *First Minister of State, in the Interest of Artemisa and Artaban.*

MAGAS, *Priest of the Sun, Friend to Mirza and the Queen.*

CLEANTHES, *Friend to Artaban.*

ORCHANES, *Captain of the Guards to the Queen.*

W O M E N.

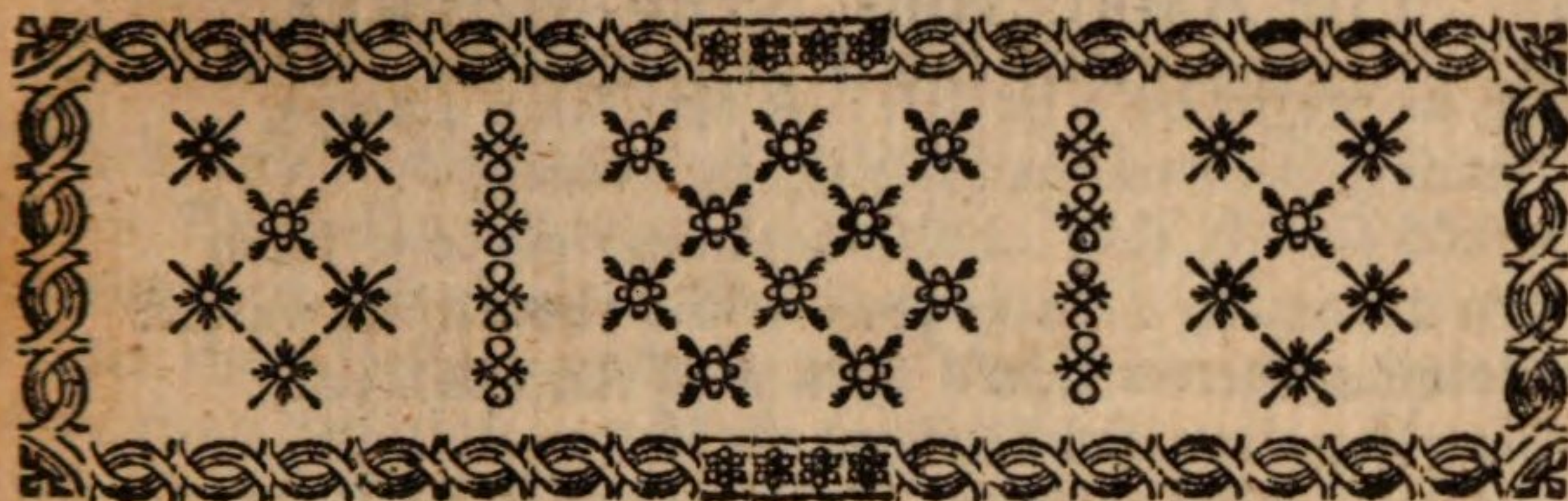
ARTEMISA, *Formerly the Wife of Tiribasus, a Persian Lord, now married to the King, and Queen of Persia.*

AMESTRIS, *Daughter to Memnon, in Love with, and beloved by Artaxerxes.*

CLEONE, *Daughter to Mirza, in Love with Artaxerxes, and belov'd by Artaban.*

BELIZA, *Confident to Cleone.*

T H E



THE
AMBITIOUS STEP-MOTHER.



ACT I. SCENE I.
A ROYAL PALACE.

Enter at several Doors, MIRZA and MAGAS.

MIRZA.

W H A T bring'st thou, *Magas* ? Say, how
fares the King ?
Magas. As one, whom when we number
with the Living,
We say the most we can ; tho' sure it
must

Be happier far, to quit a wretched Being,
Than to keep it on such Terms : For as I enter'd
The Royal Lodging, an universal Horror
Struck thro' my Eyes, and chill'd my very Heart ;
The chearful Day was every where shut out
With Care, and left a more than Midnight Darknefs,
A 4 Such

8 The AMBITIOUS STEP-MOTHER.

Such as might ev'n be felt : A few dimp Lamps,
That feebly lifted up their sickly Heads,
Look'd faintly thro' the Shade, and made it seem
More dismal by such Light ; while those that waited
In solemn Sorrow mix'd with wild Amazement,
Observ'd a dreadful Silence.

Mirza. Didst thou see him ?

Magas. My Lord, I did : Treading with gentle Steps,
I reach'd the Bed, which held the poor Remains
Of great *Asfaxes* : Just as I approach'd,
His drooping Lids, that seem'd for ever clos'd,
Were faintly rear'd, to tell me that he liv'd :
The Balls of Sight, dim and depriv'd of Motion,
Sparkled no more with that majestic Fire,
At which ev'n Kings have trembled ; but had lost
Their common useful Office, and were shaded
With an eternal Night. Struck with a Sight,
That shew'd me human Nature fall'n so low,
I hastily retir'd.

Mirza. He dies too soon ;
And Fate, if possible, must be delay'd.
The Thought that labours in my forming Brain,
Yet crude and immature, demands more Time.
Have the Physicians given up all their Hopes ?
Cannot they add a few Days to a Monarch,
In Recompence of a thousand vulgar Fates,
Which their Drugs daily hasten ?

Magas. As I pass'd
The outward Rooms, I found them in Consult ;
I ask'd them if their Art was at a stand,
And could not help the King. They shook their Heads,
And in most grave and solemn wise unfolded
Matter, which little purported, but Words
Rank'd in right learned Phrase ; all I could learn, was,
That Nature's kindly Warmth was quite extinct,
Nor could the Breath of Art kindle again
Th' Ethereal Fire.

Mirza. My Royal Mistress *Artemisa's* Fate,
And all her Son young *Artaban's* high Hopes,
Hang on this lucky Crisis ; since this Day

The

The AMBITIOUS STEP-MOTHER. 9

The haughty *Artaxerxes* and old *Memnon*
Enter *Persepolis*: The yearly Feast
Devoted to our glorious God the Sun,
Hides their Designs under a holy Veil;
And thus Religion is a Mask for Faction.
But let their Guardian *Genii* still be watchful,
For if they chance to nod, my waking Vengeance
Shall surely catch that Moment to destroy 'em.

Magas. 'Tis said the fair *Amestris*, *Memnon's* Daughter,
Comes in their Company.

Mirza. That fatal Beauty,
With most malignant Influence, hast crost
My first and great Ambition. When my Brother,
The great *Cleander*, fell by *Memnon's* Hand,
(You know the Story of our Houses Quarrel)
I fought the King for Justice on the Murderer;
And to confirm my Interest in the Court,
In Confidence of mighty Wealth, and Power,
A long Descent from noble Ancestors,
And somewhat of the Beauty of the Maid,
I offer'd my *Cleone* to the Prince,
Fierce *Artaxerxes*; he, with rude Disdain,
Refus'd the Proffer; and to grate me more,
Publicly own'd his Passion for *Amestris*:
And in Despite ev'n of his Father's Justice,
Espous'd the Cause of *Memnon*.

Magas. Ev'n from that noted *Æra*, I remember
You dated all your Service to the Queen,
Our common Mistress.

Mirza. 'Tis true, I did so: Nor was it in vain;
She did me right, and satisfy'd my Vengeance:
Memnon was banish'd, and the Prince disgrac'd,
Went into Exile with him. Since that Time,
Since I have been admitted to her Council,
And seen her, with unerring Judgment, guide
The Reins of Empire, I have been amaz'd,
To see her more than manly Strength of Soul,
Cautious in good Success, in bad unshaken;
Still arm'd against the uncertain Turns of Chance,
Untouch'd by any Weakness of her Sex,

10 The AMBITIOUS STEP-MOTHER.

Their Superstition, Pity, or their Fear ;
And is a Woman only in her Cunning.
What Story tells of great *Semiramis*,
Or rolling Time, that gathers as it goes,
Has added more, such *Artemisa* is.

Magas. Sure 'twas a Mark of an uncommon Genius,
To bend a Soul like that of great *Arfaces*,
And charm him to her Sway.

Mirza. Certainly Fate,
Or somewhat like the Force of Fate was in it ;
And still whene'er Remembrance sets that Scene
Before my Eyes, I wiew it with Amazement.

Magas. I then was young, a Stranger to the Court,
And only took the Story as reported
By different Fame ; you must have known it better.

Mirza. Indeed I did, then favour'd by the King,
And by that Means a Sharer in the Secret.
'Twas on a Day of public Festival,
When beauteous *Artemisa* stood to view
(Behind the Covert of a golden Lattice)
The King and Court returning from the Temple :
When just as by her Stand *Arfaces* past,
The Window by Design or Chance fell down,
And to his View expos'd her blushing Beauties.
She seem'd surpriz'd, and presently withdrew ;
But ev'n that Moment was an Age in Love :
So was the Monarch's Heart for Passion moulded,
So apt to take at first the soft Impression.
Soon as we were alone, I found the Evil
Already past a Remedy, and vainly
Urg'd the Resentment of her injur'd Lord :
His Love was deaf to all.

Magas. Was *Tiribasus* absent ?

Mirza. He was then General of the Horse,
Under old *Memnon* in the *Median* War.
But if that distant View so much had charm'd him,
Imagine how he burnt, when, by my Means,
He view'd her Beauties nearer ; when each Action,
And every graceful Sound conspir'd to charm him :
Joy of her Conquest, and the Hopes of Greatness,
Gave

Gave Lustre to her Charms, and made her seem
Of more than mortal Excellence. In short,
After some faint Resistance, like a Bride
That strives awhile, tho' eager for the Bliss,
The furious King enjoyed her :
And to secure their Joys, a Snare was laid
For her unthinking Lord, in which he fell
Before the Fame of this could reach his Ears.
Since that, she still has by successful Arts
Maintain'd that Pow'r, which first her Beauty gain'd.

Magas. With deepest Foresight, wisely has she laid
A sure Foundation for the future Greatness
Of *Artaban*, her only darling Son.

Each busy Thought, that rolls within her Breast,
Labours for him : The King, when first he sicken'd,
Declar'd he shou'd succeed him in the Throne.

Mirza. That was a Point well gain'd ; nor were the
Eldership

Of *Artaxerxes* worth our least of Fears,
If *Memnon's* Interest did not prop his Cause.
Since then they stand secur'd, by being join'd,
From Reach of open Force, it were a Master-piece
Worthy a thinking Head, to sow Division
And Seeds of Jealousy, to loose those Bonds,
Which knit and hold 'em up ; that so divided,
With Ease they might be ruin'd.

Magas. That's a Difficulty next to impossible.

Mirza. Cease to think so.

The Wise and Active conquer Difficulties,
By daring to attempt 'em : Sloth and Folly
Shiver and shrink at Sight of Toil and Hazard,
And make th' Impossibility they fear :
Ev'n *Memnon's* Temper seems to give th' Occasion ;
Of Wrong impatient, headlong to revenge ;
Tho' bold, yet wants that Faculty of thinking,
That should direct his Anger. Valiant Fools
Were made by Nature for the Wise to work with ;
They are their Tools, and 'tis the Sport of Statesmen,
When Heroes knock their knotty Heads together,
And fall by one another.

Magas. What

12 The AMBITIOUS STEP-MOTHER.

Magas. What you've said,
Has wak'd a Thought in me which may be lucky ;
Ere he was banish'd for your Brother's Murder,
There was a Friendship 'twixt us ; and tho' then
I left his barren Soil, to root myself
More safely under your auspicious Shade,
Yet still pretending Ties of ancient Love,
At his Arrival here I'll visit him :
Whence this Advantage may at least be made,
To ford his shallow Soul.

Mirza. Oh ! much, much more ;
'Twas happily remember'd : nothing gulls
These open unsuspecting Fools, like Friendship :
Dull heavy Things ! Whom Nature has left honest
In mere Frugality, to save the Charge
She's at in setting out a thinking Soul :
Who, since their own short Understandings reach
No further than the present, think even the Wise,
Like them, disclose the Secrets of their Breasts,
Speak what they think, and tell Tales of themselves ;
Thy Function too will varnish o'er our Arts,
And sanctify Dissembling.

Magas. Yet still I doubt,
His Caution may draw back, and fear a Snare.

Mirza. Tell him, the better to assist the Fraud,
That ev'n I wish his Friendship, and would gladly
Forget that Cause of Hate, which long has held us
At mortal Distance, give up my Revenge,
A grateful Off'ring to the public Peace.

Magas. Could you afford him such a Bribe as that,
A Brother's Blood yet unatton'd ?

Mirza. No, *Magas*,
It is not in the Power of Fate to raze
That Thought from out my Memory :
Eternal Night, 'tis true, may cast a Shade
On all my Faculties, extinguish Knowledge,
And great Revenge may with my Being cease ;
But whilst I am, that ever will remain,
And in my latest Spirits still survive.
Yet I would have thee promise that, and more ;

The

The Friendship of the Queen, the Restitution
Of his Command, and Honours, that his Daughter
Shall be the Bride of *Artaban*; say any Thing:
Thou know'st the Faith of Courtiers, and their Oaths,
Like those of Lovers, the Gods laugh at 'em.

Magas. Doubt not my Zeal to serve our Royal
Mistress,

And in her Interest your's, my Friend and Patron.

Mirza. My worthy Priest! still be my Friend, and
share

The utmost of my Pow'r; by Greatness rais'd,

[*Embracing.*

Thou, like the God thou serv'st, shall shine aloft,
And with thy Influence rule the under World.

But see! the Queen appears; she seems to muse,
Her thoughtful Soul labours with some Event
Of high Import, which bustles like an Embryo
In its dark Room, and longs to be disclos'd.
Retire, lest we disturb her.

[*They retire to the Side of the Stage.*

Enter the Queen attended.

Queen. Be fix'd my Soul, fix'd on thy own firm Basis!
Be constant to thyself; nor know the Weakness,
The poor Irresolution of my Sex:
Disdain those Shews of Danger, that would bar
My Way to Glory. Ye diviner Pow'rs!
By whom 'tis said we are, from whose bright Beings
Those active Sparks were struck which move our Clay;
I feel, and I confess th' Ethereal Energy,
That busy restless Principle, whose Appetite
Is only pleas'd with Greatness like your own:
Why have you clogg'd it then with this dull Mass,
And shut it up in Woman? Why debas'd it
To an inferior Part of the Creation?
Since your own heavenly Hands mistook my Lot,
'Tis you have err'd, not I. Could Fate e'er mean
Me for a Wife, a Slave to *Tiribafus*!
To such a Thing as he! a Wretch! a Husband!

Therefore

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Therefore in just Assertion of myself,
I shook him off, and pass'd those narrow Limits,
Which Laws contrive in vain for Souls born great.
There is not, must not be a Bond for Greatness;
Pow'r gives a Sanction, and makes all Things just.
Ha! *Mirza*! Worthy Lord! I saw thee not,

[*Seeing Mirza:*

So busy were my Faculties in Thought.

Mirza. The Thoughts of Princes dwell in sacred
Privacy, [*Bowing.*

Unknown and venerable to the Vulgar;
And like a Temple's innermost Recesses,
None enter to behold the hallow'd Mysteries,
Unbidden of the God that dwells within.

Queen. Wise *Mirza*! were my Soul a Temple, fit
For Gods and Godlike Counsels to inhabit,
Thee only would I chuse of all Mankind,
To be the Priest, still favour'd with Access;
Whose piercing Wit, sway'd by unerring Judgment,
Might mingle even with assembled Gods,
When they devise unchangeable Decrees,
And call 'em Fate.

Mirza. Whate'er I am, each Faculty,
The utmost Power of my exerted Soul,
Preserves a Being only for your Service;
And when I am not your's, I am no more.

Queen. Time shall not know an End of my Ac-
knowledgments;
But every Day of our continu'd Lives
Be Witnesses of my Gratitude, to draw
The Knot, which holds our common Interest, closer:
Within six Days, my Son, my *Artaban*,
Equally dear to me as Life and Glory,
In public shall espouse the fair *Cleone*,
And be my Pledge of everlasting Amity.

Mirza. O Royal Lady! you outbid my Service;
And all Returns are vile, but Words the poorest.

Queen. Enough! be, as thou hast been, still my
Friend,
I ask no more. But I observe of late,

Your

Your Daughter grows a Stranger to the Court;
Know you the Cause?

Mirza. A melancholy Girl;
Such in her Infancy her Temper was,
Soft even beyond her Sex's Tenderness;
By nature pitiful, and apt to grieve
For the Misfortunes of others, and so make
The Sorrows of the wretched World her own:
Her Closet and the Gods share all her Time,
Except when (only by some Maid attended)
She seeks some shady solitary Grove,
Or by the gentle Murmurs of some Brook
Sits sadly list'ning to a Tale of Sorrow,
'Till with her Tears she swell the narrow Stream.

Queen. It is not well, these Thoughts must be
remov'd;

That eating Canker, Grief, with wasteful Spite,
Preys on the rosy Bloom of Youth and Beauty:
But Love shall chase away these Clouds of Sadness;
My Son shall breathe so warm a Gale of Sighs,
As shall dissolve those Icicles that hang
Like Death about her Heart.

Attend us, holy *Magas*, to the King,
Nor cease to importune the mighty Gods
To grant him Health, tho' much I fear in vain.

[*Exeunt Queen, Magas, and Attendants.*]

Manet Mirza.

This meddling Priest longs to be found a Fool:
Thinks he that *Memnon*, Soldier as he is,
Thoughtless and dull, will listen to his Soothing?
Howe'er I gave his wife Proposal Way,
Nay, urg'd him to go on; the shallow Fraud
Will ruin him for ever with my Enemies,
And make him firmly mine, spite of his Fears,
And natural Inconstancy.
While Choice remains, he will be still unsteady,
And nothing but Necessity can fix him.

[*Exit.*]

Enter

16 The AMBITIOUS STEP-MOTHER.

Enter Artaxerxes, Memnon, and Attendants.

Artax. Methinks, my noble Father and my Friend,
We enter here like Strangers, and unlook'd for :
Each busy Face we meet, with Wonder starts,
And seems amaz'd to see us.

Memnon. Well may th' ignoble Herd
Start, if with heedless Steps they unawares
Tread on the Lion's Walk : a Prince's Genius
Awe with superior Greatness all beneath him.
With Wonder they behold the Great *Asaces*
Reviv'd again in Godlike *Artaxerxes*.
In you they see him, such as oft they did
Returning from his Wars, and crown'd with Conquest,
When all our Virgins met him on the Way,
And with their Songs and Dances blest his Triumph :
Now basely aw'd by factious Priests and Women,
They start at Majesty, and seem surprized,
As if a God had met 'em. In Honor's Name,
Why have we let this be ? why have we languish'd,
And suffer'd such a Government as this
To waste our Strength, and wear our Empire low.

Artax. Curse be the Means by which these Ills arose,
Fatal alike to me as to my Country ;
Which my great Soul, unable to revenge,
Has yet with Indignation only seen,
Cut off by Arts of coward Priests and Statesmen,
(Whom I disdain'd with servile Smiles to court,)
From the great Right which God and Nature gave,
My Birthright to a Throne.

Memnon. Nor Priests, nor Statesmen,
Could have compleated such an Ill as that,
If Women had not mingled in the Mischief ;
If *Artemisa* had not by her Charms,
And all her Sex's Cunning, wrought the King,
Old, obvious to her Arts, decay'd in Greatness,
Dead to the Memory of what once he was,
Just crawling on the Verge of wretched Life,
A Burden to himself, and his Friends Pity,

Among

Among his other Failings, to forget
All that a Father and a King could owe
To such a Son as you ;——to cut you off
From your Succession, from your Hopes of Empire,
And graft her upstart Offspring on to Royalty.

Artax. But if I bear it,
Oh may I live to be my Brother's Slave,
The Scorn of those brave Friends that own my Cause ;
May you, my Father, spurn me for a Coward,
May all my noble Hopes of Love and Glory
Leave me to vile Despair. By Heav'n, my Heart
Sits lighter in my Bosom, when I think
That I this Day shall meet the Boy my Brother,
Whose young Ambition with aspiring Wings
Dares ev'n to mate my Greatness.

Memnon. Fame, that speaks
Minutely every Circumstance of Princes,
Describes him bold, and fiercely fond of Power,
Which ev'n in spite of Nature he affects ;
Impatient of Command, and hardly deigning
To be controul'd by his imperious Mother.
'Tis said too (as no Means were left untry'd,
Which might prepare and fit him to contend
With a superior Right of Birth and Merit)
That Books, and the politer Arts (which those
Who know admire) have been his Care ; already
He mingles in their Councils, and they trust
His Youth with Secrets of important Villany.
The Crowd, taught by his Creatures to admire him,
Stile him a God in Wisdom.

Artax. Be that his Glory :
Let him with Pedants hunt for Praise in Books,
Pour out his Life amongst the lazy Gown-men,
Grow old and vainly proud in fancy'd Knowledge,
Unequal to the Task of vast Ambition ;
Ambition ! the Desire of active Souls,
That pushes 'em beyond the Bounds of Nature,
And elevates the Hero to the Gods.
But see ! my Love, your beauteous Daughter comes,
And ev'n Ambition sickens at her Sight.

Enter

18 The AMBITIOUS STEP-MOTHER.

Enter Amestris attended.

Revenge, and fierce Desires of Glory, cease
To urge my Passions, master'd by her Eyes;
And only gentle Fires now warm my Breast.

Amestris. I come, my Father, to attend your Order.
[To Memnon.

Memnon. 'Tis well; and I would have thee still be
near me.

The Malice of the Faction which I hate,
Would vent itself ev'n on thy Innocence,
Wert thou not safe under a Father's Care.

Artax. Oh say a Lover's too; nor can you have
An Interest in her Safety more than mine.
Love gives a Right superior ev'n to Nature;
Or Love is Nature in the noblest Meaning,
The Cause and the Preserver of the World.
These Arms, that long to press thee to my Bosom,
For ever shall defend thee.

Memnon. Therefore, my Son,
Unto your Care I leave our common Charge;
Tigranes with our Friends expects my Orders;
Those when I have dispatch'd, upon the Instant
I will return, and meet at your Apartment.

[Exit Memnon.

Artax. Come to my Arms, and let me hide thee there
From all those Fears that vex thy beating Heart;
Be safe and free from all those fancy'd Dangers,
That haunt thy Apprehensions.

Amestris. Can you blame me,
If from Retirement drawn, and pleasing Solitude,
I fear to tempt this stormy Sea the World,
Whose ev'ry Beach is strew'd with Wrecks of Wretches
That daily perish in it? Curst Ambition!
Why dost thou come to trouble my Repose,
Who have ev'n from my Infancy disclaim'd thee?

Artax. Cease to complain, my Love, and let no
Thought,
But what brings Peace and Joy, approach thy Breast.

Let

Let me impart my manly Fires to thee,
To warm thy Fancy to a Taste of Glory;
Imperial Power and purple Greatness wait thee,
And sue for thy Acceptance; by the Sun,
And by *Arsaces'* Head, I will not mount
The Throne of *Cyrus*, but to share it with thee:

Amestris. Vain Shews of Happiness! Deceitful Pageantry!

Ah! Prince, hadst thou but known the Joys that dwell
With humbler Fortunes, thou wouldst curse thy Royalty.
Had Fate allotted us some obscure Village,
Where only blest with Life's Necessities,
We might have pass'd in Peace our happy Days,
Free from the Cares which Crowns and Empires bring;
There no Step-Mother, no ambitious Brother,
No wicked Statesman, would with impious Arts
Have strove to wrest from us our small Inheritance,
Or stir the simple Hinds to noisy Faction:
Our Nights had all been blest with balmy Slumbers,
And all our waking Hours been crown'd with Love.

Artax. Exquisite Charmer! now by *Orosmades*,
I swear, thy each soft Accent melts my Soul:
The Joy of Conquest, and immortal Triumph,
Honor and Greatness, all that fires the Hero
To high Exploits, and everlasting Fame,
Grows vile in sight of thee. My haughty Soul,
By Nature fierce, and panting after Glory,
Could be content to live obscure with thee,
Forgotten and unknown of all but my *Amestris*.

Amestris. No, Son of great *Arsaces*, tho' my Soul
Shares in my Sex's Weakness, and would fly
From Noise and Faction, and from fatal Greatness;
Yet for thy Sake, thou Idol of my Heart,
(Nor will I blush to own the sacred Flame,
Thy Sighs and Vows have kindled in my Breast)
For thy lov'd Sake, spite of my boding Fears
I'll meet the Danger which Ambition brings,
And tread one Path with thee: Nor shalt thou lose
The glorious Portion which thy Fate designs thee,
For thy *Amestris'* Fears.

Artax.

20 The AMBITIOUS STEP-MOTHER.

Artax. Give me those Fears ;
For all things will be well.

Amestris. Grant it, ye Powers ;
This Day before your Altars will I kneel,
Where all my Vows shall for my Prince be offer'd ;
Still let Success attend him, let Mankind
Adore in him your visible Divinity ;
Nor will I importune you for myself,
But sum up all I ask in *Artaxerxes*.

Artax. And doubt not but the Gods will kindly hear
Their Virgin Votary, and grant her Pray'r ;
Our glorious Sun, the Source of Light and Heat,
Whose Influence cheers the World he did create,
Shall smile on thee from his meridian Skies,
And own the kindred Beauties of thy Eyes ;
Thy Eyes, which could his own fair Beams decay,
Might shine for him, and bless the World with Day.

[*Exeunt.*]



ACT II. SCENE I.

An Apartment of the Palace.

Enter MEMNON and MAGAS.

MEMNON.

THOSE who are wise in Courts, my holy Sir,
Make Friendships with the Ministers of State,
Nor seek the Ruins of a wretched Exile,
Lest there should be Contagion in Misfortunes,
And make th' Alliance fatal.

Magas. Friends like *Memnon*
Are worth being sought in Danger : Since this Age,
Of most flagitious Note, degenerates
From the fam'd Virtue of our Ancestors,
And leaves but few Examples of their Excellence,
Whom

Whom should we seek for Friendships but those few,
Those happy few, within whose Breast alone
The Footsteps of lost Virtue yet remain ?

Memnon. I pry'thee Peace ; for nothing misbecomes
The Man that would be thought a Friend, like Flattery ;
Flattery ! the meanest Kind of base dissembling.
And only us'd to catch the grossest Fools :
Besides, it stains the Honor of thy Function,
Which, like the Gods thou serv'st, should be sincere.

Magas. By that Sincerity, by all the Service
My Friendship can express, I would approve it ;
And tho' I went not from *Persopolis*
Companion of your Exile, yet my Heart
Was with you still ; and what I could I did,
Beseeching ev'ry God for your Return :
Nor were those Vows in vain, since once again,
'Tis giv'n me to behold my Friend ; nay more,
Would you agree, to keep you here for ever.

Memnon. The Gods, 'tis true, are just, and have, I hope,
At length decreed an End to my Misfortunes ;
At least they give me this to die with Honor,
When Life grows vile or burdensome.

Magas. By me they offer all that you can ask,
And point an easy Way to Happiness.
Spare them the Wounds our wretched Country fears,
The thousand Ills which Civil Discord brings.
Oh still that Noise of War, whose dread Alarms
Frighten Repose from Country Villages.
And stir rude Tumult up, and wild Distraction
In all our peaceful Cities.

Memnon. Witness for me,
Ye awful Gods, who view our inmost Thoughts !
I took not Arms, till urg'd by Self-defence,
The eldest Law of Nature.
Impute not then those Ills that may ensue
To me, but those who with incessant Hate
Pursue my Life, whose Malice spreads the Flame
To every Part, that my devoted Fabric
May in the universal Ruin burn.

Magas.

22 The AMBITIOUS STEP-MOTHER.

Magas. And yet ev'n there perhaps you judge too rashly,
Impetuous Passion hurries you so fast,
You cannot mark th' Advantage of your Fortune.

Memnon. Has not the Law been urg'd to set a Brand
Of foul Dishonor on my hoary Head?
Ha! am I not proscrib'd?

Magas. Forget that Thought,
That jarring grates your Soul, and turns the Harmony
Of blessed Peace to curst infernal Discord.
Hate and its fatal Causes all shall cease,
And *Memnon's* Name be honor'd as of old,
The bravest and the most successful Warrior,
The fortunate Defender of his Country.

Memnon. 'Tis true (nor will it seem a Boast to own)
I have fought well for *Persia*, and repay'd
The Benefit of Birth with honest Service;
Full fifty Years harness'd in rugged Steel,
I have endur'd the biting Winter's Blast,
And the severer Heats of parching Summer:
While they who loll'd at home on lazy Couches
Amidst a Crew of Harlots and soft Eunuchs,
Were at my Cost secure in Luxury:
This is a Justice *Mirza's* Self must do me.

Magas. Even he, tho' fatal Accidents have set
A most unhappy Bar between your Friendship,
Lamenting that there had been Cause of Enmity,
And owning all the Merit of your Virtues,
Will often wish Fate had ordain'd you Friends.

Memnon. Our God, the Sun, shall sooner change his
Course,
And all th' Impossibilities, which Poets
Count to Extravagance of loose Description,
Shall sooner be.

Magas. Yet hear me, noble *Memnon*:
When by the Duty of my Priesthood mov'd,
And in just Detestation of the Mischiefs
Intestine Jars produce, I urg'd wise *Mirza*,
By his Concurrence, Help and healing Counsel,
To stop those Wounds at which his Country bleeds;
Griev'd

Griev'd at the Thought, he vow'd his whole Endeavor
Should be to close those Breaches :

That ev'n *Cleander's* Death, and all those Quarrels
That long have nourish'd Hatred in your Houses,
Should be in Joy of public Peace forgotten.

Memnon. Oh could'st thou charm the Malice of a
Statesman,

And make him quit his Purpose of Revenge,
Thy Preaching might reform the guilty World,
And Vice would be no more.

Magas. Nay, ev'n the Queen
Will bind the Confirmation by her Son,
And asks the fair *Amestris* for Prince *Artaban*.

Memnon. Were that the only Terms, it were impossible.

Magas. You wou'd not shun th' Alliance of a Prince ?

Memnon. No, for it is the Glory of my Fate,
That *Artaxerxes* is design'd my Son,
With every Grace and Royal Virtue crown'd ;
Great, just, and merciful, such as Mankind
(When in the Infant World first Governments
Began by Choice) would have design'd a King.

Magas. Unbounded Pow'r, and Height of Greatness
give

To Kings that Lustre, which we think divine ;
The Wise, who know 'em, know they are but Men,
Nay sometimes weak ones too : The Crowd indeed,
Who kneel before the Image, not the God,
Worship the Deity their Hands have made.
The Name of *Artaban* will be as great
As that of *Cyrus*, when he shall possess
(As sure he shall) his Throne.

Memnon. Ha ! What means he ?

This Villain Priest ! But hold my Rage a little,
And learn Diffimulation : I'll try him further. [*Aside.*
You talk in Riddles, when you name a Throne,
And *Artaban* ; the Gods, who portion out
The Lots of Princes as of private Men,
Have put a Bar between his Hopes and Empire.

Magas. What Bar ?

Memnon. The best, an elder Brother's Claim.

Magas.

24 The AMBITIOUS STEP-MOTHER.

Magas. That's easily remov'd ; the King their Father,
On just and weighty Reasons, has decreed
His Scepter to the Younger ; add to this,
The joint Concurrence of our *Persian* Lords,
Who only want your Voice to make it firm.

Memnon. Can I, can they, can any honest Hand,
Join in an Act like this ? Is not the Elder
By Nature pointed out for Preference ?
Is not his Right inroll'd among those Laws
Which keeps the World's vast Frame in beauteous Order ?
Ask those thou nam'st but now, what made them Lords ?
What Titles had they had, if Merit only
Cou'd have conferr'd a Right, if Nature had not
Strove hard to thrust the worst deserving first,
And stamp'd the noble Mark of Eldership
Upon their baser Metal ?

Magas. Sure there may be
Reasons of so much Pow'r and cogent Force,
As may ev'n set aside this Right of Birth ;
If Sons have Rights, yet Fathers have 'em too.
'Twere an invidious Task to enter into
The Insolence, and other Faults which mov'd
Royal *Arsaces* to a just Displeasure
Against his eldest Son, Prince *Artaxerxes*.

Memnon. Ha ! dare not for thy Life, I charge thee
dare not
To brand the spotless Virtue of my Prince
With Falshood of most base and damn'd Contrivance.
I tell thee envious Priest, should the just Gods
Require severe Account of thy past Life,
And charge Remembrance to dispose thy Crimes,
In rank and hideous Order to thy View,
Horror and Guilt of Soul would make thee mad.

Magas. You take the Matter farther than I meant it :
My Friendship only aims at your Advantage,
Would point you out a Way to Peace and Honor,
And, in return of this, your Rage unkindly
Loads me with Injuries.

Memnon. Away ! I cannot bear thy base Dissembling,
My honest Soul disdains thee and thy Friendship.

How

How hast thou dar'd to think so vilely of me,
That I would condescend to thy mean Arts,
And traffick with thee for a Prince's Ruin?
A Prince the Joy and Honor of Mankind,
As much superior to the rest of Kings,
As they themselves are above common Men;
And is the very Image of the Gods.
Wer't thou not privileg'd like Age and Women,
My Sword should reach thee, and revenge the Wrong
Thy Tongue has done his Fame.

Magas. Ungrateful Lord!
Would'st thou invade my Life, as a Return
For proffer'd Love? But let th' Event declare,
How great a Good by me sincerely offer'd,
Thy dull Romantic Honor has refus'd.
And since I have discharg'd the Debt I ow'd
To former Friendship, if the Gods hereafter
Send Ruin down, and plague thee with Confusion,
Remember me in vain, and curse thy Folly.

[*Exit Magas.*]

Memnon. No, my Remembrance treasures honest
Thoughts,
And holds not Things like thee; I scorn thy Friendship,
And would not owe my Life to such a Villain:
But thou art hardly Saint enough to prophesy.
Were all thy Tribe like thee, it might well startle
Our Lay unlearned Faith, when through such Hands
The Knowledge of the Gods is reach'd to Man.
But thus those Gods instruct us, that not all
(Who like Intruders thrust into their Service,
And turn the holy Office to a Trade)
Participate their sacred Influence.
This then is your own Cause; ye awful Powers,
Revenge yourselves, your violated Altars,
That those who with unhallow'd Hands approach,
May tremble at your Justice.

[*Exit Memnon.*]

B S C E N E

SCENE II. *The PALACE.*

Enter the Queen, Artaban, Mirza, Magas, and Attendants.

Artaban. MY Brother then is come !

Mirza. My Lord, I saw him,
With him old haughty *Memnon*; as they pass'd,
With fierce Disdain they view'd the gazing Crowd,
And with dumb Pride seem'd to neglect that Worship
Which yet they wish'd to find : This Way they move,
'Tis said to ask an Audience of the King.

Queen. *Mirza*, 'tis well, I thank thy timely Care ;
Here will we face this Storm of Insolence,
Nor fear the noisy Thunder, let it roll,
Then burst, and spend at once its idle Rage.

Artaban. Why meet we thus like wrangling Advocates,
To urge the Justice of our Cause with Words ?
I hate this Parle, 'tis tame ; if we must meet,
Give me my Arms, and let us stake at once
Our Rights of Merit and of Eldership,
And prove like Men our Title.

Mirza. 'Twere unsafe,
They come surrounded by a Crowd of Friends ;
To strike thro' these were dangerous and rash.
Fate waits for them elsewhere with certain Ruin ;
From *Mirza's* Hand expect it.

Queen. Be it so :
Auspicious Sage, I trust thee with my Fortune,
My Hopes of Greatness, do thou guide 'em all,
For me and for thyself. My Son, give way,
Nor let thy hasty Youth disturb with Outrage
The present necessary Face of Peace ;
Occasions great and glorious will remain
Worthy thy Arms and Courage.

Artaban. I obey,
And willingly resign th' unmanly Task.
Words are indeed your Province.

Mirza.

The AMBITIOUS STEP-MOTHER. 27

Mirza. My Royal Mistress,
Prepare to meet with more than brutal Fury
From the fierce Prince and *Memnon*.

Queen. Well I know
The Insolence and native Pride of each,
With scurrile Taunts and blackest Infamy
They load my Name : But let the Wretches rail,
A Woman's Vengeance waits 'em.

Mirza. They are here.

Enter Artaxerxes, Memnon, and Attendants.

Artax. Ye tetular Gods, who guard this Royal Fa-
bric,

And thou, O *Orosmades*, the Protector
Of the great *Persian* Race, e'er yet my Father,
Royal Asaces, mingle with your Godheads,
Grant me once more to lay before his Feet
His Eldest born, his once lov'd *Artaxerxes*,
To offer my Obedience to his Age ;
All that a Son can owe to such a Father.
You, who with haggard Eyes stare wildly on me,
If (as by your Attendance here you seem)
You serve the King my Father, lead me to him.

Queen. And dost thou wonder that Mankind should
stare,
When Parricides and Rebles, in despite
Of Nature, Majesty, and Reverend Age,
With impious Force and ruffian Violence,
Would rob a King and Father of his Life ;
Cut off his short Remains ?——

Artax. Ha ! say'st thou, Woman ?
I pry'thee Peace, and urge not a Reply ;
I would not hold Acquaintance with thy Infamy.

Queen. Ye righteous Pow'rs, whose Justice awes the
World,
Let not your Thunders sleep when Crimes like these
Stalk in the open Air.

Artax. Thy Priest instructs thee,
Else sure thou hadst not dar'd to tempt the Gods,

28 The AMBITIOUS STEP-MOTHER.

And trifle with their Justice; Canst thou name it,
And look on me? on me, whom thy curst Arts
Have strove to bar from native Right to Empire,
Made me a Stranger to a Father's Love,
And broke the Bands of Nature, which once held me
The nearest to his Heart?

Queen. Had he not Reason,
When thou with Rebel Insolence didst dare
To own and to protect that hoary Ruffian;

[*Pointing to Memnon.*

And in despite ev'n of thy Father's Justice,
To stir the factious Rabble up to Arms
For him; and make a Murd'rer's Cause thy own?

Mem. I had another Name; nor shouldst thou move me,
Insulting Queen, to Words, did not Remembrance
With Horror sting my Soul for *Tiribasus*,
Thy murder'd Lord, when by my fatal Orders,
And by his own high Courage urg'd, he fell,
To make thy Way to guilty Greatness easy.
I thought him then a Traitor (for thy Arts
Had taught the Royal Mandate so to call him)
Too big for public Justice; and on that Pretence
Consented to the Snare that catch'd his Life;
So my obedient Honesty was made
The Pander to thy Lust and black Ambition.
Except the Guilt of that accursed Day,
In all my Iron Years of Wars and Danger,
From blooming Youth down to decaying Age,
My Fame ne'er knew a Stain of foul Dishonor;
And if that made me guilty, think what thou art,
The Cause and the Contriver of that Mischief.

Queen. What nam'st thou *Tiribasus*? Be his Guilt
Forgotten with his Memory. Think on *Cleander*,
And let the Furies that enquire for Blood,
Stir Horror up, and bitterest Remorse,
To gnaw thy anxious Soul. Oh great *Cleander*!
Unworthy was thy Fate, thou first of Warriors,
To fall beneath a base Assassin's Stab,
Whom all the thirsty Instruments of Death
Had in the Field of Battle fought in vain.

Memnon.

Memnon. In Sight of Heaven, and of the equal Gods,
I will avow that my Revenge was just,
My injur'd Honour could not ask for less:
Since he refus'd to do a Soldier's Justice,
I us'd him as I ought.

Queen. Amazing Boldness!
And dar'st thou call that Act a Soldier's Justice?
Didst thou not meet him with dissembled Friendship,
Hiding the Rancour of thy Heart in Smiles?
When he (whose open unsuspecting Nature
Thought thee a Soldier honest as himself)
Came to the Banquet as secure of Peace,
By mutual Vows renew'd; and in the Revel
Of that luxurious Day, forgetting Hate,
And every Cause of ancient Animosity,
Devoted all his Thoughts to Mirth and Friendship:
Then *Memnon* (at an Hour when few are Villians,
The sprightly Juice infusing gentler Thoughts,
And kindling Love ev'n in the coldest Breasts)
Unequal to him in the Face of War,
Stole on *Cleander* with a Coward's Malice,
And struck him to the Heart.

Memnon. By the stern God,
By *Mars*, the Patron of my honour'd Wars,
'Tis basely false. In his own drunken Brawl
The Boaster fell. I bore his lavish Tongue,
Nor thought him worth my Sword, 'till (his cold Temper
Warm'd with the Wine) he dar'd me to the Combat;
Then pleas'd to meet him in that Fit of Valour,
I took him at his Word, and (with my Sword
Drawn against his in equal Opposition)
I kill'd him while it lasted.

Artax. Cease we, my Friend,
This Women's War of Railing; when they talk,
Men should be still, and let Noise tire itself.
I came to find a Father, tho' my Fears
Suggest the worst of Evils to my Thoughts,
And make me dread to hear *Arfaces'* Fate:
Lead, *Memnon*, to the Presence.

30 The AMBITIOUS STEP-MOTHER.

Queen. Prince, you pass not;
 Guards, keep the Door; the King your Father lives—

Artax. Ha!—if he lives, why lives he not to me?
 Why am I thus shut out and banish'd from him?
 Why are my Veins rich with his Royal Blood?
 Why did he give me Life, if not to serve him?
 Forbid me not to wait upon his Bed,
 And watch his sickly Slumbers, that my Youth
 May with its Service glad his drooping Age,
 And his cold Hand may bless me ere he die.
 Nay, be a Queen, and rob me of his Crown,
 But let me keep my Right to filial Piety.

Queen. Well hast thou urg'd the specious Name of
 Duty
 To hide deform'd Rebellion: Hast thou not
 With thy false Arts poison'd his People's Loyalty?
 What meant thy pompous Progress thro' the Empire?
 Thy vast Profusion to the factious Nobles,
 Whose Interest sways the Crowd, and stirs up Mutiny?
 Why did thy haughty, fierce, disdainful Soul
 Stoop to the meanest Arts which catch the Vulgar?
 Herd with 'em, fawn upon 'em, and caress 'em?
 Appeal to them, to them relate thy Wrongs,
 And make them Judges of thy Father's Justice?
 Thy cruel and unnatural Lust of Power
 Has sunk thy Father more than all his Years,
 And made him wither in a green old Age.

Artax. False all as Hell: Nor had I arm'd my
 Friends
 But to defend that Right——

Queen. Dost thou not come,
 Impatient of Delay, to hasten Fate?
 To bring that Death, the lingering Disease
 Would only for a Day or two defer?

Artax. I hear thee, and disdain thy little Malice,
 That dares to stain my Virtue with a Crime
 It views with most Abhorrence; but Reproach
 Is lost on thee, since Modesty, with all
 The Virtues that adorn thy Sex, is fled.

Queen. Audacious Rebel!

Artax.

Artax Infamous Adulterers !

Stain of my Father's Bed, and of his Throne ;

Artaban. Villain, thou ly'st. O Madam, give me way,

[*To the Queen, who holds him, drawing his Sword.*

Whatever bars my Fury, calls me base,

Unworthy of the Honour of your Son.

Queen. Hold, *Artaban* : My Honour suffers not
From his lewd Breath, nor shall thy Sword profane
With Brawls or Blood the Reverence of this Place,
To Peace and sacred Majesty devoted.

Artax. Ha ! Who art thou ?

Artaban. The Son of great *Arfaces*.

Artax. No, 'tis false ; thy forging Mother's
damn'd Contrivance. [to Mirza.

Seek for thy Father in that plotting Fellow, [Pointing
The Hero's Race disclaims thee. Why dost thou frown,
And knit thy boyish Brow ? Dost thou dare ought
Worthy the Rank of the Divine *Arfaces* ?

If so, come forth, break from that Woman's Arms,
And meet me with thy good Sword like a Man.

Artaban, Yes, *Artaxerxes*, yes ; thou shalt be met :
The mighty Gods have held us in the Balance,
And one of us is doom'd to sink for ever ;

Nor can I bear a long Delay of Fate,

But wish the great Decision were ev'n now :

Proud and ambitious Prince, I dare like thee

All that is great and glorious. Like thine,

Immortal Thirst of Empire fires my Soul ;

My Soul, which of superior Power impatient,

Disdains thy Eldership ; therefore in Arms

(Which give the noblest Right to Kings) I will

To Death dispute with thee the Throne of *Cyrus*.

Artax. Do this, and thou art worthy of my
Anger ;

O Energy Divine of great Ambition,

That can inform the Souls of beardless Boys,

And ripen 'em to Men in Spite of Nature !

I tell thee, Boy, that Empire is a Cause,

For which the Gods might wage immortal War.

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Then let my Soul exert her utmost Virtue,
And think at least thou art *Arfaces'* Son,
That the Idea of thy fancy'd Father
May raise and animate thy lesser Genius,
And make thee fit to meet my Arm in Battle.

Artaban. Oh ! doubt not but my Soul is charm'd with
Greatness,

So much it rivals ev'n the Joy of Knowledge
And sacred Wisdom. What makes Gods divine,
But Power and Science infinite ?
Hear only this ; our Father press'd by Age,
And a long Train of Evils which that brings,
Languishes in the last Extremes of Life :
Since thou would'st blot my Birth with base Dishonour,
Be this my Proof of filial Piety ;
While yet he lives, cease we our Enmity,
Nor let the hideous Noise of War disturb
His parting Soul.

Artax. I take thee at thy Word :
Let his Remains of Life be Peace betwixt us,
And after that let all our Time be War.
Remember when we meet, since one must fall,
Who conquers and survives, survives to Empire.

[*Exeunt severally Queen and Artab. Artax. Mem.*
[cum suis.

Manent Mirza and Magas.

Mirza. Most fortunate Event ! which gives us more
Than ev'n our Wishes could have ask'd. This Truce
Gives lucky Opportunity for thinking ;
'Twill lull these thoughtless Heroes to Security.

Magas. Th' approaching Festival will more confirm
it :

Of all those sacred Times which heretofore
Religion has distinguish'd from the Rest,
And to the Service of the Gods devoted,
'This has been still most venerable held.
Amongst the Vulgar, Toil and Labour ceases,
With Chaplets crown'd they dance to the shrill Pipe,
And

And in their Songs invoke those milder Deities,
That soften anxious Life with Peace and Pleasure;
Slaves are enfranchis'd, and inveterate Foes
Forget, or at the least suspend their Hate,
And meet like Friends. Pernicious Discord seems
Out-rooted from our more than Iron-Age:
The Gods are worshipp'd with unusual Reverence;
Since none, not ev'n our Kings, approach their Temples,
With any Mark of War's destructive Rage,
But sacrifice unarm'd.

Mirza. A lucky Thought
Is in my Mind at once compleatly form'd,
Like *Grecian Pallas* in the Head of *Jove*.
When *Memnon*, *Artaxerxes*, and their Friends,
Shall, in Obedience to the Holy Rites,
To-morrow at the Altars bow unarm'd,
Orchanes with a Party of the Guards,
Who in my Palace shall this Night be plac'd,
May at that private Door which opens into
The Temple, rush at once, and seize 'em all.
The Heads once safe, the mean and heartless Crowd
With Ease may be dispers'd.

Magas. What you propose
Wears a successful Face, were it as innocent:
An Act of such outrageous Profanation,
May shock the Thoughts ev'n of our closest Friends,
And make 'em start from an abhorr'd Alliance,
That draws the Vengeance of the Gods upon 'em.

Mirza. Art thou the first to start a Doubt like that?
Art thou (who dost inspire their Oracles,
And teach 'em to deceive the easy Crowd
In doubtful Phrase) afraid of thy own Gods?
In every Change they were on thy Side still,
And sure they will not leave thee now for Trifles.
The Gods shall certainly befriend our Cause,
At least not be our Foes; nor will they leave
Their happy Seats (where free from Care and Pain,
Bless'd in themselves alone, of Man regardless,
They loll serene in everlasting Ease)
To mind the trivial Business of our World.

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Magas. But more I fear the superstitious Vulgar,
Who, tho' unknowing what Religion means,
Yet nothing moves 'em more than zealous Rage
For its Defence, when they believe it violated.

Mirza. I was to blame to tax the Priest with Scruples,
Or think his Care of Interest was his Conscience [*Aside.*
My Caution shall obviate all thy Fears;
We will give out that they themselves design'd
To fire the Temple, and then kill the King.
No matter, tho' it seems not very probable;
More monstrous Tales have oft amus'd the Vulgar.

Magas. I yield to your Direction; and to strengthen
The Enterprize, will secretly dispose
A Party of my own within the Temple,
To join with yours.

Mirza. It joys my Heart to think
That I shall glut my Vengeance on this *Memnon*;
That I shall see him strive in vain, and curse
The happy Fraud that caught him. Like a Lion,
Who long has reign'd the Terror of the Woods,
And dar'd the boldest Huntsmen to the Combat;
'Till catch'd at length within some hidden Snare,
With foaming Jaws he bites the Toils that hold him,
And roars, and rolls his fiery Eyes in vain,
While the surrounding Swains at pleasure wound him,
And makes his Death their Sport;
Thus Wit still gets the Mastery over Courage.
Long Time unmatched in War the Hero shone,
And mighty Fame in Fields of Battle won;
'Till one fine Project of the Statesman's Brain,
Bereaves him of the Spoils his Arms did gain,
And renders all his boasted Prowess vain.

[*Exeunt.*



A C T



A C T III. S C E N E I.

A Garden belonging to Mirza's Palace.

*Cleone is discovered lying on a Bank of Flowers,
Beliza attending.*

S O N G, by B. Stote, Esq;

UPON a shady Bank repos'd,
Philanthe, amorous, young, and fair,
Sighing, to the Groves disclos'd
The Story of her Care.

*The Vocal Groves give some Relief,
While they her Notes return ;
The Waters murmur o'er her Grief,
And Echo seems to mourn.*

*A Swain that heard the Nymph complain,
In Pity of the Fair,
Thus kindly strove to cure her Pain,
And ease her Mind of Care.*

*'Tis just that Love should give you Rest,
From Love your Torments came ;
Take that warm Cordial to your Breast,
And meet a kinder Flame.*

*How wretched must the Woman prove,
(Beware, fair Nymph, beware)
Whose Folly scorns another's Love,
And courts her own Despair ?*

Cleone. Oh

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Cleone. Oh Love! Thou Bane of an unhappy Maid!
Still art thou busy at my panting Heart!
Still dost thou melt my Soul with thy soft Images,
And make my Ruin pleasing! Fondly I try,
By Gales of Sighs and Floods of streaming Tears,
To vent my Sorrows, and assuage my Passions:
Still fresh Supplies renew th' exhausted Stores.
Love reigns my Tyrant, to himself alone
He vindicates the Empire of my Breast,
And banishes all Thoughts of Joy for ever.

Beliza. Why are you still thus cruel to yourself?
Why do you feed and cherish the Disease,
That preys on your dear Life? How can you hope
To find a Cure for Love in Solitude?
Why rather choose you not to shine at Court?
And in a thousand gay Diversions there,
To lose the Memory of this wretched Passion?

Cleone. Alas! *Beliza*, thou hast never known
The fatal Power of a resistless Love:
Like that avenging Guilt that haunts the Impious,
In vain we hope by flying to avoid it;
In Courts and Temples it pursues us still,
And in the loudest Clamours will be heard:
It grows a Part of us, lives in our Blood,
And every beating Pulse proclaims its Force.
Oh! think not then that I can shun myself;
The Grave can only hide me from my Sorrows.

Beliza. Allow me then at least to share your Grievs;
Companions in Misfortunes make 'em less;
And I could suffer much to make you easy.

Cleone. Sit by me, gentle Maid, and while I tell
A wretched Tale of unregarded Love,
If thou, in kind Compassion of my Woes,
Shall sigh or shed a Tear for my Mishap,
My grateful Eyes shall pay it back with Interest.
Help me to rail at my too easy Heart,
That rashly entertain'd this fatal Guest:
And you, my Eyes, why were you still impatient
Of any other Sight but *Artaxerxes*?
Why did you make my Woman's Heart acquainted

With

With all the thousand Graces and Perfections,
That dress the lovely Hero up for Conquest?

Beliza. Had you oppos'd this Passion in its Infancy,
Ere Time had given it Strength, it might have dy'd.

Cleone. That was the fatal Error that undid me :
My Virgin Thoughts, and unexperienc'd Innocence,
Found not the Danger till it was too late.

And tho' when first I saw the charming Prince,
I felt a pleasing Motion at my Heart,
Short-breathing Sighs heav'd in my panting Breast,
The mounting Blood flush'd in my glowing Face,
And dy'd my Cheeks with more than usual Blushes,
I thought him, sure, the Wonder of his Kind,
And wish'd my Fate had giv'n me such a Brother :
Yet knew not that I lov'd, but thought that all,
Like me, beheld and bless'd him for his Excellence.

Beliza. Sure never hopeless Maid was curs'd before
With such a wretched Passion ; all the Gods
Join to oppose your Happiness ; 'tis said,
This Day the Prince shall wed the fair *Amestris*.

Cleone. No, my *Beliza*, I have never known
The pleasing Thoughts of Hope : Certain Despair
Was born at once, and with my Love increas'd.

Beliza. Think you the Prince has e'er perceiv'd your
Thoughts ?

Cleone. Forbid it, all ye chaster Powers, that favour
The Modesty and Innocence of Maids :
No, till my Death, no other Breast but thine
Shall e'er participate the fatal Secret.

Oh! could I think that he had ever known
My hidden Flame, Shame and Confusion
Would force my Virgin Soul to leave her Mansion,
And certain Death ensue.

Thou nam'st the fair *Amestris*, didst thou not?

Beliza. Madam, I did.

Cleone. I envy not her Happiness.
Tho' sure few of our Sex are bless'd like her
In such a Godlike Lord.

Would I had been a Man !

With Honour then I might have sought his Friendship ;
Perhaps

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Perhaps from long Experience of my Faith,
 He might have lov'd me better than the rest.
 Amidst the Dangers of the horrid War,
 Still had I been the nearest to his Side ;
 In Courts and Triumphs still had shar'd his Joys.
 Or when the sportful Chase had call'd us forth,
 Together had we cheer'd our foaming Steeds,
 Together press'd the Savage o'er the Plain :
 And when o'er-labour'd with the pleasing Toil,
 Stretch'd on the verdant Soil had slept together.
 But whither does my roving Fancy wander ?
 These are the sick Dreams of fantastick Love.
 So in the Calenture the Seaman fancies
 Green Fields and flow'ry Meadows on the Ocean,
 Till leaping in, the Wretch is lost for ever.

Beliza. Try but the common Remedies of Love,
 And let a second Flame expel the first.

Cleone. Impossible ; as well thou may'st imagine,
 When thou complainst of Heat at scorching Noon,
 Another Sun shall rise to shine more kindly.
 Believe me, my *Beliza*, I am grown
 So fond of the Delusion that has charm'd me,
 I hate the officious Hand that offers Cure.

Beliza. Madam, Prince *Artaban* !

Cleone. My cruel Stars !
 Do you then envy me my very Solitude ?
 But Death, the Wretch's only Remedy,
 Shall hide me from your hated Light for ever.

Enter Artaban.

Artaban Ah, lovely Mourner ! still, still wilt thou
 blast

My eager Love with un auspicious Tears ?
 When at thy Feet I kneel, and sue for Pity,
 Or justly of thy cold Regards complain,
 Still wilt thou only answer me with Sighs ?

Cleone. Alas ! my Lord, what Answer can I give ?
 If still I entertain you with my Grief,
 Pity the Temper of a wretched Maid,

By

By Nature sad, and born the Child of Sorrow :
In vain you ask for Happiness from me,
Who want it for myself.

Artaban. Can blooming Youth,
And Virgin Innocence, that knows not Guilt,
Know any Cause for Grief?

Cleone. Do but survey
The miserable State of Human-kind,
Where Wretches are the general Increase,
And tell me if there be not Cause for Grief.

Artaban. Such Thoughts as these, my fair Philosopher,
Inhabit wrinkled Cheeks and hollow Eyes ;
The Marks which Years set on the wither'd Sage :
The gentle Goddess, Nature, wisely has
Allotted other Cares for Youth and Beauty.
The God of Love stands ready with his Torch
To light it at thy Eyes, but still in vain ;
For ere the Flame can catch, 'tis drown'd in Tears.

Cleone. Oh ! name not Love, the worst of all Mis-
fortunes,
The common Ruin of my easy Sex,
Which I have sworn for ever to avoid,
In Memory of all those hapless Maids,
That Love has plung'd in unexampled Woes.

Artaban. Forbear to argue with that Angel Face,
Against the Passion thou wert form'd to raise.
Alas ! thy frozen Heart has only known
Love in reverse, not tasted of its Joys ;
The Wishes, soft Desires, and pleasing Pains,
That center all in most extatic Bliss.

Oh, lovely Maid, mispend no more that Treasure
Of Youth and Charms, which lavish Nature gives ;
The *Paphian* Goddess frowns at thy Delay ;
By her fair self, and by her Son she swears,
Thy Beauties are devoted to her Service.
Lo ! now she shoots her Fires into my Breast,
She urges my Desires, and bids me seize thee,

[Taking her Hand and kissing it.

And bear thee as a Victim to her Altar :

Then

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Then offer up ten thousand thousand Joys,
As an Amends for all thy former Coldness.

Cleone. Forbear, my Lord ; or I must swear to fly
For ever from your Sight.

Artaban. Why dost thou frown ?
And damp the rising Joy within my Breast ?
Art thou resolv'd to force thy gentle Nature,
Compassionate to all the World beside,
And only to me cruel ? Shall my Vows,
Thy Father's Intercession, all be vain !

Cleone. Why do you urge my Father's fatal Power,
To curse you with a sad unlucky Bride ?
Cast round your Eyes on our gay *Eastern* Courts,
Where smiling Beauties, born to better Fate,
Give Joy to the Beholders :
There bless some happy Princess with your Vows,
And leave the poor *Cleone* to her Sorrows.

Artaban. What Queens are those of most celestial
Form,
Whose Charms can drive thy Image from my Heart ?
Oh ! were they cast in Nature's fairest Mould,
Brighter than *Cynthia's* shining Train of Stars,
Kind as the softest she that ever clasp'd
Her Lover, when the Bridal-Night was past ;
I swear I would prefer thee, O *Cleone*,
With all thy Scorn and cold Indifference,
Would choose to languish and to die for thee,
Much rather than be bless'd, and live for them.

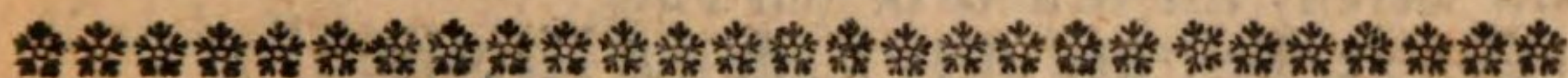
Cleone. O Prince ! it is too much ; nor am I worthy
The Honour of your Passion, since 'tis fix'd
By certain and unalterable Fate,
That I can never yield you a Return :
My Thoughts are all to chaste *Diana* vow'd,
And I have sworn to die her Virgin Votary.

Artaban. Impossible ! thou canst not give away
Mine and thy Father's Right, ev'n to the Gods :
Diana will disown th' unjust Donation,
Nor favour such an Injury to Love.
To every Power Divine I will appeal,
Nor shall thy Beauty bribe 'em to be partial.

Their

Their Altars now expect us : Come, fair Saint,
And if thou wilt abide their righteous Doom,
Their Justice must decree my Happiness,
Reward my Sufferings, and my Flame approve,
For they themselves have felt the Power of Love.

[*Exeunt.*]



SCENE II. *The Temple of the Sun.*

Enter Artaxerxes, Amestris, and Attendants.

Artaxerxes.

'TIS done ! 'Tis done ! Oh let me find some Way
To tell the mighty Joy that fills my Breast,
Lest I grow mad with Height of furious Bliss.
The holy Priest has ty'd the sacred Knot,
And my *Amestris* now is all my own.
Oh thou soft Charmer ! thou excellent Sweetness !
Why art thou not transported all like me ?
I swear thou dost not love thy *Artaxerxes*,
If thou art calm in this Excess of Happiness.

Amestris. Alas ! my Lord, my panting Heart yet
trembles

In vast Suspense between unruly Joys
And chilling Fears. Somewhat methinks there is
That checks my Soul, and says I was too bold
To quit the Pleasures of my Virgin State,
To barter 'em for Cares and anxious Love.

Artax. These are the Fears which wait on every
Bride,

And only serve for Preludes to her Joys ;
Short Sighs, and all those Motions of thy Heart,
Are Nature's Call, and kindle warm Desires.
Soon as the friendly Goddess of the Night
Shall draw her Veil of Darkness o'er thy Blushes,
These little cold unnecessary Doubts

Shall

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Shall fly the Circle of my folding Arms :
And when I press thee trembling to my Bosom,
Thou shalt confess (if there be Room for Words,
Or ev'n for Thoughts) that all those Thoughts are Bliss.

Amestris. Yet surely mine are more than common Fears;
For, oh ! my Prince, when my foreboding Heart
Surveys th' uncertain State of human Joys,
How secretly the Malice of our Fate
Unseen pursues, and often blasts our Happiness
In full Security ; I justly dread,
Lest Death or Parting, or some unseen Accident,
Much worse, if possible, than each of these,
Should curse us more than ever we were blest'd.

Artax. Doubt not the Gods, my Fair, whose righteous
Power

Shall favor and protect our virtuous Loves.
If still thou apprehend'st approaching Danger,
Let us make haste and snatch th' uncertain Joy,
While Fate is in our Power.
Now let us start, and give a Loose to Love,
Feast ev'ry Sense with each luxurious Pleasure,
Improve our Minutes, make 'em more than Years,
Than Ages, and ev'n live the Life of Gods :
If after this, Death or Ill-fortune comes,
It cannot injure us, since we already
Have liv'd and been before-hand with our Fate.

Amestris. Oh ! let me ease at once my tender Heart,
And tell my dearest Lord my worst of Fears ;
There is an Ill which more than Death I dread :
Sould you by Time and long Fruition fated,
Grow faithless, and forget the lost *Amestris* ;
Forget that everlasting Truth you vow'd,
Tho' sure I should not publicly complain,
Nor to the Gods accuse my perjur'd Prince,
Yet my soft Soul would sink beneath the Weight ;
I should grow mad, and curse my very Being,
And wish I ne'er had been, or not been lov'd.

Artax. Dost thou ?—when every happier Star shines
for us,

And

And with propitious Influence gilds our Fortune,
 Dost thou invent fantastic Forms of Danger,
 And fright thy Soul with Things that are impossible ?
 Now by the potent God of Love, I swear,
 I will have ample Vengeance for thy Doubts.
 My soft complaining Fair, shalt thou not pay me
 In Joys too fierce for Thought, for these Suspicions ?
 The Bands which hold our Love are knit by Fate,
 Nor shall decaying Time or Nature loose 'em.
 Beyond the Limits of the silent Grave,
 Love shall survive, immortal as our Beings :
 And when at once we climb yon' azure Skies,
 We will be shown to all the Bless'd above,
 For the most constant Pair that e'er deserv'd
 To mingle with their Stars.

Amestris. 'Tis true, 'tis true ;
 Nor ought I to suspect thee. O my Hero !
 The Gods have form'd thee for the nearest Pattern
 Of their own Excellence and perfect Truth.
 O let me sink upon thy gentle Bosom,
 And, blushing, tell how greatly I am blest'd.
 Forgive me, Modesty, if here I vow
 That all the Pleasures of my Virgin State
 Were poor and trifling to the present Rapture :
 A gentle Warmth invades my glowing Breast,
 And while I fondly gaze upon thy Face,
 Ev'n Thought is lost in exquisite Delight.

Artax. Oh thou delicious perfect Angel Woman !
 Thou art too much for mortal Sense to bear :
 The vernal Bloom and Fragrance of Spices,
 Wafted by gentle Winds, are not like thee.
 From thee, as from the *Cyprian* Queen of Love,
 Ambrosial Odors flow ; my every Faculty
 Is charm'd by thee, and drinks immortal Pleasure.
 O glorious God of Day, fly swiftly forward,
 And to thy Sister's Rule resign the World :
 Nor haste to rise again, but let the Night
 Long bless me with her Stay, that thy Return
 At Morn may find me happiest of my Kind.

Enter

Enter Memnon.

My Father ! Is there an Increase of Joy ?
What can ye give, ye Gods, to make it more ?

Memnon. Ye Blessings of my Age ! whom when I
view,

The Memory of former Woes is lost.

Oh Prince ! Well has this glorious Day repay'd

My Youth and Blood spent in *Arfaces*' Service.

Nor, had the Gods indulg'd my vainest Wishes,

Durst I have ask'd for such a Son as you are.

But I am roughly bred, in Words unknowing,

Nor can I phrase my Speech in apt Expression,

To tell how much I love and honor you :

Might I but live to fight one Battle for you,

Tho' with my Life I bought the Victory,

Tho' my old batter'd Trunk were hew'd to Pieces,

And scatter'd o'er the Field, yet should I bless

My Fate, and think my Years wound up with Honor.

Artax. Doubt not, my noble Father, but ev'n yet

A large Remain of Glory is behind,

When civil Discord shall be reconcil'd,

And all the Noise of Faction hush'd to Peace ;

Rough *Greece* alike in Arts and Arms severe,

No more shall brand the *Persian* Name with Softness.

Athens and *Sparta* wond'ring, shall behold us,

Strict in our Discipline, undaunted, patient

Of War's stern Toil, and dread our hostile Virtue.

Those stubborn Commonwealths, that proudly dare

Disdain the glorious Monarch of the *East*,

Shall pay their Homage to the Throne of *Cyrus*.

And when with Laurels cover'd we return,

My Love shall meet, and smiling bless our Triumph,

While at her Feet I lay the Scepters of the World.

Memnon. Oh glorious Theme ! By Heav'n it fires my
Age,

And kindles Youth again in my cold Veins.

Artax.

The AMBITIOUS STEP-MOTHER. 45

Artax. Ha ! *Mirza* and the Queen ! retire my Fair ;
Ungentle Hate and brawling Rage shall not
Disturb thy Peace, to which this happy Day
Is doubly sacred. Forward, to the Altar.

[*Exeunt Artaxerxes, Amestris, Memnon,
and Attendants.*]

Enter at the other Door, Queen, Mirza, and Attendants.

Mirza. All are dispos'd, and Fate but waits our
Orders
For a deciding Blow.

Queen. Your Caution was
Both wise and faithful, not to trust my Son
Too rashly with a Secret of this Nature :
The Youth, tho' great of Soul, and fond of Glory,
Yet leans to the fantastic Rules of Honor,
Would hesitate at such an Act as this,
Tho' future Empire should depend upon it.

Mirza. When Time shall add Experience to tha
Knowledge,
With which his early Youth is richly fraught,
He'll be convinc'd that only Fools would lose
A Crown for notionary Principles.
Honour is the unthinking Soldier's Boast,
Whose dull Head cannot reach those finer Arts,
By which Mankind is govern'd.

Queen. And yet it gives a Lustre to the Great,
And makes the Crowd adore 'em.

Mirza. Your Son shall reap
The whole Advantage, while we bear the Guilt :
You, Madam, when the sacred Hymns are finish'd,
Must with the Prince retire ; our Foes when seiz'd,
Within the Temple may be best secur'd,
Till you dispose their Fate.

Queen. The Rites attend us ; [Solemn Music is heard.
This Day my Son is Monarch of the East.

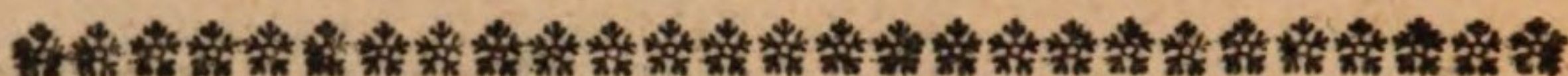
Mirza. Lend us, ye Gods, your Temples but this
Day,

You

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You shall be paid with Ages of Devotion,
And after this, for ever undisturb'd,
Brood o'er your smoaking Altars.

[*Exeunt Queen, Mirza, and Attendants.*]



S C E N E III.

The Scene opening, shews the Altar of the Sun, Magas, and several other Priests attending. Solemn Music is heard: Then enter on one Side Memnon, Artaxerxes, Amestris, and Attendants; on the other Side the Queen, Mirza, Artaban, Cleone, Cleanthes, and Attendants: They all bow towards the Altar, and then range themselves on each Side of the Stage, while the following Hymn is perform'd in Parts, and Chorus by the Priests.

H Y M N to the Sun, by W. SHIPPEN, Esq;

HAIL, Light, that doubly glads our Sphere,
Glory and Triumph of the Year!
Hail, Festival, for ever blest,
By the adoring ravish'd East!

Hail, Mithras, mighty Deity!
For Fire and Air, and Earth and Sea,
From thee their Origin derive,
Motion and Form from thee receive.

When Matter yet unacted lay,
No sooner thou infus'd'st thy Ray,
But the dull Mass its Power obey'd.
But an harmonious World was made.

Which still, when thou withdraw'st thy Beams,
An undistinguish'd Chaos seems:

For

The AMBITIOUS STEP-MOTHER. 47

*For what are Objects without Sight?
Or Vision, when involv'd in Night?*

*Night is an universal Grave,
Where Things but doubtful Beings have;
Till them thy Beams illuminate,
And, as it were, again create.*

Chorus, &c.

*Hail, Source of immaterial Fire,
That ne'er began, can ne'er expire;
Whose Orb, with streaming Glories fraught,
Dazzles the Ken of human Thought.*

*All the dependant Spheres above,
By thy Direction shine and move:
All purer Beings here below,
From thy immediate Essence flow.*

*What is the Soul of Man, but Light,
Drawn down from thy transcendent Height?
What but an intellectual Beam?
A Spark of thy immortal Flame?*

*For as thou rul'st with gladsome Rays
The greater World, so this the less:
And like thy own diffusive Soul,
Shoots Life and Vigor thro' the Whole.*

*Since then from Thee at first it came,
To thee, tho' clogg'd, it points its Flame;
And conscious of superior Birth,
Despises this unkindred Earth.*

Chorus, &c.

*Hail, Orosmales, Pow'r Divine!
Permit us to approach thy Shrine;
Permit thy Votaries to raise
Their grateful Voices to thy Praise.*

Thou

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*Thou art the Father of our Kings,
The Stem whence their high Lineage springs;
The Sov'reign Lord, that does maintain
Their uncontroll'd and boundless Reign.*

*O then assist thy drooping Son,
Who long has grac'd our Persian Throne!
O may he yet extend his Sway!
We yet Arfaces' Rule obey!*

*Let thy Vitality impart
New Spirits to his fainting Heart;
Let him, like thee (from whom he sprung)
Be ever active, ever young.
Chorus, &c.*

*When the Musick is ended, Memnon, Artaxerxes, &c.
Queen, Artaban, &c. go off as they enter'd, severally;
only Mirza comes forward, and the Scene shuts; he looks
after Amestris going out, and then speaks.*

Mirza. What means this foreign Warmth within my
Breast?

*Is this a Time for any Thought but Vengeance?
That fatal Beauty dazzles my weak Sense,
And blasts the Resolution of my Soul:
My Eyes, in Contradiction to my Purpose,
Still bent to her, and drunk the Poison in;
While I stood stupid in Suspence of Thought,
And now like Oil my flaming Spirits blaze;
My Arteries, my Heart, my Brain is scorch'd,
And I am all one Fury. Feeble Mirza!
Canst thou give way to Dotage, and become
The Jest of Fools? No! 'tis impossible:
Revenge shall rouse, and with her Iron Whips
Lash forth this lazy Ague from my Body,
This Malady of Girls. Remember, Statesman,
Thy Fate and future Fortunes now are forming,
And summon all thy Counsels to their Aid,
Ev'n thy whole Soul. It wo't not be: Amestris*

Still

Still rises uppermost in all my Thoughts,
The Master piece of Nature. The Boy God
Laughs at my Rage, and triumphs o'er my Folly.

[A tumultuous Noise is heard.

Ha! by the Gods 'tis doing! Now, my Stars,
Be kind, and make me Master of my Wish at once.

Enter Magas.

But see, the Priest—Why dost thou stare and tremble?
Have we succeeded? say: and ease my Fears.

Magas. My Soul is pierc'd with Horror! Every God
Seems from his Shrine to threaten us with Vengeance.
The Temple reels, and all its pond'rous Roof
Nods at the Profanation.

Mirza. Base and fearful!

How can thy wretched Soul conceive such Monsters!
Canst thou, who wouldst be great, be superstitious?
But 'tis the Coward's Vice. Say, are our Enemies secur'd?

Magas. They are; the Prince, old *Memnon*, and his
Are in *Orchanes*' Hands, only *Tigranes* [Daughter,
With some of lesser Note are fled.

Mirza. No matter:

These are the Soul, the rest a lifeless Mass,
Not worth our Apprehension.

Magas. Will you stay,
To meet the furious Thunder of their Rage?

Mirza. I will: Thou may'st retire, and summon back
Thy scatter'd Spirits: Let not the Crowd see
Thy Fears; 'twill make thee vile and cheap among 'em.

[Exit Magas.

*Enter Artaxerxes, Memnon, and Amestris, Prisoners,
Orchanes and Guards.*

Artax. Slave! Villain! Answer, say, how hast thou
dar'd

To do this Insolence?

Orchanes. I know my Orders,
Which from the Queen my Mistress I receiv'd,
Who will avow her own Authority.

C

Artax.

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Artax. Ha! from the Queen? She durst not, 'tis impossible!

'Tis Sacrilege! 'Tis Treason! 'Tis Damnation!
Am I not *Artaxerxes*? Born to Empire,
The next Degree to Gods, O thou bright Sun!
That roll'st above, the Object of our Worship,
Canst thou behold, and not avenge thy Race?
Thy injur'd Race? If I could ought admit
Unworthy of thy great Original,
Let me be doom'd to fall this Vil'ain's Slave.
If not, why am I made the Scorn of Wretches
So much below me, that they hardly share
The common Privilege of Mankind; but are
As Beasts to Men——

Memnon. See where the Master Villain stands! Un-
mov'd

And harden'd in Impiety; he laughs
At the fictitious Justice of the Gods,
And thinks their Thunder has not Wings to reach him.
But know, the Joy thy Triumph brings is short:
My Fate (if the Gods govern) or at least
My Mind's beyond thy Reach, and scorns thy Malice.

Mirza. Dull valiant Fool, thy Ruin is the least,
The most ignoble Triumph of my Wit.

Cleander's Blood asks for substantial Vengeance,
And when the Thought that labours in my Breast
Appears in Action, thou shalt know the Cause
Why I remain to view thy hated Face,
'That blasts me with its Presence! Thou shalt know it,
And curse thyself; curse the ill omen'd Day
That gave thee Birth; renouncing all the Gods,
Thyself of them renounc'd, shall sink to Hell
In bitterest Pangs, and mingle with the Furies.

Memnon, Unallow'd Dog, thou ly'st! The utmost
Force

Of all thy study'd Malice cannot move me
To any Act that misbecomes my Courage;
And if the Gods in Trial of my Virtue,
Can yield my Life up to the Hangman's Mercy,
I'll shew thee with what Ease the Brave and Honest

Can

Can put off Life, till thou shalt damn thy Arts,
Thy wretched Arts, and Impotence of Malice.

Mirza. Rest well assur'd, thou shalt have Cause to
try

The philosophic Force of passive Virtue.

Artax. O Death to Greatness ! Can we fall so low,
To be the slavish Objects of his Mirth ?
Shall my just Rage and violated Honor
Play the Buffoon, and Minister to Laughter ?
Down, down my swelling Heart, hide thy Resentments,
Nor prostitute the ruffled Majesty
Of injur'd Princes to the gazing Crowd,
My Face shall learn to cover the Emotion
My wounded Soul endures. Ha ! my *Amestris* !
My Love ! my Royal Bride ! The Spoiler, Grief,
Defaces every Feature : like the Deluge
That raz'd the Beauties of the first Creation :
I cannot bear it : Villains, give me Way.

[*He breaks from the Guards that hold him, and
catches hold of Amestris.*]

Oh ! let me hold thee in my throbbing Bosom,
And strive to hide thy Sorrows from my Sight :
I cannot see thy Grievs ; and yet I want
The Power to bring Relief.

Amestris. Ah ! No, my Prince ;
There are no Remedies for Ills like ours ;
My helpless Sex by Nature stands expos'd
To all the Wrongs and Injuries of Fortune :
Defenceless in myself, you were my Refuge,
You are my Lord ; to whom should I complain,
Since you cannot redress me ? Were you not
The Honor, Joy, and Safety of *Amestris* ?
For you alone I liv'd, with you alone
I could be happy ; O my *Artaxerxes* !
One Influence guides our consenting Stars,
And still together we are bless'd or curs'd.

Mirza. With a malignant Joy my Ears drink in
Her each harmonious Accent, every Glance
Goes to my Heart, and stirs alternate Motions
Of Heat and Cold ; a lazy Pleasure now,

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Thrills all my Veins, anon Desire grows hot,
And my old Sinews shrink before the Flame. [*Aside.*]

Artax. Go on, and charm me with thy Angel's Voice,
Sooth and assuage the Fury in my Breast,
That urges me to unbecoming Passion:
My Rage grows cool amidst thy soft Complainings;
And tho' thou talk'st of Woes, of Death, and Ruin,
'Tis Heaven to hear thee.

Amestris. Since this is all our wretched Consolation,
Let us indulge our Grief, till by long Use
It grows habitual, and we lose the Pain.
Here on the marble Pavement will we sit,
Thy Head upon my Breast; and if Remembrance
Of cruel Wrongs shall vex thy noble Heart,
The Murmur of my Sighs shall charm the Tumult,
And Fate shall find us calm: Nor will the Gods,
Who here inhabit and behold our Sufferings,
Delay to end our Woes in Immortality.

Artax. Ha! say'st thou? Gods! Yes certain there
are Gods,
To whom my Youth with Reverence still has bow'd,
Whose Care and Providence are Virtue's Guard;
Think then, my Fair, they have not made us great,
And like themselves, for miserable Ends.

Mirza. Gods might behold her, and forget their
Wisdom. [*Aside.*]
But I delay too long. *Orchanes*, lend thy Ear.

[*Mirza whispers Orchanes, and Exit.*]

Memnon. My Children! you are still my Joy and Hap-
piness;
Why am I made your Curse? This hated Head,
To Death devoted, has involv'd your Innocence
In my Destruction.

[*Guards lay hold on Artaxerxes and Amestris.*]

Amestris. Alas! My Father!

Artax. Barbarous Dogs! What mean you?

Orchanes. Convey the Lady to Lord *Mirza's* Palace,
'Tis the Queen's Will she shall be there confin'd.

Artax. Thou canst not mean so damn'd a Villiany!
Thou dar'st not, shalt not part us: Fate cannot do it.

[*Memnon.*]

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Memnon. Cursed Old-Age! Why have I liv'd to see this?

Orchanes. Force 'em asunder.

Artax. Hew off my Limbs, ye Dogs! I will not loose 'em—

Oh Devil! Death and Furies! my Wife! my lov'd

Amestris——

Amestris. My Lord, my Husband!——

Orchanes and one Party of the Guards force Artaxerxes and Memnon off one Way, and the other Party bears Amestris another.

Re-enter Mirza.

Mirza. This was most noble Mischief! it stung home,
 'Twas Luxury of Vengeance—'twas not ill
 To keep aloof: These boisterous Beasts have Paws,
 And might have scratch'd: The Wise shou'd not allow
 A Possibility to Fortune's Malice.
 Now to the rest; this Prince, this Husband, dies:
 To-morrow's Dawn brings his and *Memnon's* Fate.
 This Night let 'em despair, and ban, and rage,
 And to the wooden Deities within
 Tell frantic Tales: My Hours shall pass more pleasingly
 If Love (which yet I know not) can give Pleasure.
 Love! What is Love? The Passion of a Boy.
 That spends his Time in Laziness and Sonnets:
 Lust is the Appetite of Man; and shall
 Be sated, till it loath the cloying Banquet.
 The Wise are priviledg'd by Human Frailty
 To taste these Pleasures, but not dwell upon 'em;
 They marr and dull the Faculty of thinking:
 One Night I safely may indulge in Riot,
 'Tis politic Lewdness, and assists my Vengeance;
 I will grow young and surfeit on her Charms,
 Her luscious Sweets; then rising from her Arms,
 The nauseous, momentary Joy forget,
 And be myself again; again be Wise and Great.

[Exit Mirza.]



ACT IV. SCENE I.

The PALACE.

Enter ARTABAN and CLEANTHES.

ARTABAN.

TIS base and impious! Where are the Ties
Shall keep Mankind in Order, if Religion
And public Faith be violated? 'Tis an Injury
That beards both Gods and Men, and dares their Justice.

Clean. The fearful Croud already take th' Alarm,
Break off their solemn Sports, their Songs and Dances,
And wildly in tumultuous Concert join;
Mischief and Danger sit in every Face,

And while they dread the Anger of the Gods,
The Wise, who know th' Effects of popular Fury,
From them expect that Vengeance which they fear.

Arta. The sacred Power of Majesty, which should
Forbid, owns and protects the Violence.

It must not, shall not be: Who steals a Crown
By Arts like these, wears it unworthily.

Clean. The Queen, your Mother, Sir, she will expect
You should approve that Act her Power has done.

Arta. I'll meet her as I ought, and show myself
Worthy the noble Rivalship of Empire.

Enter the Queen, Mirza, and Attendants.

Queen. My Son, I come to joy you of a Crown
And Glory certain now; your Fate at length

Has

Has master'd that malignant Influence
With which it struggled long : You are a King,
The greatest that our *Eastern* World beholds ;
And tho' my widow'd Bed be Cause for Grief,
Yet for thy Sake, my Son, I joy to say
Arfaces is no more.

Arta. 'Twere vain and foolish
To mourn his Death with ceremonious Sorrow ;
For tho' he dy'd the greatest of our Race,
Yet since decaying Age had sunk him low,
And all the native Majesty was lost,
'Twas Time the Soul should seek for Immortality,
And leave the weary Body to enjoy
An honourable Rest from Care and Sicknefs :
Peace to his Ashes, and eternal Fame
Dwell with his Memory ; while we who live
Look back with Emulation on his Greatness,
And with laborious Steps strive to ascend
That Height where once he sat.

Queen. Thou hast already
Attain'd the lofty Summit of his Glory ;
His Throne expects thee but to sit and fill it.

Arta. No, Madam, when the Gods choose worthy
Subjects
On whom to place such Greatness, they surround
The glorious Prize with Toil and thorny Danger,
And bid the Man who would be great, dare greatly,
Be it for dull elder Brothers to possess
Without deserving ; mine's a nobler-Claim,
Nor will I taste the Godlike Joys of Power,
'Till Men and Gods with Justice shall confess
'Tis barely the Reward of what I merit.

Queen. What means my Son ?

Arta. To wrestle for a Crown.

Queen. With what fantastic Shadow would'st thou
strive ?

The haughty Rival of thy Hopes is fall'n ;
He lives indeed, but 'tis to grace thy Triumph,
And bow before thee ; then be swept away

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Like the Remembrance of an idle Dream,
Which tho' of Yesternight, is now forgotten.

Arta. It grieves me much to say, my Royal Mother,
I cannot take a Crown upon these Terms,
Tho' even from your Hands: The conscious Virtue
That witnesses within my Breast for Glory,
Points me to Greatness by the Paths of Honour,
And urges me to do as a King ought,
That would not wear his Purple as the Gift
Of impious Treachery and base Deceit.

Queen. Amazement turns my Senses! Or, I dream!
For sure thou canst not mean so poor a Folly.
Hast thou been bred in the wise Arts of Empire?
Been early taught to know the Worth of Power?
And wouldst thou lose the golden Opportunity,
With which thy Fortune courts thee, for a Notion?
An empty Sound of Virtue? A dry Maxim,
Which Pedants have devis'd for Boys to canvas?
Can my Son think so meanly? Go, set free
(Since Honour bids) this Lordly Elder Brother,
Bow like a Slave before him, wait his Pleasures,
And live dependant on his scanty Pension;
He may reward thy servile Loyalty,
And make thee Ruler of some petty Province,
In Recompence of Royalty giv'n up.

Arta. No; (tho' I must confess I would not hold
him

Caught in a Villain's Snare, nor do a Murder
Unworthy of a Hangman) yet to Death
I still defy him as my mortal Foe.
And since my Father's Fate dissolves that Truce,
To which I stood engag'd, 'tis War again.
Amidst the steely Squadrons will I seek
This haughty Brother, by his Friends surrounded,
And back'd with all th' Advantage of his Birth;
Then bravely prove upon him with my Sword,
He falsely brands me for a bookish Coward,
That Nature's Error only gave him Preference,
Since Fate meant me the King.

Queen. A

The AMBITIOUS STEP-MOTHER. 57

Queen. A Mother's Care is watchful for thy Safety,
Else wert thou lost, thou honourable Fool;
Long might'st thou vainly hunt in bloody Fields
For that Advantage which thy willing Fortune
Now reaches to thy Hands: In Battles with
Uncertain Wings the wavering Goddess flies,
And oft with partial Hand bestows her Favour
On Fools and thick skull'd Heroes; seize her now,
While she is thine, or she is lost for ever.

Arta. No matter, let her fly; the Eagle Virtue
Shall soar beyond her, and command her Flight:
Fortune is not my Mistress, but my Slave.
Posterity, that reads the Name of *Artaban*
In the Records of Empire, shall not blush
To think I plotted with a knavish Priest,
The Scandal of his venerable Function,
And Mark of the Gods Vengeance, to betray
A Prince my Enemy; as if being conscious
Of lesser Worth, and of unequal Courage,
I durst not fairly strive with him for Greatness.
Let the abhorr'd and impious Treachery
Obscurely die unknown to future Ages;
Or if our Shame must be deliver'd down,
By all the kingly Hopes that fire my Soul,
It shall not pass without a Brand of Punishment.

Queen. 'Tis wond'rous well! Young Man, you king
it rarely!

You mean to be renown'd for early Justice,
And mark your ostentatious Love of Virtue,
Ev'n in their Bloods who lift you up to Power;
Perhaps we too ourselves must be arraign'd
Before your puny Bar, and feel your Axe;
'Twill be a noble Subject for your Praise,
And yield much Matter to declaiming Flatterers.]

Arta. You, Madam, are my Mother, Nature blinds
me,

And bids me see no Faults in her that bore me;
Those other Slaves that dare——

Queen. May be immortal,
For ought that thou can'st do to cause their Fate.

58 The AMBITIOUS STEP-MOTHER.

Is not thy Power the Creature of my Favour,
Which in precarious wise on me depending,
Exists by my Concurrence to its Being?
Mistaken Youth! whose giddy Brain Ambition
Has, like the Fume of drunken Vapours, turn'd;
Think'st thou that I, whose Soul was form'd for Sway,
Would lay the golden Reins of Empire down?
Or trust 'em to the Guidance of a Boy,
Who shall dispose of me, or those that serve me,
According to the Dictates of old Morals,
His bearded Tutor gleans from musty Authors?

Arta. Nay then, 'tis Time I should exert myself;
And tho' you gave me Birth, yet from the Gods
(Who made my Father be as he was, Royal,
And stamp't the Mark of Greatness on my Soul)
I claim my Right to Empire: May I fall
Vile and forgotten, if I ever own
Any superior Being, but those Gods.

Queen. Thou rav'st, and hast forgot me.

Arta. No, you are
My Mother, and a Woman, form'd to obey;
On that Condition all the Sex's Privileges
Are founded: The creating Hand has mix'd
Softness and Beauty in your Composition,
To charm and bend the Mind of Man, impatient
Of the ignoble Pleasure; you were made for
The Weakness and Necessities of Nature:
Ill are your feeble Souls for Greatness suited:
Desire of Government is monstrous in you.

Queen. Thou mighty Goddess, Nature! dost thou
hear

This rebel Son? This insolent Upbraider,
Still fondly nurs'd in my indulgent Bosom?
To build whose future Greatness to the Skies,
My anxious Soul has labour'd more than when
I felt a Mother's Sorrow for his Birth:
Ungrateful Boy! —

Know, Fool! that vaunt'st thyself upon thy Manhood,
The greatest He thy rougher Kind e'er had,
Must have confess'd Woman's superior Wi,

And

The AMBITIOUS STEP-MOTHER. 59

And own'd our Sex's just Prerogative.
Did not a Mother's Fondness plead hard for thee,
Thy Head should pay the Forfeit of thy Insolence ;
For know, young King, that I am Fate in *Persia*,
And Life and Death depend upon my Pleasure.

Arta. The World would be well govern'd, should
the Gods

Depute their Providence to Women's Care,
And trust them with the Fate of Kings and Empires.

Queen. Yet thou art safe. Away, nor tempt me
further.

The Patience ev'n of Gods themselves has Limits,
'Tho' they with long Forbearance view Man's Folly ;
Yet if thou still persist to dare my Power,
Like them I may be urg'd to loose my Vengeance,
And tho' thou wert my Creature, strike thee dead.

Mirza. Beseech you, Sir, retire ; the Queen your
Mother,

Labours with wisest Foresight for your Good,
And is incens'd to see you thwart that Purpose.

Arta. What is the Good of Greatness, but the Power ?
Madam, I leave you ; my own innate Virtue
Arms me against your Rage, unjust and impotent :
Wait but the great Success my Soul divines,
And you will own your little juggling Arts
Have only serv'd to obstruct a while my Glory,
And screen this elder Brother from my Conquest.

[*Exeunt Artaban and Cleanthes.*

Queen. Some envious Pow'r above, some hostile
Dæmon,

Works underhand against my stronger Genius,
And countermines me with domestic Jars.
Malicious Chance ! When all abroad was safe,
To start an unseen Danger from myself !

Mirza, didst not thou mark the haughty Boy ?
With what assuming Pride he own'd his daring,
And claim'd Superiority of Power ?

Oh can I live and bear to be controul'd ?
To share the Pleasure of supreme Command
With him or any one ? Oh *Artemisa,*

Didst

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Didst thou disdain Subjection to a Husband,
The proudest Title of that tyrant Man,
And can'st thou yield t' a Boy, a Son, by Nature
And grateful Duty to Obedience bound?

Mirza. Madam, let me intreat you, by the Gods,
To calm your just Resentments: Meddling Fortune,
(Whose Malice labours to perplex the Wife)
If not prevented, will unravel all
Those finer Arts, which we with Care have wove.
The Prince led on by this pernicious Honour,
May set the Pris'ners free; think, if that happen,
To what a Shock of Fate we stand expos'd.

Queen. 'Tis true; this foolish Honour ruins all.
Ridiculous Notion! as if Self-Interest
Were not the first and noblest Law of Nature.
Say then, wise Lord, and let thy ready Wit,
Still present to itself, avert this Blow.

Mirza. One Method, tho' ungentle, yet remains:
To remedy the Fears this Ill produces;
This Instant let a Guard confine the Prince,
Ere he can gain the Means t' effect that Mischief.
He meditates against himself and us:
To-morrow, early as the Morning dawns,
The Prisoners all shall die; that once dispatch'd,
This raging Fit of Honour will relax,
And give him Leisure to consider coolly
Th' Advantage of his Fortune.

Queen. You have Reason;
And tho' I fear his haughty Temper will
But badly brook Confinement, he must learn
To bear it, as he can; perhaps 'twill bend him,
And make his Youth more pliant to my Will.

Mirza. Your Orders cannot be dispatch'd too soon,
Each Minute of the flying Hours is precious.

Queen. The Eunuch *Bagoas*, let him attend us,
He shall receive Instructions on the Instant.

[*Exeunt the Queen and Mirza severally.*]

S C E N E

S C E N E II.

MIRZA'S Palace.

*Enter CLEONE in a Man's Habit, with a Dark-Lanthorn;
BELIZA following.*

C L E O N E.

YE gentle Powers, who view our Cares with Pity,
Lend your Compassion to the poor *Amestris*.

Oh my *Beliza*! was not thy Soul wounded,
To hear (when now we past by her Apartment)
The piercing Accents of her loud Complainings?
By Heav'n, my aking Heart bleeds for her Sufferings.

Beliza. 'Tis sure she feels the bitterest Pangs of Woe;
And were not all my Thoughts to you devoted,
Her Grief would deeply sink into my Soul.
Why will you tempt alone ten thousand Dangers?
Your Father's and the furious Queen's Resentments;
The cruel Guards, and all those fatal Accidents,
Which in the Horror of this dreadful Night
Might shake the Resolution of a Man.

Cleone. Pr'ythee no more; thou know'st I am resolv'd,
And all thy kind Advice is urg'd in vain;
Thy fond mistaking Fears present the Danger
More dreadful than it is: This Master-key
Admits me thro' that Passage to the Temple,
By which the Guards, who seiz'd the unhappy Prince
This Morning, enter'd; that of all the rest
Is only left unguarded, and from thence,
Assisted by the friendly Veil of Night,
We may conduct him thro' my Father's Palace
In Safety to the Street: There undistinguish'd
Amongst the busy discontented Crowd,
That swarm in murmuring Heaps, he may retire;
Nor

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Nor shall my Father or the Queen e'er know
The pious Fraud my Love was guilty of.

Beliza. Yet still I fear —

Cleone. No more, retire and leave me ;
My drooping Heart fits lighter than it's wont,
And chearfully presages good Success.

Beliza. Where shall I wait you ?

Cleone. At my own Apartment.

Beliza. The mighty Gods protect you.

Cleone. Softly : Retire. [*Exit Beliza.*

What Noise was that ? — The Creature of my Fears.
In vain, fond Maid, wouldst thou belie thy Sex,
Thy coward Soul confesses thee a Woman,
A foolish, rash, fond Woman Where am I going ?
To save my Godlike Hero. Oh my Heart !
It pants and trembles ; sure 'tis Joy, not Fear :
The Thought has giv'n me Courage ; I shall save him,
That darling of my Eyes. What if I fail ?
Then Death is in my Reach, and ends my Sorrows.

[*Shewing a Dagger.*

Why dost thou shake, my Hand, and fear to grasp
This Instrument of Fate ? If I succeed,
Yet *Artaxerxes* will not live for me ;
And my Despair will want thy friendly Aid.
Death ev'ry Way shuts up my gloomy Prospect.
If then there be that *Lethe* and *Elysium*,
Which Priests and Poets tell, to that dark Stream
My Soul, of Life impatient, shall make haste.
One healing Draught my Quiet shall restore,
And Love forgotten, ne'er disturb me more.

[*Exit Cleone.*

SCENE



S C E N E III.

A Night-Scene of the Temple of the Sun.

Enter ARTAXERXES and MEMNON.

ARTAXERXES.

STILL 'tis in vain! this idle Rage is vain;
And yet my swelling Passions will have Way;
And rend my labouring Breast 'till they find Vent.
Was it for this, ye cruel Gods, you made me
Great like yourselves, and as a King, to be
Your sacred Image? Was it but for this?
To be cut down, and mangled by vile Hands,
Like the false Object of mistaken Worship?
Why rather was I not a peasant Slave,
Bred from my Birth a Drudge to your Creation,
And to my destin'd Load inur'd betimes?

Memnon. The Malice of our Fate was not compleat,
Had we not been by just Degrees to Happiness
Rais'd, only to be plung'd the deeper down
In an Abyfs of Woes. Early Success
Met and attended all my youthful Wars;
And when I rush'd amidst the dreadful Battle,
The weaker *Genii* of our *Asian* Monarchs
Shrunk from the Force of our superior Fate;
O'er-match'd they fell, and by my Sword were swept
Like common Beings from the glorious Field.
Then was the Day of joyous Triumph, then,
My Soul was lifted high, ev'n to the Stars.
But now—what am I now? O damn'd Reverse of
Fortune!

Now, when my Age would be indulg'd in Ease,
And joy in Pleasure of my former Fame,

Now

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Now I am curs'd; held at a Villain's Mercy,
My Foes Derision, and the Scorn of Cowards.

Artax. Oh Torture of my Soul! damn'd racking
Thought!

Am not I too reserv'd for servile Vassalage?
To be the Subject of a Boy's Command?
A Boy by Nature set beneath my Sway,
And born to be my Slave! Shall he triumph,
And bid me live or die? Shall he dispose
His beardless Visage to a scornful Smile,
And tell me that his Pleasure is my Fate.
No; my disdainful Soul shall struggle out,
And start at once from its dishonour'd Mansion.

Memnon. Oh royal Thought! Nor shall they keep
back Death,

Altho' its common Means be not in Reach.
Shall my old Soldier's Outside, rough and hardy,
Scarr'd o'er with many an honourable Mark,
Be cag'd for public Scorn! Shall a Dog tell me,
Thus didst thou once, and now thou art my Slave;
My Foot shall spurn thee, tread upon thy Neck,
And trample in the Dust thy silver Hairs?
Shall I not rather choak, hold in my Breath,
Or smear some Wall or Pillow with my Brains?

Artax. Rage, or some God, shall save us from
Dishonour.

But, oh my Father! Can we take our Flight,
Tho' to the Stars, and leave my Love behind?
Where is she now? Where is my Queen, my Bride,
My Charmer, my *Amestris*?

Memnon. Speak not of her.

Artax. Not speak?

Memnon. Nor think of her, if possible.

Artax. Was she not snatch'd, torn from my helpless
Arms,

Whilst every God look'd on, and saw the Wrong,
Heard her loud Cries, which vainly strove to rouse
Their slow unready Vengeance! Was she not
Forc'd from my panting Bosom (yet I live)
Ev'n on our Bridal-day? Then when our Flames

Were

The AMBITIOUS STEP-MOTHER. 65

Were kindly join'd, and made but one Desire !
 Then, when she sigh'd and gaz'd, and blush'd and sigh'd !
 When every Touch, when every Joy grew fiercer,
 And those that were behind were more than mortal !
 To lose her then ! oh !—

And yet you bid me think of her no more.

Memnon. I do ; for the bare Mention turns my Brain,
 And even now I border upon Madness ;
 So dreadful is the very Apprehension
 Of what may be.

Artax. Can we make Thought go back ?
 Will it not turn again, cleave to our Breasts,
 And urge Remembrance 'till it sting us home ?
 Ha ! now the ghastly Scene is set before me ;
 And as thou saidst it runs me to Distraction ;
 Behold her Beauties, form'd for Kings to serve,
 Held vile, and treated like an abject Slave !
 Helpless amidst her cruel Foes she stands,
 Insulting *Artemisa* mocks her Tears,
 And bid her call the Gods and me in vain.

Memnon. Would that were all.

Artax. Ha ! Whither would'st thou drive me ?

Memnon. Did you like me consider that Dog *Mirza*,
 Early to Hell devoted, and the Furies,
 Born, nurs'd, and bred a Villain, you would fear
 The worst Effects his Malice could express
 On Virtue which he hates, when in his Power.

Artax. What is the worst ?

Memnon. What my old faultring Tongue
 Trembles to utter ; goatish Lust and Rape.

Artax. Ha ! Rape ! if there are Gods, it is impossible.

Memnon. Oh ! dreadful Image for a Father's Thought !
 To have his only Child, her Sex's Boast,
 The Joy of Sight, and Comfort of his Age,
 Dragg'd by a Villain, Slave, his ruthless Hand
 Wound in her Hair, to some remote dark Cell,
 A Scene for Horror fit, there to be blotted
 By his foul Lust, 'till Appetite be gorg'd.
 Let me grow savage first, let this old Hand
 That oft has bless'd her, in her Blood be drench'd ;

Let

66 The AMBITIOUS STEP-MOTHER.

Let me behold her dead, dead at my Foot,
To spare a Father's greater Shame and Sorrow.

Artax. A Father! What's a Father's Plague to mine?
A Husband and a Lover! If it can be,
If there is such a hoarded Curse in Store,
Transfix me now, ye Gods, now let your Thunder
Fall on my Head, and strike me to the Center,
Lest if I should survive my ruin'd Honour
And injur'd Love, I should ev'n curse your Godheads,
Run banning and blaspheming thro' the World,
And with my Execrations fright your Worshipers
From kneeling at your Altars.

Enter Cleone with a Dark-Lantern and Key.

Cleone. This Way the echoing Accents seem to come:
Sure 'tis the wretched Prince! oh can you hear him,
And yet refuse to lend your Aid, ye Gods?

Artax. This Gloom of horrid Night suits well my
Soul,
Love, Sorrow, conscious Worth, and Indignation,
Stir mad Confusion in my lab'ring Breast,
And I am all o'er Chaos.

Cleone. Is this, alas!
The State of *Artaxerxes*, *Persia's* Heir?
Not one poor Lamp to cheer the dismal Shade
Of this huge holy Dungeon! Slaves, Murderers,
Villains that Crosses wait for, are not us'd thus:
I'll shew myself.

*[She turns the Light, and comes towards
Artaxerxes and Memnon.]*

Memnon. Ha! whence this Gleam of Light?

Artax. Fate is at Hand, let's haste to bid it welcome,
It brings an End of Wretchedness.

Cleone. Speak lower;
I am a Friend: Long live Prince *Artaxerxes*.

Artax. What Wretch art thou, that hail'st me with
a Curse?

Come from that Cloud that muffles up thy Face;

And

And if thou hast a Dagger, shew it boldly :
We wish to die.

Cleone. Think better on my Errand ;
I bring you Blessings, Liberty, and Life,
And come the Minister of happier Fate.

[Turns the Light on herself.]

Now down, my Blood, down to my trembling Heart,
Nor sparkle in my Visage to betray me. *[Aside.]*

Artax. Ha ! as I live, a Boy ! a blushing Boy !
Thou wert not form'd sure for a Murderer's Office ;
Speak then, and tell me what and whence thou art.

Cleone. Oh seek not to unveil a trivial Secret,
Which known imports you not. I am a Youth
Abandon'd to Misfortunes from my Birth,
And never knew one Cause to joy in Life,
But this that puts it in my Power to save
A Prince like Prince *Artaxerxes*. Ask no more,
But follow thro' the Mazes that I tread,
Until you find your Safety.

Artax. Thus forbidding,
Thou giv'st me Cause t' enquire : Are then the Guards,
That when the Day went down, with strictest Watch
Observ'd the Temple-gates, remov'd or fled ?

Cleone. They are not, but with Numbers reinforc'd
Keep every Passage ; only one remains
Thro' *Mirza's* Palace, open to your Flight.

Memnon. Ha ! *Mirza* ! there's Damnation in his Name,
Ruin, Deceit, and Treachery attend it ;
Can Life, can Liberty, or Safety come
From him ? Or ought that has an Interest in him ?
Rather, suspect this feigning Boy his Instrument,
To plunge us deeper yet, if possible,
In Misery ; perhaps some happy Accident,
As yet to us unknown, preserves us from
The utmost Malice of his Hate while here,
This sets his wicked Wit at Work to draw us
Forth from this holy Place ; much better be
The Pris'ners of the Gods, then wear his Fetters.

Cleone. Un-

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Cleone. Unfortunate Suspicion ! What shall I say
To urge 'em to be safe, and yet preserve
My wretched self unknown ? [*Aside.*

Artax. Surely that Face
Was not design'd to hide dissembled Malice.
Say, Youth, art thou of *Mirza's* House (as sure thou must,
If thou pretend to lead us that Way forth)
And canst thou be a Friend to *Artaxerxes*,
Whom that fell Dog, that Minister of Devils,
With most opprobrious Injuries has loaded ?

Cleone. Tho' I am his, yet sure I never shar'd
His Hate.——Shall I confess and own my Shame ?
Oh Heavens !—— [*Aside.*

Memnon. Mark, th' unready Traitor flammers ;
Half-bred and of the mungrel Strain of Mischief,
He has not Art enough to hide the Cheat,
His deep-designing Lord had better plotted.
Away ! thinks he so poorly of our Wit,
To gull us with a Novice ? If our Fate
Has giv'n us up, and mark'd us for Destruction,
Tell him, we are resolv'd to meet it here.

Cleone. Yet hear me, Prince, since you suspect me sent
By *Mirza*, to ensnare you, know I serve
(Oh Gods ! to what am I reduc'd !) [*Aside.*] —his

Daughter :

Some God Compassionate of your Woes has stirr'd
A Woman's Pity in her softer Breast ;
And 'tis from her I come to give you Liberty.
I beg you to believe me. [*She weeps.*

Artax. See, he weeps !

Memnon. The waiting Tears stood ready for Command,
And now they flow to varnish the false Tale.

Artax. His Daughter, say'st thou ? I have seen the
Maid,
Dost thou serve her ? And could she send thee to me ?
'Tis an unlikely Riddle.

Memnon. Perhaps 'tis meant,
That she who shares his poisonous Blood, shall share
The Pleasure of his Vengeance, and inure
The Woman's Hands and Eyes to Death and Mischief.
But:

The AMBITIOUS STEP-MOTHER. 69

But thou her Instrument, be gone, and say,
The Fate of Princes is not sport for Girls.

Cleone. Some envious Power blasts my pious Purpose,
And nought but Death remains: O that by that
I might persuade him to believe and trust me;
And fly that Fate which with the Morning waits him!
[*Aside.*]

I grieve, my Lord, to find your hard Suspicion
Debars me from preserving your dear Life,
(Which not your own *Amestris* wishes more.)
To-morrow's Dawn (oh! let me yet prevail)
The cruel Queen resolves shall be your last.
Oh fly! let me conjure you, save yourself.
May that most awful God that here is worshipp'd
Deprive me of his chearful Beams for ever,
Make me the wretched'st Thing he sees while living,
And after Death the lowest of the Damn'd,
If I have any Thought but for your Safety.

Artax. No, I have found the Malice of thy Mistress;
Since I refus'd her Love when she was profer'd
By her ambitious Father for my Bride,
And on a worthier Choice bestow'd my Heart,
She vows Revenge on me for flighted Beauty.

Cleone. My Lord, you do her most unmanly Wrong,
She owns the Merit of the fair *Amestris*,
Nor ever durst imagine she deserv'd you.
Oh! spare that Thought, nor blot her Virgin Fame.
In Silence still she wonder'd at your Virtues,
Bless'd you, nor at her own ill Fate repin'd;
This wounds her most, that you suspect unkindly
Th' officious Piety that would have sav'd you.
Careless of an offended Father's Rage,
For you alone concern'd, she charg'd me guide you
When Midnight Sleep had clos'd observing Eyes,
Safe thro' her Father's Palace with this Key ———
And if I met with any that durst bar
Your Passage forth, she bid me greet him thus ———
[*Stabs herself.*]

Artax. [Catching her as she falls.]
What hast thou done, rash Boy?

Cleone. Giv'n

70 The AMBITIOUS STEP-MOTHER.

Cleone. Giv'n you the last,
And only Proof remain'd, that could convince you
I held your Life much dearer than my own.

Memnon. Horrid Amazement chills my freezing Veins!

Cleone. Let me conjure you with my latest Breath,
Make haste to seize the Means that may preserve you;
This Key, amidst the Tumult of this Night,

[Giving the Key.

Will open you a Way thro' *Mirza's* Palace.

May every God assist and guard your Flight:

And oh! when all your Hopes of Love and Glory
Are crown'd with just Success, will you be good,
And think with Pity on the lost *Cleone*?

Artax. Ten thousand dismal Fancies crowd my
Thoughts.

Oh! is it possible thou can't be she,
Thou most unhappy Fair-one?

Cleone. Spare my Shame,
Nor call the Blood that flows to give me Peace,
Back to my dying Cheeks. Can you forget
Who was my Father? And remember only
How much I wish'd I had deserv'd your Friendship?
Nay, let my Tongue grow bold, and say, your Love?
But 'twas not in my Fate.

Artax. What shall I say,
To witness how my grateful Heart is touch'd?
But, oh! why would'st thou give this fatal Instance?
Why hast thou stain'd me with thy Virgin Blood?
I swear, sweet Saint, for thee I could forgive
The Malice of thy Father, tho' he seeks
My Life and Crown; thy Goodness might atone
Ev'n for a Nation's Sins; look up, and live,
And thou shalt still be near me as my Heart.

Cleone. Oh charming Sounds! that gently lull my Soul
To everlasting Rest; I swear 'tis more,
More Joy to die thus bless'd, than to have liv'd
A Monarch's Bride: May every Blessing wait you
In War and Peace, still may you be the greatest,
The Favourite of the Gods, and Joy of Men—
I faint—Oh! let me lean upon your Arm— [She dies.

Artax. Hold

The AMBITIOUS STEP-MOTHER. 71

Artax. Hold up the Light, my Father : Ha ! she swoons !
The Iron hand of Death is on her Beauties,
And see, like Lilies nipp'd with Frost, they languish.

Mem. My tough old Soldier's Heart melts at the Sight,
And an unwonted Pity moves my Breast ;
Ill-fated Maid ! too good for that damn'd Race,
From which thou drew'st thy Being ! Sure the Gods,
Angry, ere while will be at length appeas'd
With this egregious Victim : Let us tempt 'em
Now while they seem to smile.

Artax. A Beam of Hope
Strikes thro' my Soul, like the first Infant Light
That glanc'd upon the Chaos ; if we reach
The open City, Fate may be ours again :
But oh ! whate'er Success or Happiness
Attend my Life, still fair unhappy Maid,
Still shall thy Memory be my Grief and Honor,
On one fix'd Day in each returning Year,
Cypress and Myrtle for thy Sake I'll wear,
Ev'n my *Amestris* thy hard Fate shall mourn,
And with fresh Roses crown thy Virgin Urn,
'Till in *Elysium* bless'd, thy gentle Shade
Shall own my Vows of Sorrow justly paid. [*Exeunt.*



ACT V. SCENE I.

MIRZA's Palace.

Enter Mirza, Magas, and Attendants, with Lights.

Mirza. **P**H O ! You o'er-rate the Danger.

Magas. If I do,
We err in the Extremes, since you esteem it
As much too lightly, think you then 'tis nothing,
This horrid Jar of Tumult and Confusion ?

Heads

72 The AMBITIOUS STEP-MOTHER.

Heads white with Years, and vers'd in long Experience,
 Who yet remember all the different Changes
 A rolling Age produces, cannot call
 To mind one Instance dreadful as this Night.
 Infernal Discord, hideous to behold,
 Hangs like its evil Genius o'er the City,
 And sends a Snake to every vulgar Breast.
 From several Quarters the mad Rabble swarm,
 Arm'd with the Instruments of hasty Rage,
 And in confus'd disorderly Array
 Most formidable march : Their differing Clamors,
 Together join'd, compose one differing Sound ;
 Arm ! Arm ! they cry, Religion is no more,
 Our Gods are flighted, whom if we revenge not,
 War, Pestilence, and Famine will ensue,
 And universal Ruin swallow all.

Mirza. A Crew of mean unthinking heartless Slaves,
 With Ease stirr'd up to Mutiny, and quell'd
 With the same Ease, with like Expressions shew.
 Their Joy or Anger, both are Noise and Tumult,
 And still when Holidays make Labor cease,
 They meet and shout : Do these deserve our Fears ?

Magas. Most certainly they may ; if we consider
 Each Circumstance of Peril that concurs ;
Tigranes, with the rest that 'scap'd the Temple,
 Are mix'd amongst this Herd, and urge the Wrongs
 Which with the Gods their Prince and *Memnon* suffer.

Mirza. Nor need we fear ev'n that, safe in the Aid
 And Number of our Friends, who treble theirs :
 For this mad Rout that hum and swarm together,
 For want of somewhat to employ their Folly,
 Indulge 'em in their Fancy for Religion.
 Thou and thy holy Brotherhood of Priests,
 Shall in Procession bear the sacred Fire,
 And all our golden Gods ; let their Friends judge
 If still they look not kindly as of old ;
 'Tis a most apt Amusement for a Crowd,
 They'll gaze and gather round the gaudy Shew,
 And quite forget the Thoughts of Mutiny.
 A Guard shall wait you.

Magas.

Magas. Why go not you too with us?
They hold your Wisdom in most high Regard,
And will be greatly sway'd by your Persuasion;
Th' Occasion is well worth your Care and Presence.

Mirza. Oh! you'll not need my Aid: Besides, my
Friend,
My Hours this Night are destin'd to a Task
Of more import, than are the Fates of Millions
Such groveling Souls as theirs. As yet the Secret
Is immature, nor worth your present Knowledge:
To-morrow that and all my Breast is yours.
I must not, dare not trust him with my Weakness,
'Twill mark me for his Scorn; 'tis yet some Wisdom,
If we must needs be Fools, to hide our Folly. [*Aside.*]

Magas. He means the Pris'ners Death; let him en-
gross
The People's Hate, monopolize Damnation,
I will be safely ignorant of Mischief. [*Aside.*]
Hereafter when your Wisdom shall think fit
To share those Thoughts, and trust 'em with your Friend,
I shall be pleas'd to know; this instant Hour,
My Cares are all employ'd on my own Province,
Which hastes me hence.

Mirza. May all your Gods assist you.

[*Exeunt.*]



S C E N E II.

An Apartment in Mirza's Palace.

Enter Amestris.

Amestris. **W**ILL ye not hear, ye ever gracious Gods?
(Since sure you do not joy in our Mis-
fortunes,

But only try the Strength of our frail Virtue.)
Are not my Sorrows full? can ought be added?
My Royal Lord, and Father? yet dear Names
In which my all of Happiness was summ'd,
What have the Ministers of Fate done with you

D

Are

74 The AMBITIOUS STEP-MOTHER.

Are you not dead? Too sure! 'That's past a doubt:
O *Memnon*! Oh my Prince! My Father! Oh my Husband!

Enter Mirza.

Mirza. Such *Juno* was (except alone those Tears)
When, upon *Ida*'s Top she charm'd the God,
That long had been a Stranger to her Bed;
Made him forget the Business of the World,
And lay aside his Providence, t'employ
The whole Divinity upon her Beauty.
And sure 'twas worth the while; had I been *Jove*,
So had I too been pleas'd to be deceiv'd
Into immortal Joys. O cease thy Tears!—

Amestris. Give 'em me back, or if the Grave and
thou

Restore to none, oh join my Fate to theirs!
Shut us together in some silent Vault,
Where I may sit and weep till Death's kind Hand
Shall lay me gently by my Lord's dear Side,
And hush my Sorrows in eternal Slumber.

Mirza. In pity to your Form assuage those Tears,
Sorrow is Beauty's Bane; nor let your Breast
Harbor a Fear: I wage not War with Fair-ones;
But wish you would efface those ugly Thoughts,
That live in your Remembrance to perplex you;
Let Joy, the Native of your Soul, return,
And Love's gay God sit smiling in your Eyes,
And erst he did; I wish you wond'reus well,
And would so fully recompence the Loss
You fondly mourn, that when you count the Gains,
Yourself should own your Fortunes are well chang'd.

Amestris. Oh impious Comforter! Talk'st thou of Joy,
When Nature dictates only Death and Horror?
Is there a God can break the Laws of Fate,
And give me back the precious Lives I've lost?
What nam'st thou Recompence? Can ought atone
For Blood? A Father's and a Husband's Blood?
Such Comfort brings the hungry midnight Wolf,
When having slain the Shepherd, smear'd with Gore;
He leaps amidst the helpless bleating Flock.

Mirza. Away with this Perverseness of thy Sex,
These foolish Tears, these peevish Sighs and Sobblings,
Look

Look up, be gay, and chear me with thy Beauties,
And to thy Wish I will indulge thy Fancy.
Not all th' imagin'd Splendor of the Gods
Shall match thy Pomp, sublimely shalt thou shine,
The Boast and Glory of our *Asian* World;
Nor shall one She of all thy tow'ring Sex
Out-rival thee (thou lovely Fair) in Power.
Oh think on Power, on Power and Place supreme.

Amestris. There is but one, one only thing to think on,
My murder'd Lord, and his dark gaping Grave,
That waits unclos'd impatient of my coming.

Mirza. Oh listen, gentle Maid, while I impart
A Story of such softness to thy Ear,
As (like the Halcyon brooding o'er the Waves)
May with its Influence hush thy stormy Griefs.

Amestris. Be gone, and if thou bear'st one Thought of
Pity

In that hard Breast, oh leave me to myself,
Nor by thy Presence, hideous to my Soul,
And horrid Consolations, strive to add
To my full Woes, that swell'd without thy Help,
Already rise and bubble o'er the Margin.

Mirza. What if I talk'd of Love?

Amestris. Of Love? Oh Monster!

Mirza. If Love be monstrous, so is this fair Frame,
This beauteous World, this Canopy, the Sky;
That sparkling shines with Gems of Light innumerable:
And so art thou and I, since Love made all;
Who kindly reconcil'd the jarring Atoms
In friendly League, and bid 'em be a World.
Frame not thy lovely Mouth then to blaspheme
Thy great Creator; thou art his, and made for
His more peculiar Service; thy bright Eyes,
Thy moist red Lip, thy rising snowy Bosom,
Thy every Part was made to furnish Joy,
Ev'n to a riotous Excess of Happiness:
Oh give me but to taste thy blissful Charms,
And take my Wealth, my Honor, Pow'r, take all,
All, all for Recompence.

Amestris. Execrable Wretch!

Thus, is it thus thou wouldst assuage my Sorrows?
When thy inhuman bloody Cruelty,

76 The AMBITIOUS STEP-MOTHER.

Now with redoubling Pangs cleave my poor Heart,
Com'st thou bespotted with the recent Slaughter
To proffer impious Love? Accursed Fiend!
Horror and Grief shall turn me to a Fury;
Still with my echoing Cries I will pursue thee,
And halloo Vengeance in thy guilty Ears;
Vengeance for Murder! for my Brince's Murder!
And for my poor old Father! Think not, Villain,
Who art the Plague and Scourge of Human-kind,
That there is Peace for thee, whilst I run mad
With raging Sorrow; Vengeance, Vengeance waits thee,
Great as my Woes! My dear, dear *Artaxerxes*!

Mirza. I am not lucky at the glosing Art
Of catching Girls with Words; but 'tis no matter;
Force is a sure Resort: And when at last
Fierce as a tow'ring Faulcon from her Height,
I stoop to strike the Prey, it is my own. [*Aside*.
Obstinate Fool, how dar'st thou cross my Wishes?
Since the same Hand that has aveng'd me well
Upon my other Foes, commands thy Fate;
Tho' Mercy in Compassion of thy Beauty
Reach out her Hand to save thee, yet, if urg'd,
Revenge may still take Place; think well on that.

Amestris. That, that is all the Mercy which I ask;
Indulge thy thirsty Malice in my Blood,
And hasten me to Peace. My Woman's Heart
Shall gather all its little Stock of Courage
To arm me for the Blow. Tho' Death be terrible,
Ghastly and pale, yet I will joy to meet him;
My better Life already is destroy'd,
Imperfect now and wanting half myself,
I wander here in vain, and want thy Hand
To guide and re-unite me to my Lord.

Mirza. Alas! Thou hast not read aright thy Destiny,
Matter of much Import requires thy Life,
And still detains thee here: Come, I'll instruct thee,
And put thee in the Way of Fate's Design.

[*Laying hold on her*.]

Amestris. Unhand me, Villain!

Mirza. Nay, you must not struggle,
Nor frown, and look askew; fantastic Sex!
That put Men on the Drudgery to force you
To your own Satisfaction.

Amestris.

Amestris. Let me go,
Abhorr'd, detested Monster! Shall he brave you,
You awful Gods? Shall not your Light'ning blast him?

Mirza. Oh no! Your Gods have Pleasures of their
own;

Some mortal Beauty charms the wonton *Jove*.
Within whose Arms he revels, nor has Leisure
To mind thy foolish Screaming.

Amestris. Hear me now, sweet Heaven!

Save me, ye Gods! Oh save me! save me! save me!

Mirza. Come, come along! You see you strive in vain;
[Striving with her.]

Amestris. Is there no Hope of Aid from Gods or Men?
Oh let me turn to thee then, kneel to thee,
And with my Prayers and Tears implore thy Pity.

Mirza. Speak, for Enchantment dwells upon thy
Tongue,

And all the flutt'ring Spirits in my Blood
Dance nimbly on to the celestial Sound.

Amestris. What shall I say to move him to Compassion?
Thus groveling, prostrate thus upon the Earth,
Let me conjure you, spare my Virgin Honor,
Spare to commit a Wrong to you unprofitable,
Yet worse to me than Torments, Racks, and Death:
Kill me, the last of my unhappy Race,
And let old *Memnon's* Name with me be lost.
If Death be not enough, let me live wretched;
Pull off these Robes, and clothe me like a Slave,
Then send me out to labor at some Village,
Where I may groan beneath a cruel Master,
Be hardly us'd, and want e'en Food and Raiment:
Till Cold, and Dirt, and Poverty shall change
And make me loathsome as my Fellow-wretches.
Oh! let my Rags claim only this one Privilege,
To wrap me in the Grave a spotless Maid.

Mirza. That Tongue which pleads makes all intreat-
ing vain,

Thy every Motion, each complaining Accent
Warms me afresh, and urges new Desire;
Thou art, thou must be mine, nor Heaven nor Earth,
Nor the conspiring Power of Hell shall save thee;
I long to lose my Age in thy Embraces,

78 The AMBITIOUS STEP-MOTHER.

To bask and wanton in thy warmer Sun
Till a new Youth shoot thro' me.

Amestris. Chaste *Diana*,
And thou the Guardian of the Marriage Bed,
[Getting loose from him.]

Thou Royal *Juno*, Oh protect thy Votary!

Mirza. My jaded Age and weak enervate Limbs
Falter and shrink unequal to their Office.

I pr'ythee yield, come, yield and be a Queen;
[Laying hold on her again.]

Yield, and be any thing. I cannot bear
These fierce convulsive Starts, this raging Flame
That drinks my Blood.

Amestris. O never, never, never.
A Cause like this will turn me to a Fighter,
To my last Gasps, to Death I will resist.

Mirza. My coward Strength, dost thou go back from
Beauty?

Rouse, and deserve the Pleasure thou wouldst taste.

Amestris. Unmanly Traitor!—Seize him, all ye Fiends.
[In the Struggle she draws his own Ponyard, and stabs him.]

Mirza, [falling.] Damnation! Oh my Heart! the
curled Steel

Has struck me to the Earth.

Amestris. I here sink for ever;
Nor rise again to plague the wretched World.

Mirza. Hy heated Blood ebbs out, and now too late
My cooler Reason bids me curse my Folly.

Oh Idiot, Idiot! to be caught so poorly!

Where are thy fine Arts now? Unravel'd all,
Mangled and cut to Pieces by a Girl!

Oh Shame of Wisdom! When Revenge was sure,

And Fate was in my Grasp, to lose it all,

Neglect the noble Game, run out my Years

On the Pursuit of Joys I could not taste!——

My Memory must be the Jest of Boys.

Amestris. My boasted Courage sinks at Sight of Blood.

[Litting fall the Ponyard.]

Tho' justly shed, and I grow stiff with Horror.

[Mirza attempting to rise, falls again.]

Mirza. It wo't be! Life gushes out amain,

And I shall die without Revenge or Aid:

[Trampling

What Noise is that without there? Help!

without.

Amestris.

Amestris. Oh Heavens!
What will become of me?

Enter Orchanes hastily.

Orchanes. My Lord! Where are you?
Bleeding! and on the Ground! What wretched Accident?
Then Fate resolves to make this Night compleat,
Such as succeeding Horrors ne'er shall match.

Mirza. Oh my *Orchanes*! I am fallen vilely,
And this last Part of Life will fully all
The Wisdom and Renown of what is past.
Methought thou talk'st of Horrors, speak 'em boldly,
And try if ought can add to this Confusion.

Orch. Prepare, my Lord, and summon all your Wisdom,
Your utmost Constancy of Soul to hear——

Mirza. No more! I cannot wait thy Preparation,
Let the ill Fortune take me as it finds me.

Orch. Then hear it thus; your Daughter's dead——

Mirza. My Daughter?
Thy Words have met with an-unguarded Side,
And pierce ev'n thro' my Soul. Say, how? Where?
tell me!——

Orch. As with a Guard I kept the Temple-gates,
I heard old *Memnon* and the Pris'ner Prince
Loud as the roaring Ocean in a Storm,
Echoing their Rage thro' the vast founding Dome;
When on a sudden ere the Night had gain'd
Four Hours at most, the Noise was hush'd in Silence.
Wond'ring, and curious of the Cause, I enter'd,
And found (oh Grief to Sight) your lovely Daughter
Dress'd like a Boy, then warm, and newly dead.
One Wound was on her Breast. Why she was there,
Or how, we know not; to compleat the Ill,
The Pris'ners both are fled.

Mirza. Fled! 'tis impossible.
Ha! which Way? Whither? How? they could not fly.

Amestris. O wondrous Turn of Joy! Are they not
dead then? [Aside.

Orch. They could not 'scape the Guards; no other
Passage
Remain'd but your's, and ev'n that was fast.
Upon the Instant I beset each Avenue
Which to your Palace leads; happily as yet
They are not pass'd from thence.

Amestris.

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Amestris. Guard 'em, ye Gods ! [*Aside.*

Mirza. Find 'em again, *Orchanes*, ere I die,
Or I am more than doubly damn'd ; this Loss
Is worse than mine, worse than my Daughter's Death,
'Tis Death of my Revenge. Malicious Fortune !
She took the Moment when my Wisdom nodded,
And ruin'd me at Once. O doating Fool !
Thou Fool of Love, and of pernicious Woman !
I sicken ; Nature fails me ; Oh Revenge !
Will not thy Cordial keep back flying Life ?
It shall ; *Orchanes* drag that Traitors to me.

Amestris. Oh if thou art a Man, I charge thee loose me,
And scorn his Bidding, scorn to be his Slave,
A Devil's Drudge in Mischief. Save me from Death,
Have Pity on my Youth : Oh spare my Youth !

[*Orchanes pulls Amestris down to Mirza.*

Mirza. Harken not to her, drag her, pull her down :
Shall *Memnon* boast of thee, while I die childless ?
No, to *Cleone's* Ghost thou art a Victim.
O could I but have seen thee with those Eyes
I view thee now, I had been wise and safe ;
That Face shall make no more Fools in this World,
Down, bear thy fatal Beauties down to Hell,
And try if thou can'st charm amongst the Dead.
Die, Witch ; Enchantress, die. [*He stabs her.*

Amestris. Ah ! Mercy, Heavens !

Mirza. I thank thee, Hand, at least for this last Service.
Now fly, *Orchanes*, haste and tell the Queen,
My latest Breath stay for her—Something I would
[*Exit Orchanes.*

Important to her Service—I breathe short,
Life stays in Pain, and struggles to be gone,
I strive in vain to hold it—Ha ! what mean
These fleeting Shades that dance before my Sight ?
'Tis Death, I feel it plain ; the dreadful Change
That Nature starts at. Death !——Death !——What
is Death !

'Tis a vast Disquisition, Priests and Scholars
Enquire whole Ages, and are yet in Doubt.
My Head turns round—I cannot form one Thought
That pleases me about it.—Dying—must resolve me.

[*Mirza dies.*

Amestris.

The AMBITIOUS STEP-MOTHER. 81

Amestris. Oh my hard Fortune ! must I die ? die now,
When *Artaxerxes* calls and bids me live ?
His dear lov'd Image stays my parting Soul,
And makes it linger in its ruin'd House.
Ha ! sure he's dead—'tis so, and now he stands

[*Looking on Mirza.*

Arraign'd before the dread impartial Judges,
To answer to a long Account of Crimes ;
Had I but Strength, perhaps my Fate may yet [*Rising.*
Find out a Way to save me.

My Love and Father make Life worth my Care,
Alas ! my Blood flows fast : this Way, I think.

[*Goes off faintly.*

*Enter at the other Side Artaxerxes and Memnon, with a
Sword and Dark-Lanthorn.*

Memnon. Ha ! here are Lights, hold up thy Weapon,
Son.

Artax. And see, Blood and a Body on the Floor !
What means this Scene of Death ? What Wretch art thou ?
Oh all ye juster Powers ! 'tis *Mirza*, see,
He seems now dead.

Memnon. Damnation then is new to him.
And if there be one deeper Pit of Sulphur,
One Plague above the rest in these dark Regions,
He, as the most abandon'd Dog, may claim it,
And vie for Preference with Devils themselves.

Re-enter Amestris.

Amestris. The Doors are guarded, Fate has clos'd me
round.

Artax. Ha ! art thou my *Amestris* ?

Memnon. Oh my Daughter ! [*They run to her.*

Amestris. Are ye then come at last to bless my Eyes,
Which could not close without one parting View ?
O, hold me, or I sink——

Memnon. Alas ! my Child——

Artax. My cruel Fears ! why art thou pale and faint ?
Ha ! whence this Blood ? Oh ! killing Spectacle !

Amestris. Forth from my Heart the crimson River flows,
My lavish Heart, that hastily consumes
Its small Remain of Life : O lay me gently
On my last Bed the Earth, whose cold hard Bosom
Must shortly be the Place of my long Rest.

Memnon.

82 The AMBITIOUS STEP-MOTHER.

Memnon. What have we done? or, oh! if we have
finn'd,
What has thy Innocence done to merit this!

Amestris. That Villain *Mirza*——

Memnon. Ha! Say, what of him?

Amestris. Offer'd most brutal Outrage to my Honour.

Artax. Oh ye eternal Rulers of the World,
Could you look on unmov'd? But say, instruct me,
That I may bow before the God that sav'd thee.

Amestris. Sure 'twas some chaster Pow'r that made
me bold,
And taught my trembling Hand to find the Way
With his own Ponyard to the Villain's Heart.

Memnon. Thou art my Daughter still! Oh noble Action!
That gives in Death an Interval of Joy.

Amestris. Just in that Hour of Fate a Villain enter'd,
By whose Assistance the revengeful *Mirza*
Forc'd me to share Death with him.

Artax. 'Tis past, 'tis past; [Lying down.
And all those Fires that lighted up my Soul,
Glory and bright Ambition languish now,
And leave me dark and gloomy as the Grave.
Oh thou soft dying Sweetness!—shall I rage
And curse myself? Curse ev'n the Gods;—Oh no;
I am the Slave of Fate, and bow beneath
The Load that presses me; am sunk to Earth,
And ne'er shall rise again: Here will I sit
And gaze till I am nothing.

Amestris. Alas! my Lord,
Fain would I strive to bid you not be sad,
Fain would I chear your Grief, but 'tis in vain:
I know by my own Heart it is impossible;
For we have lov'd too well. Oh mournful Nuptials!
Are these the Joys of Brides? Indeed 'tis hard,
'Tis very hard to part; I cannot leave you;
The agonizing Thought distracts me; hold me,
Oh hold me fast, Death shall not tear me from you.

Artax. O could my Arms fence thee from Destiny,
The Gods might launch their Thunder on my Head,
Plague me with Woes treble to what I feel:
With Joy I would endure it all to save thee.
What shall I say? What shall I do to save thee?

Grief

Grief shakes my Frame, it melts my very Temper,
My manly Constancy and Royal Courage
Run gushing thro' my Eyes: Oh my *Amestris*!

Amestris. And see my Father! his white Beard is wet
With the sad Dew.

Memnon. I try'd to man my Heart,
But could not stand the Buffet of this Tempest.
It tears me up—My Child! Ha! art thou dying?

Amestris. Indeed I'm very sick, Oh hold me up!
My Pain increases, and a cold damp Dew
Hangs on my Face. Is there no Help? No Ease?
Have I your Arm, my Love?

Artax. Thou hast; my Heart,
Dost thou yet hold?

Amestris. Say, will you not forget me,
When I am laid to moulder in my Tomb?
'Tis sure you will not, still there will be Room
For my Remembrance in your noble Heart;
I know you lov'd me truly. Now I faint.
Oh, shield me, shield me from that ugly Phantom,
The Cave of Death! how dark and deep it is!
I tremble at the Sight——'tis hideous Horror!
The Gloom grows o'er me—Let me not lie there.

[*Amestris dies.*]

Artax. There Life gave Way, and the last rosy Breath
Went in that Sigh. Death like a brutal Victor,
Already enter'd, with rude Haste defaces
The lovely Frame he'as master'd; see how soon
These starry Eyes have lost their Light and Lustre!
Stay, let me close their Lids. Now for the Rest;
Oh *Memnon*! Ha! Grief has transfix'd his Brain,
And he perceives me not;—Now what of thee?
Think'st thou to live, thou Wretch? Think not of any
Thing;

Thought is Damnation, 'tis the Plague of Devils
To think on what they are. And see, this Weapon
Shall shield me from it, plunge me in Forgetfulness,
Ere the dire Scorpion, Thought, can rouse to sting me.
Lend me thy Bosom, my cold Bride: Ill-fortune

[*Lying by her.*]

Has done its worst, and we shall part no more;
Wait for me, gentle Spirit, since the Stars

Together

84 The AMBITIOUS STEP-MOTHER.

Together must receive us. [*Stabs himself.*] Oh well aim'd !
How foolish is the Coward's Fear of Death !
Of Death, the greatest——surest Way to Peace.

[*Artaxerxes dies.*]

[*Memnon stands looking on the Bodies some Time,
and then speaks.*]

Memnon. Yet will I gaze ! Yet, tho' my Eyes grow stiff,
And turn to Steel or Marble. Here's a Sight
To bless a Father ! These, these were your Gifts,
Ye bounteous Gods ! You'll spare my Thanks for them.
You gave me Being too, and spun me out
To hoary Wretchedness ; away, 'twas Cruelty :
Oh cursed, cursed, cursed fourscore Years,
Ye Heap of Hills, ye monst'rous Pile of Plagues !
Sure they lov'd well, the very Streams of Blood,
That flow from their pale Bosoms, meet and mingle.
Stay, let me view 'em better—Nay, 'tis thus——
If thou art like thy Mother——She dy'd too——
Where is she ?—Ha ! that Dog, that Villain *Mirza*,
He bears her from me : Shall we not pursue ?——
The Whirl of Battle comes across me, fly ;
Be gone ; they shall not, dare not brave me thus ;
Hey, 'ts a glorious Sound ! rush on, my Prince,
We'll start and reach the Jail of Fate at once. [*Runs off.*]

Enter on the other Side Queen and Attendants with Lights.

Queen. Why am I summon'd with this Call of Death ?
This is no common Ruin ; *Artaxerxes* !
And *Memnon's* Daughter ! *Mirza*, thou art fallen
In pompous Slaughter : Could not all thy Arts,
That dol'd about Destruction to our Enemies,
Guard thy own Life from Fate ? Vain Boast of Wisdom,
That with fantastic Pride, like busy Children,
Builds Paper Towns and Houses, which at once
The Hand of Chance o'erturns, and loosely scatters !

1st. Attend. Oh dismal Sight ! [*Looking.*]

Queen. What is it frights thy Eyes ?

1st. Attend. Old *Memnon's* Body.

Queen. 'Tis a grateful Horror.

1st. Attend. Upon the Floor the batter'd Carcase lies
Weltring in Gore, whilst on the Marble-wall
A dreadful Mass of Brains, Grey-hair, and Blood,
Is smear'd in hideous Mixture.

Queen.

The AMBITIOUS STEP-MOTHER. 85

Queen. Fierce Despair

Has forc'd a Way for the impetuous Soul.

'Tis well, he is in Peace—What means this tumult?

[*Shout, clashing of Swords.*]

Enter an Officer, his Sword drawn.

Officer. Fly, Madam, lest your Person be not safe;
The Traitor *Bagoas*, to whose Charge you trusted
The Prince your Son, has drawn the Guards to join him,
And now assisted by the furious Rabble,
On every Side they charge those Few who keep
This Palace and the Temple, with loud Outcries,
Proclaiming that they mean to free the Pris'ners.
Orbanes, ere I fled to give you Notice,
Fell by the Prince's Hand; the raging Torrent
Bore down our weak Resistance, and pursuing
With furious Haste, ev'n trod upon my Flight:
This Instant brings 'em here.

Queen. Let 'em come on,
I cannot fear; this Storm is rais'd too late,
I stand secure of all I wish already.

[*Shout and Clashing of Swords again.*]

*Enter Artaban, Cleanthes, and Attendants, with their
Swords drawn.*

Artaban. Then Virtue is in vain, since base Deceit
And Treachery have triumph'd o'er the Mighty.
Oh Nature! let me turn my Eyes away,
Lest I am blasted by a Mother's Sight.

Queen. Ungrateful Rebel; do thy impious Arms
Pursue me for my too indulgent Fondness
And Care for thee?

Artaban. Well has that Care been shewn;
Have you not foully stain'd my sacred Fame?
Look on that Scene of Blood; the dire Effects
Of cruel Female Arts. But oh what Recompense?
What can you give me for my murder'd Love?
Has not the Labyrinth of your fatal Counsels
Involv'd my fair, my lovely, lost *Cleone*?

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By our bright Gods I swear, I will assert
The Majesty of manly Government,
Nor wear again your Chains : Still as our Mother
Be honour'd ; rule amongst your Maids and Eunuchs,
Nor mingle in our State, where mad Confusion
Shakes the whole Frame, to boast a Woman's Cunning.

Queen. Thou talk'st as if thy infant Hand could grasp,
Guide, and command the Fortune of the World ;
But thou art young in Pow'r. Remember, Boy,
Thy Father, once the Hero of his Age,
Was proud to be the subject of my Sway ;
The Warrior to the Woman's Wit gave Way,
And found it was his Interest to obey.
And dost thou hope to shake off my Command ?
Dost thou, the Creature of my forming Hand ?
When I assert the Pow'r thou dar'st invade,
Like Heaven I will resolve to be obey'd,
And rule or ruin that which once I made.

[*Exeunt Queen and Attendants.*]

Artaban. Let a Guard wait the Queen : Tho' Nature
plead

For Reverence to her Person, jealous Power
Must watch her subtle and ambitious Wit.
Hast thou secur'd the impious Priest, *Cleanthes* ?
Magas, that Wretch that prostitutes our Gods.

Clean. Already he has met the Fate he merited :
This Night the Hypocrite in grand Procession
March'd thro' the City to appease the People,
And bore the Gods along to aid his Purpose :
When on a sudden, like a Hurricane,
That starts at once, and ruffles all the Ocean.
Some Fury more than mortal seiz'd the Crowd :
At once they rush'd, at once they cry'd Revenge ;
Then snatch'd and tore the trembling Priest to Pieces.
What was most strange, no Injury was offer'd
To any of the Brotherhood beside,
But all their Rage was ended in his Death :
Like formal Justice that severely strikes,
And in an Instant is serene and calm.

Artaban. Oh my *Cleanthes*, do but cast thy Thoughts
Back on the recent Story of this Night ;

And

The AMBITIOUS STEP-MOTHER. 87

And thou with me wilt wonder, and confess
 The Gods are great and just. Well have you mark'd,
 Celestial Powers, your righteous Detestation
 Of Sacrilege, of base and bloody Treachery.
 May this Example guide my future Sway :
 Let Honour, Truth, and Justice, crown my Reign,
 Ne'er let my kingly Word be given in vain,
 But ever sacred with my Foes remain.
 On these Foundations shall my Empire stand,
 The Gods shall vindicate my just Command,
 And guard that Power they trusted to my Hand.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]



E P I L O G U E.

TH E Spleen and Vapours, and this doleful Play,
 Have mortify'd me to that Heigh To-day,
 That I am almost in the mortal Mind
 To die indeed, and leave you all behind.
 Know then, since I resolve in Peace to part,
 I mean to leave to one alone my Heart :
 (Last Favours will admit of no Partage,
 I bar all Sharing, but upon the Stage)
 To one who can with one alone be blest,
 The peaceful Monarch of a single Breast :
 To one——But oh ! how hard 'twill be to find
 That Phoenix in your fickle changing Kind !
 New Loves, new Interests, and Religions new,
 Still your fantastic Appetites pursue.
 Your sickly Fancies loath what you possess,
 And every restless Fool would change his Place.

Semo

E P I L O G U E.

*Some weary of their Peace and Quiet grown,
Want to be hoisted up aloft, and shewn ;
Whilst from the envy'd Height, the Wise get safely
down.*

*We find your wavering Temper to our Cost,
Since all our Pains and Care to please is lost.*

Music in vain supports with friendly Aid

Her Sister Poetry's declining Head :

Show but a Mimic Ape, or French Buffoon,

You to the other House in Shoals are gone,

And leave us here to tune our Crouds alone.

Must Shakespear, Fletcher, and laborious Ben

Be left for Scaramouch and Harlequin ?

Allow you are inconstant, yet 'tis strange,

For Sense is still the same, and ne'er can change.

Yet ev'n in that you vary as the rest,

And every Day new Notions are profest.

*Nay there's a * Wit has found, as I am told,*

New Ways to Heaven, despairing of the old :

He swears he'll spoil the Clerk and Sexton's Trade,

Bells shall no more be rung, nor Graves be made :

The Hearse and six no longer be in Fashion,

Since all the Faithful may expect Translation.

What think you of the Project ? I'm for trying,

I'll lay aside these foolish Thoughts of dying ;

Preserve my Youth and Vigour for the Stage,

And be translated in a good old Age.

* Afgill.



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ALZIRA

A

TRAGEDY.

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At the THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

Lincoln's-Inn Fields.

The SECOND EDITION.



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Printed for JOHN OSBORN, at the *Golden
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W I L I A M

T R A G E D Y

At the Theatre Royal

Lincoln's-Inn Fields.

The Second Edition.



L O N D O N :

Printed for John Oateson, at the Golden Ball in Pall-mall.

MDCCLXXVII



T O

His Royal Highness,
FREDERICK

PRINCE of WALES.

SIR,



H O' a Prince is *born* a Patron, yet a benevolent Expansion of his Heart gives nobler Title to the *Homage of the Arts*, than all the Greatness of his Power to propagate them. — Their RESPECT is, (either Way) so much Your Royal Highness's unquestion'd *Due*, that He, who *asks your Leave* to offer such a Duty, calls in *Question* your Prerogative; or means to *sell* his own Acknowledgments.

They have not mark'd, with Penetration, the Distinction of your Spirit, who dare look upon you as *Inclos'd*, against the Access of *Sincerity*. The Judgment, and Humanity, of Princes are *obscur'd*, by Difficulties in ap-

proaching them. Nor *can* the Benefactors of Mankind be so far inconsistent with Themselves, as to interpose the Obstacles, of Distance, or cold Ceremony, between their Goodness, and our Gratitude.

Allow me, therefore, Sir, the Honour to present ALZIRA to your Patronage: Disclaiming (for *myself*) all Expectation of your Notice. — It is *just*, that I shou'd give up *my own* small Pretensions: But Mr. *de Voltaire* brings Title to your Royal Highness's *Regard*. — The Merit of his Work will recommend him, to your Judgment: And the Noble Justice he has done HER MAJESTY's distinguish'd *Character*, in his *French* Preface to this Tragedy, (Himself, mean while, a *Foreigner*, and writing in a *foreign Nation*) will, perhaps, deserve the Glory of the SON's *Partiality*; in Sense of Reverence for the ROYAL MOTHER.

It were indeed, some Violation of Respect, and Gratitude, not to devote ALZIRA to the Hand, that honour'd her, in Public, with an Applause so warm, and weighty, in her Representation on the *English* Theatre. — Here, Mr. *de Voltaire* enjoy'd the *Triumph*, due to Genius: while his *Heroic Characters*, at the same Time, made evident the Force of *Nature*, when it operates upon *resembling* Qualities. — When Tragedies are strong in *Sentiment*, they will be *Touchstones* to their Hearer's *Hearts*. The Narrow, and Inhumane, will be unattentive, or unmov'd: While Princely

Princely Spirits like your Royal Highness's, (impell'd by their own conscious Tendency) shew us an Example, in their generous Sensibility, how *Great Thoughts* should be *receiv'd*, by Those, who can *think greatly*.

Yet, in one strange Circumstance, *Alzira* SUFFER'D, by the Honour of Your *Approbation* ! For, while the Audience hung their Eyes upon your Royal Highness's *discerning Delicacy*, Their Joy, to see you *warm'd by*, and *applauding most*, those Sentiments which draw their Force from Love of *Pity*, and of *Liberty*, became *the only Passion they wou'd feel* ; and thereby lessen'd their *Attention* to the very Scenes they *ow'd it to*.

Can it be *possible*, after so important a Public Declaration in Honour of *Passion* and *Sentiment*, that this best Use of the *Poet's Art* shou'd, any longer, continue to languish, under general Neglect, or Indifference ?-----No, surely, Sir ! — Your Royal Highness, but *persisting* to keep Reason and Nature in Countenance at the Theatres, will universally *establisth*, what you so generously and openly *avow*. For, if where Men *love*, they will *imitate*, Your Example must be *copied*, by *Millions* : till the Influence of your Attraction shall have *planted* your Taste ; and *overspread Three Kingdoms with Laurels*.

It may at present perhaps, be a *fruitless*, but it can never be an *irrational* Wish, that a Theatre entirely *new*, (if not rather the old Ones, *new-modell'd*) professing only what is

serious, and *manly*, and sacred to the Interests of *Wisdom* and *Virtue*, might arise, under some powerful and popular Protection, such as That of Your Royal Highness's *distinguish'd Countenance*! — To what probable Lengths of Improvement, wou'd not such a *Spur* provoke *Genius*! — Or, shou'd it *fail* to do That, it wou'd make manifest, at least, that rather *Wit* is wanting, than *Encouragement*: and, that These opprobrious *Excrescencies* of our Stage, which, under the Disguise of *Entertainments*, have defam'd, and insulted, a *People*, had a meaner *Derivation*, than from the Hope of delighting our *Princes*.

It has been a Misfortune to Poetry, in this Nation, that it was, too superciliously, *underrated*: and, (to acknowledge Truth, on both Sides) for the most part, *practis'd too lightly*. — But, by those who consider it according to the Demands of its Character, It will be found intitled, beyond many other Arts, to the political Affection of Princes: Being more perswasive, in its Nature, than *Rhetoric*; and more comprehensive, and animating, than *History*. — For, while History but *waits on* Fortune, with a little too servile a Restriction, Poetry, *corrects*, and *commands* her: — Because, rectifying the Obliquity of *natural* Events, by a more equitable Formation of *rational* ones, the Poet (as Lord Bacon very finely, and truly observes) instead of constraining the Mind to *Successes*, adapts, and calls out *Events*, to the Measures of *Reason*, and *Virtue*:

Virtue : maintaining Providence triumphant, against the Oppositions of *Nature*, and *Accident*.

And, still more to distinguish his Superiority, over the gay *Prose-Fabricks* of Imagination, the POET, as a Re-inforcement to his creative Vivacity of *Invention*, super-adds the Attraction of *Harmony* ; and then, pours, through the whole, an irresistible Fire, of *Enthusiasm*, wherewith to raise and to govern the PASSIONS.

Dramatic Poetry, in this bold Purpose, acts with most *immediate*, and *manifest*, Consequence ; because, assembling, together, all, that *animates*, *invites*, or *inforces* : It works, with incredible Influence, upon the Spirits, and Passions, of a People : after they have been refin'd, and *induc'd*, to its Relish. — It does This, in so confess'd a *Degree*, that our great Philosopher, abovenamed, undertaking (in his *De Augmentis Scientiarum*) professedly, to consider its Prevalence, beautifully calls it the Bow of the Mind : as if, to express it more clearly, He had said, The *Stage* is an Instrument, in the Hands of the *Poet*, as capable of giving *Modulation*, and *Tone*, to the HEART ; — as the *Bow*, to the VIOLIN, in the Hands of a *Musician*.

There is *another* Advantage, in Poetry, which still further intitles it to the Protection of Princes, who are Lovers (like your Royal Highness) of Ages, which are only to *bear of* them. — Other Arts have some *single*, and

limited, Effect: but the Creations of *Poetry*, have a Power to *multiply their Species*, in New and Emulative *Successions*, of Virtue, and Heroism: the SEEDS, as it were, of those Passions, which produce noble Qualities, being *sown*, in all Poems, of Genius.

If such desirable Effects are, now, less common than antiently, It is only because, sometimes, *Tuneful Emptiness* is mistaken for *Poetry*; and, sometimes, *calm, cold*, Sense, convey'd in *unpassionate Metre*: whereas Poetry has no Element, but PASSION; and therefore, Rhyme, Turn, and Measure, are but fruitless *Affectations*, where a SPIRIT is not found, that conveys the *Heat*, and *Enthusiasm*. — The Poet, to say all, in a Word, who can be read, without Excitement of the most passionate Emotions in the Heart, having been, *busily, losing his Pains*; like a Smith, who wou'd fashion *Cold Iron*. — He has the regular *Return*, in the Descent of the Strokes, — the insignificant *Jynge*, in the Ring of the Sound; — and the hammering *Delight* in the Labour. — But, he has neither the *Penetration*, the *Glow*; — nor the *Sparkling*.

When, in some unbending Moments, your Royal Highness shall reflect, perhaps, on the most likely Measures, for diminishing our *Pretences* to Poetry, yet augmenting its *essential Growth*, how kind wou'd Heaven be, to the legitimate Friends of the *Muses*, shou'd it, at those Times, Whisper in your Ear, that no

Art.

Art ever flourished (in Monarchies) *till the Favour of the Court made it fashionable?*

On my own Part, I have little to say, worth the Honour of your Royal Highness's Notice : being no more than an *humble Solicitor*, for an Event I have nothing to hope from. Not that I presume to represent myself as too Stoical, *to feel* the Advantage of *Distinction*. I am only *too busy*, to be disposed for pursuing it : having *Renounc'd* the World, without *quitting* it ; that, *standing aside* in an uncrowded Corner, I might escape being hurried along in the Dust of the *Show* ; and quietly see, and consider, *the Whole, as it passes* : instead of acting *a Part in it* ; and That, perhaps, but a *poor* one.

In a Situation, so calm, and untroubled, there arises a salutary Habit, of supposing *DISTINCTION* to be lodg'd in the *Mind* ;--- and *AMBITION*, in the *Use*, and *Command*, of the Faculties.---Such a Choice may be *silent* ; but it is not *unactive*.-----Nay, I am afraid, he who makes it, is but a concealed Kind of *EPICURE* ; notwithstanding his Pretences to *Forbearance*, and *Philosophy*. For, while he partakes, in full Relish, all the naked *Enjoyments* of Life, he throws nothing of it away, but it's *false Face*, and it's *Prejudices*.-----He takes Care to live at *Peace*, in the very Centre of *Malice*, and *Faction* : for, viewing Greatness, *without Hope*, he views it, also, *without Envy*.

Upon the whole, tho' there may be a Suspicion of something too *selfish*, in this *personal* System of *Liberty*, it will free a Man, in a Moment, from all those *byassing Partialities*, which hang their dead weight upon *Judgment*; and leave him, as *disinterested* a Spectator of the Virtues, or Vices of *cotemporary Greatness*, as of That, which History has transmitted to him, from Times he had nothing to do with. ---I am, therefore, *sure, it is* NO FLATTERY, when I congratulate your Royal Highness, on the human Glories of your *future* Reign: and thank you for a thousand Blessings; *I expect not to partake of.*

I am,

With a profound Respect,

S I R,

YOUR ROYAL HIGHNESS'S

Most Obedient, and

Most Humble Servant,

A. HILL.



T H E P R O L O G U E.

Spoke by Mr. GIFFARD.

W H E N some raw Padd'ler, from the waded Shore,
First dares the deep'ning Stream, and ventures
Light on his floating CORK, the Wave he Skims, [o'er,
And, wanton in his Safety, thinks, he SWIMS.
So, shall ALZIRA'S FAME our Faults protect:
And, from your Censure, screen each fear'd Defect.
For — shou'd we act, un-skill'd, the PLAYER'S Parts;
We act such SCENES — as force us, to your Hearts.

*What Floods of Tears a neighb'ring Land saw flow,
When a whole People wept Alzira's Woe!
The loveliest Eyes of France, in one pleas'd Night,
Twice charm'd, — renew'd, and lengthen'd-out, Delight.
Twice charm'd, review'd the sad, the melting, Strain:
Yet, — hung — insatiate — on the willing Pain!
Thrice thirty Days, All Paris sigh'd, for — SENSE!
Tumblers — stood still — and thought! — in WIT'S Defence!
E'en Power despotic felt, how Wrongs can move:
And, nobly, wept — for LIBERTY, and LOVE!*

*Can it be fear'd, then, — that Our gen'rous Land,
Where Justice blooms, and Reason holds Command;
This Soil of Science! where bold Truth is taught,
This Seat of Freedom! and this Throne of Thought!
Can pour Applause, on foreign Song, and Dance,
Yet, leave the Praise of solid Sense, to France!
No — That's impossible, — 'tis Britain's Claim,
To hold no Second Place, in Taste, or Fame.
In Arts and Arms, alike victorious known,
Whate'er deserves Her Choice, she makes her own.*

Nor

*Nor, let the conscious Power of English Wit
 Less feel the Force---because a Frenchman Writ.
 Reason and Sentiment,---like Air and Light,
 Where-ever found, are Nature's common Right.
 ---Since the same Sun gives Northern Climes their DAY,
 After the East, has, first, receiv'd it's Ray,
 Why should our Pride, repel the Muses' Smile,
 Because it dawn'd not, first, upon our Isle ?*

*Fraternal Art ADOPTS each Alien Fame :
 The Wise, and Brave, are, Ev'ry-where, the Same.
 From hostile Sentiments, let Discord flow ;
 But, They who think like Friends, should have No Foe.*



THE EPILOGUE.

Spoke by Mrs. GIFFARD.

THE Fifth Act past, you'll think it strange to find
 My Scene of deep Distress is, yet, behind !
 Task'd, for the Epilogue, I fear you'll blame
 My want---of what you love, behind that Name.
 But, for my Soul, I can't, from such High Scening,
 Descend, plum down at once -----to Double-meaning.
 Judges ! protect me---and pronounce it fit,
 That Solemn Sense, shou'd end, with Serious Wit.

*When the full Heart o'erflows with pleasing Pain,
 Why should we wish, to make th' Impression vain ?
 Why, when two thinking Hours have fixt the Play,
 Shou'd two light Minutes, laugh it's Use away ?
 Twere to proclaim our Vertues but a JEST,
 Should they who ridicule 'em, please us, best.*

No --- rather, at your Actor's Hands, require
 Off'rings more Apt ; and a Sublimer Fire !
 Thoughts that may rivet, not efface, the Scene :
 Aids to the Mind : not Flatt'ries for the Spleen.
 When Love, Hate, Pity, -- Doubt, Hope, Grief, and Rage,
 With clashing Inf'ence, fire the glowing Stage ;
 When the touch'd Heart, relenting into Woe,
 From Others Fate, does its own Danger know ;
 When soft'ning Tenderness unlocks the Mind,
 And the stretch'd Bosom takes in all Mankind :
 Sure ! 'tis no Time, for the bold Hand of Wit
 To snatch back Virtues, from the plunder'd Pit.

Still be it Ours, to give you Scenes, thus strong,
 And Yours, to cherish, and retain 'em, long !
 Then, shall the Stage its General Use endear ;
 And every Virtue, gather Firmness, here.
 Pow'r be to Pardon, --- Wealth to Pity, Mov'd ;
 And Truth be taught the Art, to grow belov'd :
 Women, to charm, with fast, and sure, Effect ;
 And Men, to love 'em, with a soft Respect.
 Till All alike, some diff'rent Motive rouses :
 And Tragedy, (un-farc'd) invites full Houses.





PERSONS Represented.

Don CARLOS, Governor of Peru, } By Mr. Wright.
for the Spaniards,

Don ALVAREZ, Father of Don } By Mr. Giffard.
Carlos, and former Governor,

ZAMOR, Indian Sovereign, of one } By Mr. Johnson.
Part of the Country,

EZMONT, Indian Sovereign, of } By Mr. Havard.
another Part,

ALZIRA, Daughter of Ezmont, By Mrs. Giffard.

EMIRA, } Alzira's Women.
CEPHANIA, }

Spanish and American Captains and Soldiers.

SCENE, in the City of LIMA.



ALZIRA.

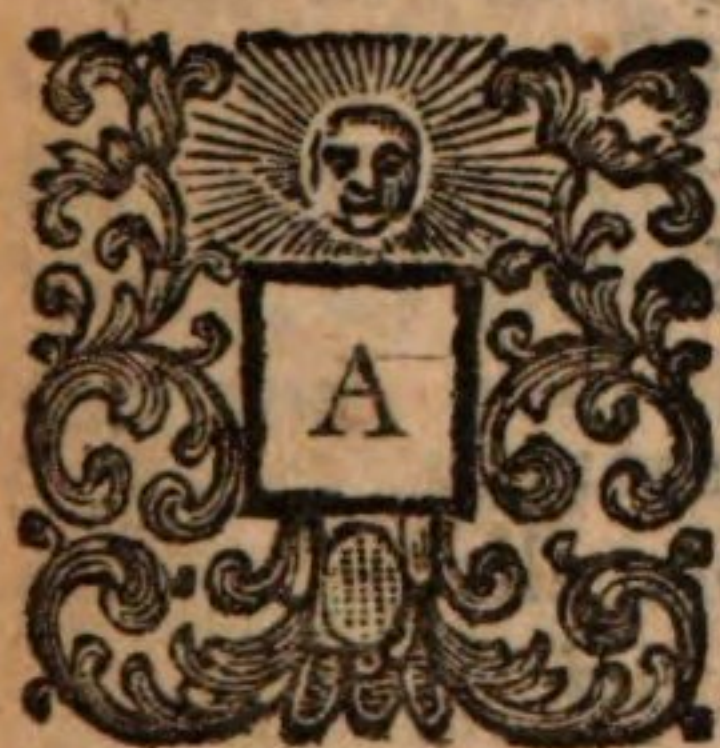
A

TRAGEDY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Don ALVAREZ, Don CARLOS.

ALVAREZ.



T length, the *Council*, partial to my
[Prayer,
Has, to a Son, I love, transferr'd my
[Power.
Carlos, rule, happy: be a *Viceroy*, long!
Long, for thy Prince, and for thy God,
[maintain

Thi- younger, richer, lovelier, Half the Globe;
Too fruitful, heretofore, in *Wrongs*, and *Blood*:
Crimes, the lamented Growths of powerful *Gold*!
Safe, to thy abler Hand, devolve resign'd,
Those Sovereign Honours, which oppress'd my Years,
And dimm'd the feeble Lamp of wasted Age.

Yet had it, long, and not unuseful, *flam'd*.
I, first, o'er wo'd'ring *Mexico*, in Arms,
March'd the new Horrors of a *World unknown*!
I steer'd the floating Towers of fearless *Spain*
Through the plow'd Bosom of an *untried Sea*!

B

Too

Too *happy*, had my Labours been so blest'd,
 To change my brave Associate's rugged Souls,
 And soften stubborn HEROES into MEN.
 Their *Cruelties*, my Son, eclips'd their Glory :
 And I have *wept* a Conqu'ror's splendid *Shame*,
 Whome Heaven *not better* made, and, yet, made *Great* !

Wearied at length, I reach my Life's last Verge ;
 Where I shall, peaceful, veil my Eyes, in Rest ;
 If, ere they close, they but behold my *Carlos*
 Ruling *Potosi's* Realm, by *Christian* Laws,
 And making *Gold more rich*, by Gifts from Heaven.

D. *Carlos*. Taught and supported, by *your* great Ex-
 I learnt, beneath your Eye, to *conquer*, Realms, [ample,
 Which, by your Councils, I may learn to *govern* :
 Giving those Laws, I first, receive, from *you*.

Alvarez. Not so. --- Divided Power is Power *dis-arm'd*,
 Outworn by Labour, and decay'd by Time,
 Pomp is no more my Wish. Enough, for *Me*,
 That, heard in *Council*, Age may temper Rashness.

Trust me, Mankind but ill rewards the Pains
 Of over-prompt Ambition. ——— 'Tis, *now*, Time
 To give my long-neglected *God* those Hours,
 Which close the languid Period of my Days.

One only Gift I ask : refuse not *That*.
 As Friend. I *ask* it ; and, as Father, *claim*.
 Pardon those poor *Americans*, condemn'd,
 For wand'ring hither, and, this Morning, seiz'd.
 To *my* Disposal give 'em kindly up,
 That Liberty, unhop'd, may charm the more.
 A Day like *This* should merit Smiles from all ;
 And Mercy, soft'ning Justice, mark it *blest'd*.

D. *Carlos*. Sir, all, that *Fathers* ask, they *must* com-
 Yet, condescend to recollect, how far [mand.
 This Pity, undeserv'd, might hazard All.
 In infant Towns like ours, methinks 'twere safe,
 Not to familiarize these Savage Spies.
 If we accustom Foes to look, too near,
 We teach 'em, at our Cost, to slight those Swords,
 They once flew trembling from, whene'er they saw.
 Frowning *Revenge*, and Awe of distant *Dread*,
 Not smiling *Friendship*, tames these sullen Souls.
 The sow'r *American*, unbroke, and wild,

Spurns,

Spurns, with indignant Rage, and bites his Chain,
 Humble when punish'd ; if regarded, Fierce.
 Power *sickens* by Forbearance : Rigid Men,
 Who feel not Pity's Pangs, are best obey'd.
Spaniards, 'tis true, are rul'd by Honour's Law,
 Submit unmurm'ring, and unforc'd go right.
 But, other Nations are impell'd by *Fear* ;
 And must be rein'd, and spurr'd, with hard Controll.
 The Gods themselves, in this ferocious Clime,
 Ti'll they look *grim* with *Blood*, excite no Dread.

Alvarez. Away, my Son, with these detested Schemes !
 Perish such politic *Reproach* of Rule !

Are we made Captains in our Maker's Cause,
 O'er these *new Christians* call'd to stretch his Name,
 His *peaceful* Name ! and shall we, unprovok'd,
 Bear *Murders*, which our *holy Cherts* presume
 To mispronounce His injur'd Altar's *Due* !
 Shall we dis-people Realms, and *kill* to *save* !

Such if the Fruits of *Spain's* religious Care,
 I, from the distant Bounds of our old World,
 Have to this new one, stretch'd a *Saviour's* Name,
 To make it *hateful* to *One Half* the Globe,
 Because no Mercy grac'd the *Other's* Zeal !

No, my misguided *Carlos*, the broad Eye
 Of *One Creator* takes in All Mankind.
 His Laws expand the Heart : and we, who thus,
 Wou'd, by Destruction, propagate Belief,
 And mix, with *Blood*, and *Gold*, Religion's Growth ;
 Stamp in these *Indian's* honest Breasts a *Scorn*
 Of all we *teach*, from what they see, we *do*.

D. *Carlos*. Yet, the learn'd Props of our un-erring
 Whome Zeal, for saving Souls, deprives of Rest, [*Church*,
 Taught my late Youth, committed to their Care,
 That Ignorance, *avers*, must be *compell'd*.

Alvarez. Our Priests are all for Vengeance, Force
 And only in his *Thunder*, Act their God. [and *Fire* :
 Hence, we seem *Thieves* ; and what we seem, we *are*.
Spain has robb'd every Growth of this new World,
 Even to its *Savage Nature* !---Vain, Unjust,
 Proud, Cruel, Covetous, *we, w*, alone,
 Are the *Barbarians*, here !---An *Indian* Heart
 Equals, in Courage, the most prompt of ours,

But, in Simplicity of artless *Truth*,
And every honest, native Warmth, *excells* us.

Had *They* like *Us*, been *b'oody* ; had they not
By *Pity's* Power been mov'd, and *Virtue's* Love,
No Son of mine had heard a *Father*, now,
Reprove his erring Rashness.---You *forget*,
That, when a *Pris'ner*, in these Peop'e's Hands
Gall'd and provok'd by Cruelty and Wrongs,
While my brave Foll'wers *fell* on every Side,
Till I alone surviv'd, some *Indians* knew me ;
Knew me, and suddenly pronounc'd my *Name*.

At once they threw their Weapons to the Ground ;
And a young *Savage Chief*, whome, yet, I *know not*,
Graceful, approach'd ; and, kneeling, press'd my Knees.
“ *Alva ez !* is it *you*, (he cry'd) — Live, long !
“ Ours be your *Virtue*, but not ours your *Blood* !
“ Live — and instruct Oppressors, to be *lov'd*.

— Bless'd be those *Tears*, my Son ! — I think you
Joy to your soft'ning Soul ! *Humanity* [weep
Has Power, in *Nature's* Right, beyond a *Father*.

But, from what *Motive* sprung this late *Declin'*,
From Clemency of Heart to new-born Rigour ?
Had you been *always* Cruel, with what Brow
Cou'd you have hop'd to charm the lov'd *Alzira* ?
Heirefs to Realms, dis-peopled by your Sword !
And tho' your *Captive*, yet your *Conqueror*, too.
Trust me, — with Women *worth* the being won,
The *softest* Lover, ever, best succeeds.

D. *Carlos*. Sir, I obey : YOUR *Pleasure* breaks their
Yet, 'tis their Duty to embrace our *Faith* : [Chains ;
So runs the *King's* Command. ——— To merit Life,
Quit they their *Idol Worship*, and be free.
So, thrives Religion, and compels the Blind :
So, draws our holy Altar Souls, by Force,
Till Opposition dies, and sleeps in Peace :
So, *links*, a govern'd World, in *Faith's* strong Chain ;
And but *One Monarch* serves ; and but *ONE GOD*.

Alv. Hear me, my Son. -- That, crown'd, in this new
Religion may erect her holy Throne, [World,
Is what, with ardent Zeal, my Soul desires !
Let *Heaven* and *Spain* find, here, no future *Foe* !
Yet, ne'er did *Perse ution's* Offspring thrive :

For,

For, the *forc'd* Heart, submitting, still *resists*.
 Reason gains all Men, by *compelling* None.
Mercy was always *Heaven's* distinguish'd Mark :
 And He, who bears it not, has no Friend *there*.

D. Carlos. Your Reasons, like your Arms, are sure to
 I am instructed, and ennobled, by 'em ! [conquer.
 Indulgent Virtue dwells in all you say,
 And softens, while you speak, the list'ning Soul !

Since Heaven has bless'd you with this powerful Gift,
 To breathe Persuasion, and un-charm Resolves,
Pronounce me favour'd, and you *make* me so.
 Warm my *Alzira's* Coldness : dry her Tears :
 And *teach* her to be mine.---I love that Maid,
 Spite of my Pride ! blush at it ——— but, still *love* her !
 Yet will I ne'er, to sooth unyielding Scorn,
 Unman the *Soldier*, in the *Love's* Cause.
 I cannot stoop to *fan* a hopeless Flame,
 And be, in *vain*, her *Slave*.--You, Sir, might *a'd* me :
 You can do all Things with *Alzira's* Father.

——— Bid him *command* his Daughter to be kind.
 Bid him--But whither would my Love mislead me !
 Forgive the blind Presumption, of a Hope,
 That to my Int'rest, stoops my Father's Rank ;
 And sends him, *Beggar*, to an *Indian's* Door !

Alv. 'Tis done, already. I have urg'd it to him.
Exmont has mov'd his Daughter, in your Cause :
 Wait the prepar'd Event Heaven has been kind ;
 Since these illustrious Captives, Both, are *Christians* :
Exmont, my Convert, and his Daughter, *His*.

Alzira governs a whole *Peop'e's* Minds :
 Each watchful *Indian* reads her studied Eye,
 And to *Her* silent *Heart* conforms his own.
 Your Marriage shall unite two distant *Worlds* :
 For, when the stern Repiner at our Law
 Sees, in your Arms, the Daughter of his King,
 With humbler Spirit, and with Heart less fierce,
 His willing Neck shall *court* the Yoke he scorn'd.

But look, where *Exmont* comes !--Retire, my Son :
 And leave me to complete the Task begun. [Exit D. Car.

Enter E Z M O N T.

Welcome, my Friend : Your Council, or Command,
 Has left, I hope, *Alzira*, well resolv'd.

Exm. Great Father of the *Friendless*! — Pardon, yet,
If One, whose Sword seem'd fatal to her Race,
Keeps her Heart cold, with some Remains of Horror.
We move with *ling'ring* Steps, to those we fear.

But Prejudice will fly, before your Voice;
Whose winning *Manners* consecrate your *Law*. —
To you, who gave us Heaven, our *Earth* is due.
Yours our *new Being*! our enlighten'd Souls!
Spain may hold *Realms*, by Purchase of her *Sword*:
And *Worlds* may yield to *Power*--but *WE*, to *VIRTUE*.
Your bloody Nation's unsucceeding Pride
Had made their *God* disgustful as thei *Crimes*!
We saw him, *hateful*, in *their* murd'rous *Zeal*;
But *lov'd* him, in your *Mercy*. — From your Heart,
His Influence stream'd *accepted*: and my Crown,
My Daughter, and my Soul, became your Slaves.
Father, alike, of *Carlos*, and of *Me*,
I give him my *Alzira*, for your Sake:
And, with her, all *Potosi* and *Peru*.

Summon the reverend *Choir*; prepare the *Rites*:
And trust my Promise, for my *Daughter's* Will.

Alv. Bleis'd be the long-wish'd Sound! --- This great
I shall go down in *Peace*, and hail my Grave. [*Work, past,*

O! *Thou*! Great Leader! whose Almighty Hand
Drew the dark *Veil* aside, that hid *new Worlds*;
Smile on this Union, which, confirm'd by *Thee*,
Shall, in *one Empire*, grasp the circled *Globe*,
And task the Sun's whole Round to measure *Spain*!

Exmont, farewell, — I go to greet my Son,
With welcome News, how much he owes my *Friend*. [*Exit.*

EZMONT, alone,

Thou! nameless *Power*, unequal'd, and Alone!
Whose dreadful Vengeance overwhelm'd, at once,
My Country, and Her Gods, too weak, to *save*!
Protect my failing Years from new Distress.
Robb'd of my All: but This One *Daughter* left me:
Oh! guard her Heart, and guide her, to be *bless'd*!

Enter ALZIRA.

Daughter, be happy, while Good-fortune courts thee:
And, in thy Blessing, cheer thy Country's Hope.
Protect the Vanquish'd: Rule the Victor's Will;
Seize the bent Thunder, in his lifted Hand;

And

And from Despair's low Seat, remount a *Throne*.

Lend the lov'd *Public* thy reluctant Heart ;

And, in the Joy of *Millions*, find *thy own*.

Nay, do not weep, *Alzira* : Tears will, *now*,
Seem Insults ; and reproach thy Father's Care.

Alz. Sir, my whole Soul, devoted, feels your Power.
Yet, if *Alzira's* Peace was ever dear,
Shut not your Ear to my despairing Grief ;
But, in my *Nuptials*, read my certain *Doom*.

Ezm. Urge it no more : It is an *ill-tim'd* Sorrow.
Away. I had thy kind Consent before.

Alz. No, — You *compell'd* the frightful Sacrifice :
And, ah ! remorseless Heaven ! — at what a *Time* !
When the rais'd Sword of this all-murd'ring Lover
Hangs o'er my People's Heads, with threat'ning Sway,
To strike the trembling Remnant from my Sight,
And mark my Nuptial Day, a Day of *Death* !
Omens on *Omens* have pronounc'd it *curs'd*.

Ezm. Quit these vain Fears, these superstitious Dreams
Of un-confiding Ignorance ! What Day ?
What *Omens* ? — We ourselves, who *chuse* our Acts,
Make our own Days, or happy, or accurs'd.

Alz. 'Twas on *this Day*, the Pride of all our State,
Zamor, the Great, the Warlike *Zamor*, fell :
Zamor, my Lover, and your purpos'd Son.

Ezm. *Zamor* was brave : and I have mourn'd his Fall.
But the cold *Grave dissolves* ev'n *Lovers' Vows*.
Bear to the Altar then a Heart resolv'd :
And let thy summon'd Virtue check thy Weakness.
Was not thy Soul enroll'd a *Christian*, lately ?
The awful *Power*, that lent those *Christians* Name,
Speaks, in my Voice ; *commands* thee to be won.
Hear Him : and learn Obedience to *His Will*.

Alz. Alas, my Father ! *spare* this dreadful Zeal.
Has not the *Parent* spoke ? Why speaks the *God* ?
I know, and I confess, a Father's *Power* :
At *His* Command, to sacrifice the Life
He gave me, is a Duty, *Nature* taught.
But, *my* Obedience passes *Nature's* Bounds ;
Whate'er I *see* is, with my Father's *Eyes* ;
Whate'er I *love* is, for my *Father's* Sake ;
I chang'd my very *Gods*, and took my *Father's*.

Yet, has this Father, piously *severe*,
Wrong'd my believing Weakness, and undone me.

He *told* me, to compose my troubled Heart,
Peace held her Dwelling at the Altar's Foot.

He *told* me, that Religion cur'd *Despair* ;

And soften'd every *Pang*, that pierc'd the Soul.

But, ah ! 'twas all *Deceit* ! all, dear *Delusion* !

Mix'd with the Image of an awful God,

A *human* Image *struggles* in my Heart,

And checks my willing Vertue, in its Rising.

Zamor, tho' dead to *Nature*, lives, to *Love*.

Zamor still triumphs in *Alzira's* Breast ;

Lord of her Soul, and *holds back* all her Wishes.

You frown.—Alas ! you blame a Guilt you *caus'd*.

Quench then this Flame, too hard for Death and Time ;

And *force* me to be *His*, whome most I hate.

If my lov'd Country *bids*, I must obey.

Yet, while by Force you join *unsocial* Hands,

Tremble, whene'er you drag me to the Altar,

Tremble, to hear my Tongue *deceive* my God :

To hear me, to this *bated* Tyrant, vow

A Heart, that beats unchang'd, *Another's* Due.

Ezm. Alas, my Child, what *unweigh'd* Words are These !

Pity my *Age*, unfit for *length'ning* Woes :

Nature asks *Rest* : Pity these falling *Tears*.

By all our *Fates*, that all depend on THEE,

Let me *conjure* thee, to be *bless'd*, *Thyself*,

Nor close in *Misery*, my Life's last Scene.

Why do I *live*, but to redeem *thy* Hopes ?

For thy own Sake, not mine, *assist* my Care.

Blast not the ripening Prospect of thy Peace,

Hard, and with labour'd Patience, slowly grown.

Now, on thy instant *Choice*, depends thy *Fate* !

Nor *only* thine, but a whole *People's* Fate !

Wilt thou *betray* them ? Have they *other* Help ?

Have they a *Hope*, but THEE ? — Think, think, *Alzira* ;

And nobly lose *Thyself*, to save a *State*. [Exit.

Alz. Cruel Accomplishment ! sublime *Defect* !

S., *feign* we Virtues, to become a Throne,

Till *Public Duty* drowns our *private Truth*.

Enter Don CARLOS.

D. Car. Princess, you give a *Lover* Cause to doubt,

That

That this long Labour of your slow Consent
Springs, from a Heart too *cold* to feel his Flame.

While, for *your* Sake, suspended Law forbears
To punish Rebels, whome *you* wish to *save*,
Ungrateful, you compel a *Nation's Freedom* ;
And bind, in Recompence, *my Chains*, more close !

Yet, misconceive me not.—I would not owe
A soften'd Sentiment to having *serv'd* you :
That were to *bribe* a Heart my Pride wou'd *win*.
I shou'd, with mingled *Joy* and *Blushes*, gain you,
If, as my Perquisite of *Power* you fell.
Let me *attract*, not *force* you.—I would owe you,
All, to *yourself* : Nor could I *taste* a Joy,
That, in your *giving* it, might cost you Pain.

Alz. Join, Sir, my fruitless *Prayers* to angry Heaven !---
This *dreadful Day* comes charg'd with *Pains*, for *Both*.
—No Wonder you *detect* my troubled Soul :
It bursts unveil'd from my *disclosing EYES* ;
And glows on every *Feature's* honest *Air*.
Such is the *Plainness* of an *Indian Heart*,
That It *disdains* to sculk behind the Tongue ;
But *throws out* all its Wrongs, and all its Rage.
She who can hide her Purpose, can *betray* :
And That's a *Christian Vertue*, I've not learnt.

D. Car. I love your Frankness, but reproach its Cause.
Zamor, remember'd *Zamor*, speaks, in *This*.

With Hatred, stretch'd beyond th' Extent of *Life*,
He crosses from the *Tomb*, his Conq'ror's Will ;
And, *felt through Death*, revenges rival Love.

Cease to *complain*, and you may learn to *bear*.
My Fame, your Duty, *Both*, require a *Change* :
And I *must* wish, It were from *Tears*, to *Joy*.

Alz. A Rival's *Grave* shou'd *bury Jealousy*.
But, whence your Right, to *censure Sorrow* for him ?
I *lov'd* him: I *proclaim* it. Had I not,
I had been blind to Sense, and lost to Reason.
Zamor was all the *Prop* of our *fallen World* :
And (but he lov'd *me* much) confess'd no *Weakness* !
Had I not *mourn'd* a Fate, He not *deserv'd*,
I had *deserv'd* the Fate, He felt unjustly.

For *You*,—be *proud* no more : but dare be *honest*.
Far from presuming to reproach my Tears,

Honour my *Constancy* ; and praise my *Vertue*.
 Cease to regret the *Dues* I pay the Dead :
 And *merit*, if you can, a Heart thus faithful. [Exit.

Don CARLOS, alone.

Spite of my fruitless Passion, I confess,
 Her Pride, thus darting its *sincere* Disdain,
 Astonishes my Thought, and charms my Anger.
 -- *What*, then, shall I *resolve* ? --- Must it cost more,
 To tame One female Heart, than all *Peru* !
 Nature, adapting her to suit her *Climate*,
 Left her all *savage*, yet all *shining*, too !
 But, 'tis my Duty to be Master, here ;
 Where (she alone excepted) *All* obey.
 Since then too faintly I her Heart incline,
 I'll force her stubborn *Hand*, and fix her mine.

END of the FIRST ACT.



ACT II.

ZAMOR, and four Indian Captains, in Chains.

ZAMOR.



RIENDS ! who have *dar'd* beyond the Strength
 [of Mortals !

Whose Courage scorn'd Restraint, and grew,
 [in Danger !

Associates in my Hopes, and my Misfortunes !
 Since we have *lost* our Vengeance, let *Death* find us !
 Why should we, longer, be *condemn'd* to Life,
 Defenceless, to our Country, and *Alzira* ?

Yet, why should *Spanish Carlos* scape our Swords ?
 Why thrive, beneath a Weight of *un-check'd* Crimes ?
 And why has Heaven *forsaken*, Us, and VIRTUE ?

Ye strengthless Powers ! whose Altars smok'd in *vain* !
 Gods, of a *faithful*, et a *cheated*, People !
 Why have you thus, *betray'd* us, to the Foe ?
 Why had six hundred, *Spanish Vagrants*, Power

To

To crush my Throne, your Temples, Rites, and You?
Where are your *Altars*? where my *Glories*, Now?
Where is *Alzira*? more, *Herself*, a God,
Than your collected *Queens*, of fancied Heaven!

Helpless, once more, thou see'st me, — *lost Peru*!
O'er shifting Sands, through Desarts, cross'd in vain,
From Forest Wilds, impervious to the Sun;
From the World's Wastes, beneath the burning Zone,
I brought thee *un-hop'd* Aid! The *wond'ring Stars*
Beheld me, gath'ring from remotest *Wilds*,
New Strength, new Prospects — and new *Means* — to die!
Your Arms, your Furtherance, your vast Support,
New-furnish'd my Desires, and wing'd my Hope.

Vengeance and *Love*, once more, had mann'd my Heart.
But ah! how *vain* That Hope! how *lost* That *Vengeance*!
The Slaves of *Avarice* are Honour's *Masters*! [Forces?

Ind. Cap. Why left we, in the neighb'ring Woods, our
Why dar'd we pass, too bold, their guarded Gates,
Alone, and un-supported, — rash *Discoverers*?

Zam. Seiz'd but this Morning, from our Dungeon's
Th' infernal Murderers have hither brought us, [Depth,
Unknowing to *what Death*, tho' sure to die.

Yet, it o'erjoys me, we have *met*, once more.
But *where*? what Place is This? Has none yet heard
Who governs, here? what Fate *Alzira* found?

Whether her Father is, like us, their *Slave*?
Dear, wretched Friends, who share a Death, my *Due*,
Can none instruct me, what I wish to know?

Ind. Cap. From sep'rate Prisons, hither led, like you,
Through diff'rent Streets we came, the *Cause* not known:
All uninform'd of what you seek to learn.

Great, but unhappy, Prince! deserving, long,
A nobler Fate! our silent Souls lament

Our Want of Power to save so lov'd a Leader.

Now — to die *with* you, is our Noblest Claim,
Since, to die *for* you, was a Choice denied us.

Zam. Next the wish'd Glory of Success in War,
The greatest is, to *die*, and die, *renown'd*.

But, to die *Noteless*, in the Shameful *Dark*,

To die, and leave in Chains our suff'ring Country!

To fall, undignified, by *Villains'* Hands:

The Sacrifice, of *Europe's* outcast Bloodhounds!

Horrid, with Others' Wounds, and poorly Rich,
 With Others' plunder'd *Treasure*; die, by *Butchers*!
 Blood stain'd *Insulters* of a yielded World?
Riflers, who gave me up, to *tire* their Tortures,
 But, for Discovery of the Gold I scorn'd,
 As Dross, less valued, and less wish'd than *They*!
 To be, in Death, the Cause of my *Friends*' Dying!
 To die, and leave *Alzira*, to my Murderers!
 T H I S is a Death of Horror, not of Fame!
 This is the *Body's* Death ——— but *shakes* the Soul!

Enter ALVAREZ, with a Guard of Spaniards.

Alv. Live: and be free.

[*Spanish Soldiers unfetter the Indians.*]

Zam. Ye Gods, of lost Peru!
 What do I hear! ——— said he, *Be free, and live?*
 What vast, mysterious, *Accident* of Virtue?
 Some Power Divine, in Sport, deceives my Wonder!
 Thou seem'st a *Spaniard*! ——— and ——— but thou *FORGIV'ST*,
 I cou'd have sworn thee, *Christian*! ——— who? what art thou?
 Art thou some God? or this new City's King?

Alv. Christian I am; and Spaniard: but No King.
 Yet, serves my Power, to save the *Weak*, distress'd.

Zam. What thy Distinction then? thou gen'rous Wonder!

Alv. The Love of Pity, when the Wretched, want it.

Zam. Pity! and Christian! ——— what inspir'd thy Great-

Alv. My Memory, my Duty; and my God. [ness?

Zam. Thy God? — perhaps then, these insatiate Wasters,
These human Seemers, with but Forms of Men;
These Thirsters after only Gold and Blood:
From some coarse, lawless, Part of Europe, came;
And serve some bloodier God, that wars with Thine?

Alv. Their Faith the same with mine, but not their Na-
Christians by Birth, by Error, made Un-christian [ture:
In Power grown giddy, they disgrace Command.
Thou know'st their Faults too well: now, know my DUTY.

Twice has the Sun's broad Traverse girt the Globe,
 Twice wheel'd the Summer, round your World, and ours;
 Since a brave Indian, Native of your Land,
 To whome Surprise in Ambush made me Captive,
 Gave me the forfeit Life his Sword had won.
 The unexpected Mercy forc'd my Blushes:

For,

For, I perceiv'd, *Compassion* of *YOUR* Woes,
Was but a *Duty*, when I thought 'twas *Virtue*.

Thenceforth, your Countrymen became my Brothers :
And, I have, now, but *one* Complaint against them ;
—— That I must never *know*, his Name, who sav'd me.

Zam. He has *Alvarez's* Voice ! He has his Features !
His Age the *same*, too ; and the *same* his Story !
'Tis *He* ! —— there is *no other* Honest Christian.

Look on us All : and recollect his *Face*,
Who, wisely spar'd thy Life, to spread thy *Virtues*.

Alv. Come nearer, noble Youth. --- By Heaven, 'tis *He* !
Now, my dim Eyes, you teach me my *Decay*,
That cou'd not let me *see* my *Wish* indulg'd,
But clouded ev'n my Gratitude ! —— My Son !

My Benefactor ! Saviour of my Age !
What can I do ! Instruct me to *deserve* thee.
Dwell in my Sight ; and I will *be* thy *Father*.
Thou wilt have *lost* the Merit of thy Gift,
If, from the Power it gave, Thou claim'st no *Payment*.

Zam. Trust me, my Father, had thy *Spanish* Sons
Shewn but a Glimm'ring of thy awful *Virtue*,
Grateful *Peru*, now, *desolately*, *Theirs*,
Had been a peopled World, of *willing* Slaves.
But Cruelty, and Pride, and Plunder, claim them.
Rather than live, among that *felon* Race,
Hide, hide me, silent *Death* ; and screen my Soul
From the reliefless Rage of *un-felt* Curses.

All I wou'd *ask*, All I will *take*, from *Spain*,
Is but, to be inform'd, if *Ezmont* *LIVES* ?
Or, has *his* Blood new-stain'd their Hands with Murder ?
Ezmont ? --- perhaps you knew him not ? --- That *Ezmont*,
Who was *Alzira's* Father ? —— I must stop,
And weep —— before I dare go on, to ask ——
Whether —— That Father, — and That Daughter --- *live* ?

Alv. Hide not thy Tears : weep boldly --- and be proud
To give the *flowing* *Virtue* manly *Way*.
'Tis Nature's *Mark*, to know an *honest* Heart by.
Shame on those Breasts of *Stone*, that cannot *Melt*,
In soft *Adoption* of *Another's* Sorrow.

But, be *Thou* comforted : for, both thy Friends
Live ; and are happy, *here*.

Zam. And, shall I *see* 'em ?

Alv.

Alv. *Ezmont*, within this Hour, shall teach his Friend,
To live, and hope——and be as blest'd, as *He*.

Zam. ALZIRA's *Ezmont*?——

Alv. From *his* Mouth, not mine,
Thou shalt, this Moment, learn, whate'er thou seek'st.
He shall instruct thee in a smiling *Charge*,
That has united *Spain*, with fav'd *Peru*.
I have a Son, to bless, with this new Joy :
He will partake my Happiness, and love thee.
——I quit thee, —— but will instantly return
To charm thee with this Union's happy Story,
That nothing, now, on Earth, has Power to sever——
Yet, which, once clos'd, shall quiet warring Worlds.

[Exit, with Guards.]

Zam. At length, th' awak'ning Gods remember *Zamor*,
And to atone my Wrongs by working Wonders,
Have made a *Spaniard* HONEST, to reward me !

Alvarez is, himself the *Christians'* God :
Who, long-provok'd, and blushing at their Crimes,
In his own Right descends, to veil their Shame.

He says, he has a Son : That Son shall be
My Brother ; if, at least, he does but prove
Worthy (cou'd *Man* be so) of such a Father !
O, Day ! O, Dawn of Hope, on my sad Heart !
Ezmont, now, after three long Years, of *Woe*,
Ezmont, *Alzira's* Father, is restor'd me !

Alzira too, the dear, the gen'rous Maid,
She, whome my fighting Soul has been at work for ?
She, who has made me brave, and left me wretched !
Alzira too, is here ! and lives, to thank me.

Enter EZMONT.

Oh ! ye profuse Rewarders of my Pain !
He comes ! my *Ezmont* comes ! ---Spring of my Hopes
Thou Father of my lab'ring Mind's Inspirer !
Hard let me press thee, to a Heart that loves thee.
Escap'd from Death, be' old returning *Zamor*.
He will not, cannot die, while there is Hope,
That he may live to serve a suff'ring Friend.

—— Speak, speak ; and be thy first soft word *Alzira* !
Say, she is here : and blest'd, as Heaven can make her.

Ezm. Unhappy Prince !- She lives : nor lives remote.
Words cannot reach Description of her Grief,

Since

Since first the News of thy sad *Death* was brought her.
Long dwelt she, sorrowing, o'er an empty *Tomb*,
Which, for thy *fanc'd Form*, she rais'd to *weep on*.

--But thou still *liv'st*! -- amazing *Chance*! -- thou *liv'st*!
Heav'n grant some doubtful means to *blefs* thee, long,
And make thy Life as happy — as 'tis *strange*!

—— What brought thee *HITHER*, *Zamor*?

Zam. Cruel Question!

Colder, than all the *Dea'ths* I have escap'd from!
Why do st thou *ask*? Where *else* cou'd I have hop'd
To find, and to redeem, thyself, and Daughter?

Ezm. Say *That* no more---'tis *Misery*, to *h ar* thee.

Zam. Bethink thee of the black, the direful *Day*,
When that vile *Spaniard* — *CARLOS*, (curse the *Name*!)
Invulnerable, or to *Sword* or *Shame*,
O'ertun'd those Walls, which *Time*, when *Young*, saw built,
By Earth attracted, Children of the *Sun*.

Perish his *Name*! and oh! be curs'd my *Fate*,
Who, yet, no *nearer* brought him, than to *Thought*,
In Horror of his Murders! 'Twas the *Wretch*,
Who bears that *Name*, of *Carlos*, blasted all.

'Twas in *That Name*, Pillage and Slaughter spread!
'Twas in *That Name*, they dragg'd *Alzira* from me:
Buried in Dust the Temples of our *Gods*:

And stain'd with the surrounding Off'rers' Blood,
Their Violated Altars! The shock'd *Power*,
That smil'd expectant, on our Marriage Vow,
Rush'd back, and press'd in vain his *Brother Gods*,
To vindicate their Empire. — *Spain's dark Power*
Prevail'd: and I was Captive led to *Carlos*.

I will not *terrify* thy pitying Breast,
I will not *tell thee*, to what tort'ring *Pain*,
That Villain *Spaniard's* Avarice condemn'd me.

Condemn'd me, *Exmont*, for the Sake of *Gold*!
Gold, the *Divinity* of Beggar *Spain*;
And our neglected *Refuse*! — 'Tis enough,

To tell thee, that, amidst their Tortures, left,
And *seeming* dead, They, (*ir'd*, not satisfied,)
Forbore, because I felt not. — I *reviv'd*,

To feel, once more, but never to forget,
The *Grindings* of their Insult. Three long Years
Have lent me Friends, and Hopes, and Arms, for *Vengeance*.

Close

Close ambush'd, in the neighb'ring Woods they lie,
Sworn, the *Revengers* of their bleeding Country.

Exm. Alas ! my Heart compassionates thy Wrongs :
But, do not seek a Ruin, that wou'd *shun* thee.

What can thy flint-arm'd *Indian's* Courage do ?

What their weak *Arrows*, Spoils of *Fishes* Bones ?

How can thy *naked, untrain'd*, Warriors conquer ?

Unequally oppos'd to *Iron-men* :

To woundless Bosoms, coated o'er with Safety !

And arm'd with missive Thunders in their Hand,

That stream *Deaths* on us, swifter than the Winds !

No---since the *World*, they say, has yielded to 'em,

Yield *Zamor*, and *Peru* ; and let 'em reign.

Zam. Let the *World* yield---*Zamor* will always find
Some gen'rous Corner, in it, fit for *Freedom*.

Had I been born, to *serve* ; Obedience claims

Returns, of *Benefit*, and due *Protection* :

Outrage and Wrongs require *Correction* only.

These Lightnings and these Thunders ; These safe *Shells*,
Cases for *Fear*, which guard their *Iron War* ;

These fiery *Steeds*, that tear the trampled Earth,

And hurl their headlong Riders on the Foe ;

These outward *Forms* of Death, that fright the World,

I can look steadfast on ; and dare *despise*.

The *Novelty* once lost, the Force will fail.

Curse on our feeble *Gold* ! It calls in Foes,

Yet, helps not to *repel* the Wrongs it *draws* !

Oh ! had but *STEEL* been ours ! --- but partial Heaven

Has, with *that manly Wealth*, enrich'd our Foe !

--- Yet, not to leave our Vengeance quite *disarm'd*,

Depriving us of *Steel*, it gave us *Virtue*.

Exm. Virtue was *blest'd*, of old : --- But, --- Times are
[*chang'd*.

Zam. No Matter---let us keep our *Hearts* the same.

Alzira cannot change : *Alzira's* just.

Alzira's faithful, to her Vows, and me.

Save me ye Gods ! from a Friend's downcast Eye !

Whence are those Sighs, and Tears ?

Exm. Too wretched *Zamor* !

Zam. I thought myself *Alzira's* Father's Son ;

But find, these Tyrants have *unking'd* thy Soul :

And taught thee, on the *Grave's* last Edge, to wrong me.

Exm.

Ezm. They cannot. 'Tis an Art, I will not learn.
Nor are our Conq'rors, *All*, unjust: ——— for, *know*,
'Twas *Heaven* induc'd these *Christians* to our Clime,
Less to subdue, and rule us, than *instruct*.
Now, they brought with them Vertues, here unfound:
Secrets, immortal, that preserve the *Soul*!
The Science, of Salvation, by *Belief*!
The Art, of living *blest*'d, and dying, *safe*!

Zam. Or I am *deaf*: or, wou'd to Heaven, I *were*!
But, if I heard thee, right, ——— thou seem'st to *praise* —
These *pilfering Zealots*, who usurp thy Throne,
And wou'd *convert* thy Daughter, to a *Slave*!

Ezm. *Alzira* is no *Slave*.

Zam. Ah! ——— Royal *Ezmont*!
Pardon some Transport, which *Despair* inflam'd;
And, to great Woes, indulge a little Warmth.
Remember, she was mine, by solemn *Vow*:
By thy own *Oath*, before our Altar sworn,
Honour, and Perjury, can never *meet*.

Ezm. What are *our* Altars? what our *Idol* Gods?
Fantoms, of human *Coinage*, fear'd no more!
I would not wish to hear thee cite their Name.

Zam. What! was our Father's Worship *vain Deceit*?

Ezm. It was: and I have happily *disclaim'd* it.
May the great single *Power*, that rules *whole Heaven*,
Lend thy dark Heart one Ray, of Truth divine!
Mayst thou, unhappy *Zamor*, learn to know,
And, knowing, to confess, in *Europe's* Right,
Her God should be ador'd, *Her* Sons obey'd!

Zam. Obey'd! Hell blast 'em! ——— What? these Sons of
They have not robb'd thee of thy *Faith* alone, [*Rapine*?
But pilfer'd even thy *Reason*! ——— Yet, 'twas *wise*,
When thou wou'd'st keep no *Vows*, to own no *Gods*.

But, tell me; — is *Alzira* too forsworn?
True to her Father's Weakness, has *she* fallen?
Serves *she* the *Gods* of *Christians*?

Ezm. Hapless Youth!

Tho' blest d in my own Change, I *weep* for Thine.

Zam. He, who betrays his Friend, has *Cause* for weep-
Yet, Tears, they say, shew *Pity*: ——— If they *do*, [ing.
Pity this Torment, which thy Shame has cost me.
Pity my Heart, at once alarm'd, for Heaven,

For

For Heav'n betray'd, like me ; and torn at once,
By Love, and Zeal, and Vengeance. Take me, *Carlos* ;
Drag me, to die at my *Alzira's* Feet :
And I will sigh away a Soul, she saves not.

But, have a Care — be cautious, e're I fall,
Of urging me too rashly, to *Despair*,
Resume a *human* Heart ! and feel *some* Virtue.

Enter ALONZO, to EZMONT.

Alonzo. My Lord, the *Ceremonies* wait your Presence.

Ezm. Farewel — I follow thee.

Zam. No, by my Wrongs !
I will not quit this Hold, till I have learnt,
WHAT *Ceremony*, what *black Purpos'*, waits thee ?

Ezm. Away — be counsell'd — fly this fatal City.

Zam. Not tho' the *Christian Power* that blasts my Love,
Shou'd rain down *Lig' tnings* on my destin'd Head,
And my own Gods cry'd, *Stay*, I still wou'd follow thee.

Ezm. Forgive the Force of an *unwish'd* Refusal. —
Guards, to your Care I must commit this Madman.
Restrain him — He wou'd violate our Altar.
These *Pagans*, obstinate in *Idol Z al*,
Malign our holy Myst'ries ; and profane
The Church's solemn Service. — Guard the Doors.
'Tis not in Right of my own Power I speak ;
But, *Carlos*, in my Voice commands your Care.

[*Exit with Guards after they have freed him from Zamor.*

Zam. Did I not hear him, Friends ! — or am I mad ?
Did I not hear him use the Name of *Carlos* ?

O, Treachery ! O Baseness ! O, my Wrongs !

O ! last, uncredited, Reproach of Nature !

Ezmont commands for *Carlos* ? -- 'Twas NOT *Ezmont* :

'Twas that black DEVIL, that scares the *Christian* Cow-
Lied, in His Shape, to scandalize *Peru* ! [ards,

O, *Virtue* ! thou art banish'd from Mankind :

Even from *Alzira's* Heart, thou now art fled.

— These Villain *Bart'ers* rob us NOT of Gold,

They PAY its fatal Price, in *Morals* ruin'd.

Detested *Carlos*, then, is here ! — oh ! Friends !

What Council ? what Resource ? to stop Despair.

Ind. Cap. Let not my Prince condemn the faithful Zeal,
That wou'd advise his Sorrows. — Old *Alvarez*

Will

Will strait *return*, and bring, perhaps, That Son,
 With whom to share his Joy the good Man hasten'd.
 Urge him to see you, safe, without their Gates :
 Then, suddenly rejoin your ambush'd Friends,
 And march, more *equal*, to your purpos'd Vengeance.
 Let us not *spare* a Life, but good *Alvarez*,
 And this lov'd Son ! I, near the *Wall*, remark'd
 Their *Arts*, and Modes of *Structure* : mark'd their *Angles*,
 Deep *Ditch*, broad *Bulwarks*, and their sleeping *Thunders*.
 I saw, and weigh'd it, all : and found *Hope* strongest.

Our groaning Fathers, Brothers, Sons, and Friends,
 In fetter'd Labour toil, to *house* their Spoilers.
 These, when we march to their unhop'd Relief,
 Will rise, within the Town, behind their Masters :
 While you, mean while, without, advance, against them :
 And, o'er our dying Bodies, proudly heap'd,
 Bridge a bold Entrance, o'er their bloody *Rampart*.
 There, may we turn, against their Tyrant Heads,
 Those fiery Mouths of Death, those Storms of Murder,
 Those *Forms*, that frightening honest, artless Bravery,
 Build, on our *Ignorance*, a Throne for Wrongs.

Zam. *Illustrious* Wretchedness ! by Heaven, it charms
 To see those soaring Souls out tower their Fortune. [me,
Shall we — yes, still we *shall* ! — recover Empire ?
Carlos shall feel *Peru*, despis'd *PERU*,
 Knock at his trembling *Heart*, and claim *Atonement*.

Come, dire *Revenge* ! thou melancholy God !
 That comfort'st the Distress'd with shadowy *Hopings* !
 Strengthen our willing Hands : let *Carlos* die !
 Let but That *Spanish* Murderer, *Carlos*, die,
 And I am half *repaid* my Kingdom's Losses !

But, we are Wretches, *indolently* brave :
 We talk of *Vengeance* : and we sleep, in *Chains* !
Alvarez has forgot me : *Ezmont* flights me :
 And She I love is *Theirs*, whom most I hate.
 All the poor Comfort of my Heart is *Doubting*.
 Hark ! what surprizing Noise ! [Shout] It rises, louder,
 And sudden Fires, high-flaming, *double* Day !
 Hark ! — from their Iron Throats, [Guns] yon *roaring*
 [Mischief's]
 Pour their triumphant Insult. [Trumpets, &c.] What new
 Or what new *Crime*, demands this Swell of Joy ? [Feast,
 Now,

Now, in their heedless Mirth, descend some God ;
And teach us to be *free* ; or, failing, *die*.

'Tis *Liberty* alone, that makes Life *dear* :
He does not *live at all*, who lives, to *fear*.

E N D of the SECOND ACT.



A C T III.

ALZIRA, *alone*.



H A D E of my murder'd Lover ! *Shun to*
[*view me* :
Rise to the Stars, and make their Brightness
[*sweeter* ;

But, shed no Gleam of Lustre on *Alzira*.

She has betray'd her Faith, and married *Carlos* !

The *Sea*, that roll'd its watry World, *betwixt* us,
Fail'd to *divide* our *Hands*——and he has *reach'd* me !

The Altar trembled, at th' unhallow'd Touch :

And Heaven *drew back*, reluctant, at our Meeting.

O ! thou soft-hovering *Ghost*, that haunt'st my Fancy !

Thou, dear, and bloody *Form*, that skims, before me !

Thou never-dying, yet thou *buried*, *Zamor* !

If Sighs, and Tears, have Power to pierce the *Grave* ;

If Death, that knows no Pity, will but *hear* me ;

If still thy gentle Spirit loves *Alzira* :

Pardon, that even in *Death*, she dar'd *forsake* thee !

Pardon her rigid Sense of *Nature's* Duties :

A Parent's Will !——a pleading Country's Safety !

At *these* strong Calls, she sacrific'd her *Love* ;

To joyless Glory, and to tasteless Peace :

And, to an empty World in which *Thou art not* !

O ! *Zamor* ! *Zamor* ! follow me no longer,

Drop some dark *Veil*, snatch some kind *Cloud*, before thee,

Cover that conscious *Face*, and let Death *hide* thee !

Leave me, to suffer, Wrongs that Heaven allots me :

And teach my busy Fancy to *forget* thee.

Enter

Enter EMIRA.

*Where are those Cap'tives? Are they free, Emira?
Where those sad Children of my mournful Country?
Will they not suffer me to see, to hear them?
To sit and weep, and mingle with their Mournings?*

Emira. Ah! rather, dread the Rage of angry Carlos,
Who threatens 'em with some new Stroke of Horror.
Some cruel Purpose hangs, this Moment, o'er 'em!
For, through this Window look, and see, display'd.
The broad red Standard, that betokens Blood!
Loud Bursts of Death roar from their Iron Prisons,
And answer, dreadful, to each other's Call! [Guns.
The Council hastes, alarm'd, and meets, in Uproar. [Shouts.
All I have heard, besides, is, that the Prince,
Your Father, has been summon'd to attend.

Alz. Immortal Guardian of th' endanger'd *Just!*
Have I, for *This*, in vain, betray'd my *Peace?*
Dares the dire Husband, recent from the *Altar*,
New to my forc'd Consent, — and scarce, yet, Lord
Of my repenting Hand; so soon, let loose
His re-commission'd Murders! Must my Nuptials
Serve, as the *Prelude*, to my People's Blood!

O, Marriage! Marriage! what a Curse is Thine,
Where Hands alone consent, and Hearts abhor!

Enter CEPHANIA.

Ceph. One of the Captive *Ind ans*, just set free,
In Honour of the Joy that crowns this Day,
Prays your Permission, Madam, to be heard,
And at your princely Feet, disclose some Secret.

Alz. Let him, with Firmness, and with Freedom, enter.
For Him, and for his Friends, He knows, I live.
Dear to my Eyes, I mark 'em, with Delight,
And love, alas, in Them, their poor lost Country.
—— But, why alone? —— Why One?

Ceph. It is That Captain,
To whose victorious Hand, I heard, but now,
Alvarez, your new Lord's illustrious Father,
Ow'd his remitted Life, from *Indians*, sav'd.

Emira. With earnest Pressure, He has sought your Pre-
He met me, entring, and with trembling Haste, [sence:
Implor'd me to befriend th' important Prayer.

He

He told me, further, that the Prince your Father,
 For some strange Cause, This *Indian* seems to know,
 Had charg'd the Guards he 'scap'd from, to prevent
 His Access to your Ear ——— Methinks, there sits
 A kind of sullen Greatness, on his Brow,
 As if it veil'd, in Grief, some awful Purpose. [weeps :

Ceph. I watch'd him --- and he walks, and turns, and
 Then starts, and looks at Heaven ; and to the Gods,
 Pours up an ardent Sigh, that breathes your Name !
 I pitied him ——— but, gather'd, from this *Freedom*,
 That He's a Stranger to your *Rank*, and *Greatness*.

Alz. What Rank ? What Greatness ? — Perish all Distin-
 That, from the wrong'd *Unhappy*, bars the *Great* ! [ction,
 Who knows, but This was, once, some gen'rous *Friend*,
 Some brave *Companion*, of my *Zamor's* Arms !
 Who knows, but He was near him, when he fell ;
 And brings some Message from his parting Soul !
 How dare I then receive him ? ——— Can my Heart
 Be *Proof*, against the last, kind, Words of *Zamor* ?
 Will not the half-lull'd Pain, rekindling fresh,
 Burn, with Increase of Smart, and wring my Soul ?
 — No Matter, ——— let him enter. --- [Exit Cephania.

————— Ha ! what means
 This sudden *Chillness*, sadd'ning, round my Heart,
 In short, faint, *Flutt'rings*, never felt, before !
 Ah ! fatal Residence ! ——— From the first Hour
 These hated Walls became *Alzira's* Prison,
 Each diff'rent Moment brought some diff'rent Pain.

Enter ZAMOR.

Zam. Art thou, at length, restor'd me ? ——— Cruel !
 Art thou, indeed, *Alzira* ? [tell me !

Alz. ——— Gentle Spirit ! ———
 Forgive me. ——— Do not come to chide th' *Unhappy* !
 I have been wrong'd ; but ——— [Faints, into his Arms.

Zam. Thine, she wou'd have said ;
 And her imperfect Purpose fully bless'd me.
 Revive, thou dearest, loveliest, lost, *Alzira* !
Zamor will live no longer, shou'dst Thou die.

Alz. The kind, forgiving, *Shade* is, still, before me !
 It wak'd me, by a Sound, that seem'd His Name.

Zam. I am no *Shadow*, if *Alzira's* MINE ;

I am thy *living* Lover, at thy Feet [kneeling.

Reclaiming thee, thou noblest *Half* Himself!

Alz. Can it be possible, Thou shou'dst be Zamor?

Zam. Thy Zamor———THINE.

Alz. But, —— art thou *sure*, thou *liv'st*?

Zam. 'Tis in *thy* Power,

To make That Truth *undoub ed*. —— Do but *say*

Thou wou'dst not have me *die*, —— and I will *live*,

To thank thee; *thus*, with everlasting Love.

[Rises, and catches her in his Arms.

Alz. O! Days of Softness! --- O! remember'd Years,

Of ever-vanish'd Happiness! —— O! Zamor!

Why has the Grave been bountiful, *too late*?

Why sent thee back, *in vain*? to make Joy *bitter*;

By mix'd *Ideas* of distracting Horror!

Ah, Z *mor*! —— What a *Time* is *This*, --to charm in!

Thy every Word, and Look, shoots Daggers through me.

Zam. Then, *mourn'st* thou my Return?

Alz. I do —— I do.

Because, —— it was no sooner.

Zam. Generous Tendernefs! [till now?

Alz. Where hast thou been, thus long, —— unknown,

Zam. A wand'ring Vagabond, that trod the World,

In fruitless Search of *Means*, to save *Alzira*.

Not all the tort'ring Racks, of *Villain* CARLOS,

Cou'd from my panting Heart expell *Alzira*.

The bloody Spoiler tir'd his Rage *in vain*:

I brav'd his Wounds, and Insults. —— Life had, yet,

No *Leisure* to forsake me. THOU requir'dst me.

The Groans of suff'ring Nations reach'd my Soul,

And bad it *struggle*, to revenge Mankind.

Alas! thou tremblest! Thy soft Nature shrinks,

At bare *Recital* of these *Spanish* Virtues.

Doubtless, the Guardian God that smiles on Love,

Knew thy kind Wish; --and, for *thy* Sake, sustain'd me.

And Thou wilt thank, I know, his gentle Goodness.

Thy pious Heart disdains to *quit* thy Gods,

Because They *suffer* with thee; and have fail'd

To stem th' invading Host of *Spain's* New Heaven!

Thou hast too little Falshood, for a *Spaniard*.

---Hast thou e'er heard of a base Wretch, call'd *Carlos*?

A Birth, that blackens *Nature*! a taught Monster!

Sent,

30
Sent, in our Shape, from some far distant World,
To humble *ours*, with Sense of *human Baseness* !
They tell me, He is *here*. — Grant Heav'n thou know'st
[him !
Thou, then, shalt guide my Vengeance, — to This, *First*,
And *Vilest*, of its Victims.

Alz. Find him, *here* —
Black, in *my Breast*, he lives : Strike, strike, and reach
[him.

Zam. Hold, Heart — and break not, yet — This
[MAY be — Pity.

Alz. Strike---for---I merit neither Life, --nor Thee.

Zam. *Ezmont* ! I feel thee ; and believe thee, *all* !

Alz. Did he then tell thee ?---Had my Father Power
To dwell so sadly on my hopeless Woes,
As to describe 'em to thee ? — Did he name
The dreadful *Husband*---his lost Daughter owes him ?

Zam. No---but *Thou may'st* : For, THAT will harden
That He shall never be *astonish'd*, more ! [Zamor,

Alz. Yes---I will tell it thee---Prepare to tremble :
Not for *Thyself* to tremble ; — but for *Me*.
I will lay open the vast Horror, to thee :

Then, Thou wilt weep, and live : — and bid me — die.

Zam. *Alzira* ! — oh ! —

Alz. This *Carlos* —

Zam CARLOS !

Alz. He. —

I was, this Morning, Sworn, forever — his !

Zam. Sworn *whose* ? — not *Carlo's* ?

Alz. I have been betray'd.

I was too weak, alone, — against my Country.

— Even on *this* fatal, this foreboding, Day,

Almost within thy Sight, *Christian Alzira*

Plighted, in Presence of the *Christian God*,

Her hapless Hand, to *Carlos*. — 'Tis a Crime,

That hopes no Pardon ! — All my Gods renounc'd !

My Lover wrong'd ! my Country's Fame betray'd !

All, All, demand Revenge.---Do *Thou*, then, kill me :

Thou wilt strike tenderly — and my glad Blood

Shall meet thy dear-lov'd Hand — and, That way, join
[thee.

Zam. CARLOS, *Alzira's* Husband ! — 'tis impossible !

Alz.

Alz. Were I dispos'd to *mitigate* my Crime,
 I cou'd alledge a *Father's* awful Power ;
 I cou'd remind thee of our *ruin'd State* :
 And plead my *Tears*, my *Struggles*, and *Distraction* :
 Till three, long, wretched, *Years* confirm'd thee dead.
 I cou'd, with Justice, charge my *Faith renounc'd*
 On Hatred of those Gods, who *sav'd not Zamor*.
 But, I disclaim Excuse, — — — to *shun* Remission.
 Love finds me *Guilty* ; and that Guilt condemns me.
 Since *Thou* art safe, no Matter what I *suffer*.
 When Life has *lost* the *Joy*s that make it *blest'd*,
 — The *shortest* Liver is the *happiest*, always.

Why do'st thou *view* me, with so *kind* an Eye ?
 Thou shou'dst look *sternly*, and retract all *Pity*.

Zam. No---if I still am *lov'd*, Thou art not guilty.
 — *Wishing* me *blest'd*, methinks thou *mak'st* me so.

Alz. When, by my Father urg'd, and by *Alvarez*,
 And inly too impell'd, perhaps, to Fate,
 By some *forsaken God*, who meant *Revenge* ;
 When by the Christian's Fears, and my touch'd Heart,
 At once, beset, They drag'd me to the *Temple*,
 Even in the Moment when advancing *Carlos*
 Sought my escaping Hand, tho' I, then, thought Thee
Dead ; and forever lost to my fond *Hopes* ;
 Yet, *then*, beneath the Altar's sacred Gloom,
 I bow'd my Soul to *Zamor* : Memory,
 Reliev'd me, with *Thy Image*. — — — *Indians*, *Spaniards*,
 All, All, have heard, how ardently I lov'd thee,
 'Twas my Heart's *Pride*, to *boast* it to the *World* !
 To Earth, to Heav'n, — — — to *Carlos*, I proclaim'd it !
 And now, e'en now, in this distressful Moment,
 For the *last Time*, — I tell THYSELF, I love thee.

Zam. For the *last Time* ! Avert the *Menace*, Heav'n !
 Art thou at once, restor'd — — — and lost again !
 'Tis not *Love's* Language, *This* ! — — — alas ! *Alzira* !

Alz. O, Heaven ! -- *Alvarez* comes, and with him, *Carlos*.

Enter Don ALVAREZ, follow'd by Don CARLOS.

Alv. See ! with *Alzira* there, my Life's Restorer !
 Approach, young *Hero* ! 'tis my Son, who seeks thee ;
Spain's Delegate, who here holds Power supreme :
 My *Carlos*, bids thee share his *bridal Joy*.

C

— Meet,

— Meet, and Embrace : *Divide* your Father's Love :
My Son, of *Nature*, One——and One, of *Choice*.

Zam. Nam'd he not *Carlos* ? — PERISH *such a Son*,
As the DETESTED *CARLOS* !

Alz. Heaven avert
The rising Tempest, that o'erwhelms my Soul !

Alv. What means This WONDER ?

Zam. 'Tis not POSSIBLE !——
No —— I wou'd disbelieve *attesting Gods*,
Shou'd they, from Heaven, assert this *Shock to Nature* ;
That such a Father —— CAN —— have such a Son !

D. Car. [*to Zamor.*] *Slave* ! —— from what Spring
does thy blind *Fury* rise ?
Know'st thou not *who I am* ?

Zam. Thou art—— a *Villain*.
My Country's Horror —— and whole Nature's Shame !
Among the Scourges whom just Heaven has left thee,
Know *me*, for *Zamor*.

D. Car. THOU, *Zamor* ?

Alv. *Zamor* !

Zam. Yes —— the tortur'd *Zamor*.
Blush to be told it : and *remember*, with it,
The bloody Rage of thy remorseless Cruelty ;
That basely dar'd insult a *yielded* Captive !

Now, he returns—— *triumphant*, in Distress,
To look thee into Shame : to see those Eyes
Fall their stretch'd Fierceness, and decline before him.

Thou Waster of the World ! Thou licens'd Robber !
Thou whose *Last Spoil* was my *Alzira's* Glory !
Win her against *this Sword* : [*draws.*] —— the Sole, good,
Zamor can boast, he owes thy haughty Country. [*Gain,*

Now, the same Hand, that gave the Father, *Life*,
Claims, in Return, the Son's devoted *Blood* :
And, so reveng'd, atones a dying *Realm*.

Alv. Confounded and amaz'd, I hear him speak ;
And every Word grows *Stranger* ! —— *Carlos* cannot
Be guilty —— or, if Guilty, cannot answer.

D. Car. To answer, is a Poorness I despise.
Where *Rebels* dare accuse, should *Power* reply,
'Twou'd but forget to *punish*. —— With this *Sword*,
I might ; but that I know the Reverence, due,
To your protecting Presence, *well have answer'd*.

—— Madam,

—Madam, [*to Alzira.*] your *Heart shou'd* have Instructed
 Why you offend me, while I see you *here.* [*you,*
 If not *my Peace*, at least *your Fame*, demands
 That you now drive this *Outlaw* from your Thoughts.
 You *weep* then! and *insult* me with your Tears?
 And, YET, I *love*, and can be *jealous* of you!

Alz. Cruel! * — and *You*, † my Father, and Protector!
 And *Thou*! || my Soul's past Hope, in happier Times!
 Mark — and condole my Fate. — *Mix* your Due Pity:
 And tremble, at the Horror of my Woes.

Behold this Lover, which my *Father* chose me,
 Before I knew there was a World, but *ours.*
 With *his* reported *Death* our Empire fell:
 And I have liv'd to see my Father's *Throne*
 O'erturn'd; and All Things *chang'd* in Earth, and Heav'n!
 By every *human* Help, alas! forsaken,
 At length, my Father, from the *Christian's* God
 Sought *Help*, and screen'd a *State*, behind his Name.
 Compell'd before this *unknown* Power, to kneel,
 A dreadful *Oath* has bound my backward Soul,
 To *love* the Murd'rer of my *real* Lover!

In my *new Faith*, I own myself *unskill'd*,
 But, all, that *Vertue* taught me, *That*, I know.
Zamor, I love thee, justly: — I *confess* it.
 What *Duty* calls for, can *deserve* NO SHAME.
 Yet, where my *Soul* is bound, my *Heart* obeys:
 And I can now be Thine, alas, no more.
 Let me be *wretched*, rather than *Unjust*.

Carlos, for you, --- I am your *Wife*; and *Victim*:
 Yet, in Abhorrence of your cruel Heart,
 I hold my Hand *divorc'd*; — and, hence, *abjure* you.

One Way, to *Either*, I submit, with Joy:
 If your *Swords* claim me, I am *due* to *Both*.
 WHICH will reward me with the *Death* I *wish*?
Carlos, thou hast a Hand already stain'd:
 Thy *practis'd* *Poignard* need not start, at Blood.
 Strike then, for due *Revenge* of slighted Love;
 And, *punishing* the *Guilty*, ——— ONCE, be just.

D. Car. I find, then, Madam, you wou'd *brave* my
 Proud of offending, One who *must* forgive. [*Weakness!*

* To Carlos.

† To Alvarez.

|| To Zamor.

But, you *invoke* my Vengeance, and it *comes*.
 Your Fate is ready ——— for, your *Minion dies*.
 Who waits ? ——— a *Guard* there.

Enter Soldiers.

Alz. Cruel, *Christian*, Insult ! [this ?

Alv. My Son! what mean you? What rash Transport
 Think, *whome* you sentence. — Is his Person hateful,
 Yet, reverence his *Virtue*, and his *Name*.
 He who is, *helpless*, in his *Ha'er's* Hands,
 Claims Safety from his *Weakness*.-- -Why, why, *Carlos*,
 Must I, a *second Time*, remind your Mercy ?
 I gave you Life : ——— but *Zamor* gave it ME.
 Be *warn'd* ——— nor forfeit Honour, to Revenge.

Enter Don ALONZO, with Spanish Soldiers.

Alon. Pardon an Entrance, Sir, thus unprepar'd.
 'The Woods, that border on the neighb'ring Plain,
 Pour out a sudden Swarm of *Indian Foes*.

Arm'd they advance, as if to scale our Walls :
 And *Zamor's* Name, resounded, rings to Heaven.
 Gleamings, from Golden Bucklers, meet the Sun :
 And in firm *Line*, and close compacted March,
 The stretch'd Batallions move, in martial Justness.
 They hold such Discipline, such order'd Motion,
 As ne'er was known before, to *Savage Foes*.
 As if, from us, they catch'd the Lights of War,
 And turn'd the burning Lessons on their Teachers.

D. Car. Away then : let us think 'em worth our Meet-
 — Heroes of *Spain* ! ye fav'rite Sons of War ! [ing.
 All Corners of the World are yours, to *shine* in.
 Help me to teach these Slaves to *know* their Masters.
 Bring *Him* along, by Force.

Zam. Tyrant, they dare not.
 Or, are they *Gods*, who *cannot* be repell'd ?
 And Proof against the Wounds, they seek to *give* ?

D. Car. Surround him.

Alz. Spare him, save him !

Alv. Son, be cool :

And, still, *remember*, what your Father owes him.

D. Car. Sir, I remember, 'tis a Soldier's Duty
 To bear down *Opposition* : so you taught me.

[Alonzo, and Spanish Soldiers, surround and seize Zamor.
 Your

Your *Pardon*, Sir, — I go, where Honour calls me.

[*Exit, with Zamor, and all the Spanish Soldiers.*

Alz. [to *Alv.*] Low, at your Feet, I fall; your Virtue's
'Tis the first *Homage* Fortune, yet, has taught me. [*Claim.*
Grant me the wish'd Release, of *Death's* kind Hand,
From Miseries, I cannot live, to see.

But, dying, let me leave this Witness with you,
That, true to my first Vows, I change not lightly.
Two different Claimers cannot, Both, possess
One faithful Heart, that can but once be given.
Zamor is mine : and I am only *Zamor's*.

Zamor is virtuous, as a fancied Angel.

'Twas *Zamor* gave his *Life*, to good *Alvarez*!

Alv. I feel the Pity of a Father, for thee.
I mourn afflicted *Zamor* : I will guard him :
I will protect you, both, unhappy Lovers !

Yet, ah ! be mindful of the *Marriage Tye*,
That, but this Morning, bound thy Days to *Carlos*.
Thou art no longer *Thine*, my mournful Daughter.
Carlos has been too cruel ; but repents it :
And This once-cruel *Carlos* is thy Husband.
He is my Son too : and he loves us, Both.
Pity soon softens Hearts, where *Love* has enter'd. [ther ?

Alz. Ah ! why did Heav'n not make you *Zamor's* Fa;
Greatness with Sweetness join'd, like *Fire* with *Light*,
Each aiding other, mingle warm, with bright.
What the *Kind* wants, th'Associate *Strong* supplies,
And from the *Gentle*, Peace and Calmness rise.

END of the THIRD ACT.





A C T IV.

Don ALVAREZ, Don CARLOS.

Shouts, Trumpets, a long and lofty Flourish.

ALVAREZ.



ESERVE, my Son, this Triumph of your
[Arms.

Your Numbers, and your Courage, have pre-
[vail'd ;

And, of this last, *best*, Effort of the Foe,
Half are no more ; and Half are yours, in Chains.

Disgrace not due Success, by *undue* Cruelties :

But call in *Mercy*, to support your *Fame*.

I will go *Visit* the afflicted Captives,
And pour Compassion on their aking Wounds.
Mean while, remember, you are *Man*, and *Christian*.
Bravely, at once, resolve, to PARDON *Zamor*.

—— Fain wou'd I soften this indocil Fierceness :
And teach your Courage how to conquer *Hearts*.

D. Car. Your Words pierce *mine*, —— freely, devote
But, leave at Liberty my just *Revenge*. [my *Life*,
Pardon him ?——Why, the Savage Brute is lov'd !

Alv. Th'unhappily Belov'd most merit Pity.

D. Car. *Pity* !---Cou'd I be sure of such Reward,
I wou'd die pleas'd, —— and she shou'd pity *Me*.

Alv. How much to be lamented is a Heart,
At once, by Rage of headlong *Will* oppress'd,
And by strong Jealousies, and Doubtings, torn !

D. Car. When Jealousy becomes a Crime----Guard,
That Husband's *Honour*, whom his Wife *not loves* ! [Heaven,
Your *Pity* takes in all the World —— but *Me*.

Alv. Mix not the Bitterness of distant *Fear*
With your arriv'd Misfortunes. —— Since *Alzira*
Has *Vertue*, it will prove a wiser Care
To soften her, for *Change*, by patient Tendernefs,
Than, by Reproach, confirm a willing Hate.

Her

Her Heart is, like her Country, *rudely sweet* :——
 Repelling Force, but gentle to the Kind.
Softness will soonest bend the stubborn Will.

D. Car. *Softness*!---by all the Wrongs of Woman's Hate,
 Too much of *Softness* but invites *Disdain*.
 Flatter'd too long, Beauty at length, grows wanton,
 And, insolently scornful, *slights* its Praiser.
 Oh ! rather, Sir, be jealous for my Glory ;
 And urge my doubting Anger, to *resolve*.
 Too low already, Condescension bow'd,
 Nor blush'd, to match the Conqu'ror with the Slave !
 But, when this Slave, unconscious, what she owes,
 Proudly repays Humility, with Scorn,
 And *braves*, and *hates* the un aspiring Love,
 Such Love is *Weakness* :---and Submission, there,
 Gives Sanction to Contempt, and *rivets* Pain.

Alv. Thus, Youth is, ever, apt to judge in Haste,
 And lose the Medium, in the wild Extreme.
 Do not *repent*, but *regulate*, your Passion :
 Tho' Love is Reason, its Excess is Rage.
 Give me, at least, your Promise, to *reflect*,
 In cool, impartial, Solitude : And still,
 No last Decision, till we meet again.

D. Car. It is my Father asks---and, had I Will,
 Nature denies me Power, to answer, No.
 I will, in Wisdom's Right, suspend my Anger.
 ---Yet---Spare my loaded Heart :---nor add more Weight ;
 Lest my Strength fails beneath th' unequal Pressure.

Alv. Grant yourself Time, and all you want comes with it.
 [Exit.

Don CARLOS, alone.

And —— must I coldly then, to pensive Piety,
 Give up the livelier Joys of wish'd Revenge !
 Must I *repell* the guardian Cares of Jealousy,
 And *slacken* every Rein, to Rival Love ?
 Must I reduce my Hopes, beneath a Savage ?
 And poorly *envy* such a Wretch as Zamor !
 A coarse Luxuriance of spontaneous Virtue !
 A Shoot, of rambling, fierce, *offensive* Freedom :
 Nature's wild Growth,---strong, but *un-prun'd*, in Daring.
 A rough, raw, Woodman, of this rugged Clime ;
 Illiterate in the Arts of *polish'd* Life ;

And, who, in *Europe*, where the *Fair* can JUDGE,
 Wou'd hardly, in our *Courts*, be call'd, a MAN !
 ---She comes !-- *Alzira* comes !- -unwish'd --yet, charming.

Enter A L Z I R A.

Alz. You turn, and shun me ! --So, I have been told,
Spaniards, by Custom,—meet submissive *Wives*.
 —But, hear me, Sir :—hear, even a suppliant *WIFE*.
 Hear this unguilty Object of your *Anger*,
 One, who can *rev'rence*, tho' she cannot *love* you :
 One, who is wrong'd *Herself*, not injures *you* :
 One, who, indeed is *weak*, — and *wants* your *Pity*.

I cannot wear *DISGUISE* : Be it th' *Effect*
 Of *Greatness*, or of *Weakness*, in my *Mind*,
 My *Tongue* cou'd ne'er be mov'd, but by my *Heart* :
 And *That* --was vow'd, *Another's*. ——— If he *dies*,
 The honest *Plainness* of my *Soul* destroys him.
 ----You look surpriz'd :----I will, still *more*, surprize You.
 I come, to try you deeply---for, I mean
 To move the *Husband*, in the *Lover's* Favour !
 —I had half flatter'd my *unpractis'd* Hope.
 That you, who govern *others*, shou'd, *yourself*,
 Be temp'rate, in the *Use* of your *own* *Passions*.
 Nay, I *persuaded* my *unchristian* Ign'rance,
 That an ambitious *Warrior's* *infelt* *Pride*
 Shou'd plead, in *Pardon* of *That* *Pride* in *Others*.
 ——— *This* I am sure of, ——— that, *forgiving* *Mercy*
 Wou'd stamp more *Influence*, on our *Indian* *Hearts*,
 Than all our *Gold* on *Those*, of *Men*, like *you*.
 Who knows, did such a *Change* endear *your* *Breast*,
 How far the *pleasing* *Force* might soften *mine* ?
 Your *Right* secures you my *Respect*, and *Faith* ;
 ---Strive, for my *Love* : ——— Strive, for whatever, *Else*,
 May charm :---if Aught there is, can charm, like *Love*.
 — Forgive me : I shall be *betray'd*, by *Fear*,
 To *promise*, till I over-charge my *Power*. ———
 Yet- --try, what *Changes*, *Gratitude* can make.

A *Spanish* *Wife*, perhaps, wou'd promise *more* :
 Profuse in *Charms*, and prodigal of *Tears*,
 Wou'd promise *all* *Things* ——— and forget 'em, *all*.
 But I have *weaker* *Charms*, and *simpler* *Arts*.
 Guile-less of *Soul*, and *left*, as *Nature* form'd me,

I err, in honest *Innocence* of Aim,
And, seeking to *compose*, inflame you, *more*.

All I can add, is *This* : ——— Unlovely Force
Shall never bow me, to *reward* Constraint :
But—to what Lengths I may be led, by *Benefits*,
'Tis in your Pow'r to try : not mine, to tell.

D.Car. 'Tis well.---Since *Justice* has such Pow'r to guide
That you may follow Duty, know it, first. [you,
Count *Modesty*, among your Country's *Vertues* ;
And copy,---not condemn,---the Wives of Spain.
'Tis your first Lesson, Madam, to FORGET.

—— Become more delicate, if not more kind,
And, never let me hear, the Name I hate.

---You shou'd learn, next, to blush away your *Haste*,
And wait in Silence, till my *Will* resolves
What *Punishment*, or *Pity*, suits his Crimes.

---Know, last, that (thus provok'd) a Husband's Clemency
Out-stretches *Nature*,---if it pardons---YOU.

Learn, thence, Ungrateful ! that I want not *Pity* :
And be the Last, to dare believe me *Cruel*. [Exit D.Carlos.

Em. Madam, be comforted ;—— I mark'd him well ;
I see, he loves ; and Love will make him softer.

Alz. Love has no Pow'r to act, when curb'd by *Jealousy*.
Zamor must die : —— for I have ask'd his *Life*.

Why did not I foresee the likely Danger ?

—But, has thy Care been happier ?——Canst Thou save
Far, far, divided from me, may he live ! [him ?

——Hast thou made Trial of his Keeper's Faith ?

Em. Gold, that, with Spaniards, can outweigh their God,
Has bought his Hand : —— and, so, his Faith's your own.

Alz. Then (Heav'n be bless'd) This Metal, form'd for
Sometimes, atones the Wrongs, 'tis dug to cause ! [Crimes,

—But, we lose Time : —— Why dost thou seem to pause ?

Em. I cannot think they purpose Zamor's Death.

Alvarez has not lost his Pow'r so far,

No can the Council——

Alz. They are Spaniards, All.

Mark the proud, partial, Guilt of these vain Men !
Ours, but a Country, held, to yield Them, SLAVES ;
Who reign, our Kings, by Right of diff'rent Clime !
Zamor, mean while, by Birth, true Sovereign here,
Weighs but a Rebel, in their righteous Scale !

Oh ! — *civiliz'd* Assent, of social Murder !

— But, why, *Emira*, should this Soldier stay ?

Em. We may expect him instantly. — The Night,
Methinks, grown darker, veils your bold Design.
Wearied by Slaughter, and unwash'd from Blood,
The World's proud Spoilers, all lie hush'd, in Sleep.

Alz. Away, and find this Spaniard. — Guilt's bought
Opening the Prison, Innocence goes free. [Hand

Em. See ! — by *Cephania* led, he comes, with *Zamor*.
— Be cautious, Madam, at so dark an Hour,
Lest, met, — suspected Honour should be lost :
And Modesty, mistaken, suffer Shame.

Alz. What does thy ill-taught Fear mistake, for Shame ?
Vertue, at Midnight, walks, as safe, within,
As in the conscious Glare of flaming Day.
She who in Forms finds Vertue, has no Vertue.
All the Shame lies, in biding honest Love.

— Honour, the alien Fantom, here unknown,
Lends but a length'ning Shade, to setting Vertue.
Honour's not Love of Innocence, but Praise !
The Fear of Censure, not the Scorn of Sin !

— But, I was taught, in a sincerer Clime,
That Vertue, tho' it shines not, still, is Vertue :
And inbred Honour grows not, but at home.
This my Heart knows : and, knowing, bids me dare,
Shou'd Heaven forsake the Just, be bold, and save him.

Enter ZAMOR, with CEPHANIA, and a Spanish
Soldier.

Ah ! fly--- thy Hopes are lost ; thy Torturer's ready.
Escape, this Moment, or thou stay'st, to die.
Haste,---lose no Time,---be gone : this Guardian Spaniard
Will teach thee to deceive the Murderer's Hope.

— Reply not, — judge thy Fate, from my Despair :
Save, by thy Flight, the Man I love, from Death ;
The Man, whome I have sworn t'obey, from Blood :
And a lost World, that knows thy Worth, from Tears.
Thy Country calls thee : Night conceals thy Steps.
Pity thy Fate : — and leave me, to my own.

Zam. Thou Robber's Property ! Thou Christian's WIFE !
Thou ! who dar'st love me, — yet, dar'st bid me live !
If I must live, come Thou, to make Life tempting.

But,

But, 'twas a *cruel Wish*! — How cou'd I *shield* thee?
 Stript of my Power, and Friends, and *nothing left* me,
 But *Wrongs*, and *Misery*! — I have no *Dower*,
 To tempt *reluctant* Love. — All, thou can'st share,
 With me, will be — my *Desart*, — and my *Heart*.
 When I *had more*, I laid it, at *thy Feet*. [thine?

Alz. Ah! what are *Crowns*, that must no more be
 I lov'd, not *Power*, but *Thee*: Thyself once *lost*,
 What has an *empty World*, to tempt my Stay?
 Far, in the Depth of thy sad *Desarts*, trac'd,
 My *Heart* will seek thee: *Fancy*, there, misleads
 My weary, wand'ring, Steps: There, *Horror* finds,
 And preys upon, my Solitude: there, leaves me,
 To languish Life out, in *unheard* Complaints:
 To waste, and wither, in the *Tear-less Winds*:
 And die, with *Shame*, at Breach of plighted *Faith*,
 For being *only Thine*. — and yet *Another's*.
 — Go, — carry with thee both my *Peace* and *Life*:
 And leave (ah! wou'd thou cou'dst) thy Sorrows, *here*.
 I have my *Lover*, and my *Fame*, to guard:
 And I will sav' 'em, Both. — Be gone — for ever.

Zam. I hate this *Fam'*, false Avarice of *Fancy*!
 The sickly *Shade* of an *unsolid* Greatness!
 The Lying *Lure* of *Pride*, that *Europe* cheats by!
 Perish the groundless *Seemings* of their *Virtue*!

But, shall *forc'd* Oaths, at hated *Christians* Altars,
 Shall Gods, who rob the Gods of our *Fore-fathers*,
 Shall *These*—obtrude a *Lord*, and blast a *Lover*!

Alz. Since it was *sworn*,— or to your Gods, or *theirs*,
 What *Help* is left me?

Zam. None.— Adieu — for ever.

Alz. Stay. — What a Farewell, *This*? [Going.]
 Return, I charge thee.

Zam. Carlos, perhaps, will bear thee.

Alz. [Returning.] Ah! pity, rather
 Than, thus, *upbraid* my Wretchedness.

Zam. Think, then,
 On our past *Vows*.

Alz. I think of nothing, *now*,
 But of *thy Danger*.

Zam. Oh! — thou hast undone
 The *tend'rest* — *fondest* — *Lover*!

Alz.

Alz. Still, I love,
 Crime as it is, I love thee.—Leave me, *Zamor*,
 Leave me, *alone*, to die.—HA ! CRUEL ! tell me !
 What horrible *Despair*, revolving wildly,
 Bursts from thy *Eyes*, with Purpose more than Mortal ?

Zam. It SHALL be so. [Going.]

Alz. What woud'st thou ? — Whither go'st thou ?
 [Holding him.]

Zam. To make a proper Use of *unhop'd* Freedom.

Alz. By Heaven ! if 'tis to Death, I'll follow thee.

Zam. Horrors, unmix'd with Love, demand me, now.
 Leave me.---Time flies. Night blackens. Duty calls.---
Soldier, — attend my Steps. [Exit, hastily.]

Alz. Alas, *Emira* !

I faint, — I die. — In what ungovern'd Start
 Of some rash Thought, he left me ! — Haste, *Emira*,
 Watch his fea'd Meaning, --- Trace his fatal Footsteps, ---
 And --- if thou see'st him safe, return, and bless me.
 [Exit *Emira*.]

—— A black, presaging, Sorrow swells my Heart !
 What cou'd a Day, like *This*, produce, but *Woe* ?
 Oh ! — Thou ! dark, awful, vast, mysterious Power,
 Whome *Christians* worship, yet, not comprehend !
 If, Ignorant of Thy new Laws, I stray,
 — Shed, from Thy distant Heaven, where-e'er It shines,
 One Ray of Guardian Light, to clear my Way :
 And teach me, first to find, then act, THY WILL.

But, if my only Crime is — Love of *Zamor*,
 If THAT offends thy Sight, and claims Thy Anger :
 Pour Thy due Vengeance, on my hopeless Head ;
 For, I am, then, a Wretch, too Lost, for MERCY.

Yet, — be the Wanderer's Guide, amidst his Desarts !
 Greatly dispense Thy Good, with Equal Hand ;
 Nor, partial to the Partial, give Spain, All.
 Thou can'st not be confin'd to Care of PARTS ;
 Heedless of One World, and the Other's FATHER :
 Vanquish'd, and Victors, are alike, to THEE :
 And All our vain Distinctions MIX, before Thee.
 --- Ah ! what foreboding Shriek ! --- Again ! and Louder !
 Oh ! Heaven ! amidst the Wildness of That Sound,
 I heard the Name of *Zamor* ! — *Zamor's* Lost.
 Hark ! --- a Third Time ! --- And, now, the mingled Cries
 Come

Come quick'ning on my Ear!

Enter EMIRA, frightened.

———*Emira*, SAVE me.

What has he *done*? ——— *In Pity of my Fears,*
Speak, ——— and bestow some *Comfort*?

Em. *Comfort is Lost:*

And all the *Rage of Death* has, sure, possess'd him.

---First, he *chang'd Habit*, with the trembling *Soldier*:

Then, snatch'd his *Weapon* from him.---The robb'd *Wretch*

Flew, frightened, toward the *Gate*;---while furious *Zamor*,

Wild, as the fighting *Rage of Wintry Winds*,

Rush'd to the *Publick Hall*, where sits the *Council*.

Following, I saw him *pass* the sleeping *Guards*:

But *lost* him, when he *enter'd*. ——— *In a Moment*,

I heard a *Sound of Voices* cry, *He's dead*.

Then, clam'rous *Calls*, from every *Way* at once,

To Arms, To Arms! ——— Ah! *Madam*, stay not *here*;

Fly, to the *Inmost Rooms*, and shun the *Danger*.

Alz. No, dear *Emira*: rather, let us try,

Whether our *Weakness* may not find some *Means*,

Late, and unlikely as it is, ——— to *save him*.

I, too, *dare DIE*.

Em. They come, ——— *Protect us, Heaven!*

Enter Don ALONZO.

Alon. *Madam*, you stir no farther.---I have *Orders*,
To seize your *Person*:---'Tis a *Charge*, *unwish'd*.

Alz. Whence do'st thou come? What *Fury* sent thee
What is become of *Zamor*? [hither?

Alon. At a *Time*,

So full of *Danger*, my *Respect* gives *Way*

To *Duty*. ——— You must please to *follow me*.

Alz. Oh, *Fortune! Fortune!* This is *too severe!*

Zamor is *DEAD*: and I am only *CAPTIVE!*

Why do'st *Thou* weep?--What have a *Spaniard's Tears*
To do, with *Woes*, which none but *Spaniards CAUSE?*

Come:---If to *Death* thou lead'st me, 'twill be *kind*.

There only, *Weakness* wrong'd, can *Refuge* find.

E N D of the F O U R T H A C T:

A C T



A C T V.

A L Z I R A, guarded.

Alz.  M I to die?—Answer, ye dumb De-
[stroyers!

Ye Wretches! who *provoke*, yet *mock*
[at, Heaven!

And, when you mean to *murder*, say,
Why does your brutal *Silence* leave my Soul [you judge!
Flutt'ring, 'twixt Hope and Fear, in torturing *Doubt*?
Why am I not inform'd, of *Zamor's Fate*?

They will not *speak*: no Matter. — She, who *hopes*
To *hear no Good*, why wou'd she *hear, at all*?
The Conduct of these watchful *Mutes* is *strange*!
They seize me, guard me, and confine me, *here*;
Yet *answer nothing*, but with *Looks of Hate*!
Chancing, but now, to *fight my Zamor's Name*,
Ev'n these low Monsters, struck with *Spanish Envy*,
Started, turn'd *pale*; and *trembled* at the Sound!

Enter E Z M O N T.

Alas! — my *Father*, too?

Ezm. To what dark Depth
Of sad *Despair* hast thou reduc'd us all?
See, now, the *Fruits* of thy unlist'ning Love!
Even in the Instant, while, with growing *Hope*,
We pleaded, earnest, for the Life of *Zamor*;
While we yet *hung*, on the *half-granted Prayer*:
An ent'ring *Soldier* drew our Notice toward him.
'Twas *Zamor*! — dreadful, in a *borrow'd Dress*!
At once, he hurl'd his furious EYES, amongst us,
And his more furious PERSON. — Scarce I *saw*,
So rapid was his Motion, that his *Hand*
Held a *drawn Sword*! — To enter — reach our *Seats*,
And, *Lion-like*, spring to the Breast of *Carlos*;
Th' *Assault*, the *Wound*, the *Death*, was, all, *One Moment*!
Out gush'd your *Husband's Blood*, to stain your *Father*:

As

As if 'twou'd lend me *Blushes*, for a *Daughter*.

—— *Zamor*, mean while, the dreadful Action done,
Soft'ning to sudden *Calmness*, at the Feet
Of sad *Alvarez* fell : and, to his Hand,
Resign'd the *Sword*, which his Son's Blood made *horrid*.
The *Father* started into *back'ning* Terror !

The *Murd'rer* dash'd his Bosom to the Ground,
I but reveng'd (he cry'd) my Wrongs, and Shame !
I but MY Duty knew, —— Know You your own.
Nature your Motive, and Oppression mine.

He said no more :---but, *prostrate*, hop'd his Doom.

Th' afflicted *Father* sunk upon my Bosom ;
The silent Night grew frightful, with our Cries.
From every Side at once, in broke the *Swarms* :
A Flow of fruitless *Help* surrounded *Carlos* ;
To stop th' out-swelling Blood, and hold back Life.

—— But what most shakes me, tho' 'tis told thee, last,
Is —— that They think Thee guilty of his Death ;
And, insolently Loud, demand Thy own.

Alz. Ah ! —— can you ——

Exm. No. IMPOSSIBLE. I cannot.

I know thy Heart too well, to wrong thee, so.
I know thee too, too capable of *Weakness* ;
But not of purpos'd Blood. —— I saw this Danger.
But, Thy own Eyes, even on the Brink of Fate,
Were blinded by thy Love ;---and thou art fallen !
—— Thy Husband murder'd, by thy Lover's Hand,
The *Council* that accuses, will condemn thee :
And ignominious *Death* becomes thy Doom.
I came, to warn thee, and prepare thy Spirit.
Now, hast'ning back, try every Hope, for Pardon,
Or, failing to redeem thee, share thy Death.

Alz. My Pardon !---Pardon, at these *Wretches* Hands !
The Prince my *Father* stoop his Prayer to THEM !
Death, if it hides me from That Thought, is Rapture.
—— Ah ! Sir, live on : hope still some happier Day ;
To pay back all these Pangs, —— and bless *Peru*.
Wait That due Day, —— and love the lost *Alzira* ;
'Tis all the Prayer she makes, and all, she wishes.

I pity dying *Carlos* ; for, I find
His Fate too cruel : and I mourn it, deeper,
'Thro' Fear, He has deserv'd it. ---As for *Zamor*,

Whose

Whose Rashness has reveng'd a Country's Wrongs,
 Urg'd by too keen Remembrance of his own,
 I neither *censure*, nor *excuse*, his Deed :
 I wou'd have *staid* him : but, He *rush'd* to die ;
 And 'tis not in my *Choice*, to live, without him.

Ezm. Shed thy wish'd Mercy here, All-powerful Heaven!
 [Exit.]

Alz. [alone.] My weeping Father call'd on Heav'n, to
 I will not task the Grace of Heav'n, so far : [save me.
 Let me no longer be,---and I'm not wretched.

Th' Almighty Christian Power, that knows me innocent,
 Exacts (they say) Long Life, in fix'd Distress ;
 And suffers not the Brave to shorten Woe.

If so, the Gods once mine, were less severe ;
 Why shou'd the Wretch who hopes not, struggle on,
 Thro' viewless Lengths of circling Miseries,
 And dread the Hand of Death, that points to Refuge !
 Sure ! Christians, in this Tale, belie their God.

His conqu'ring Favourites, whome He arms with Thunder,
 Can They have Right, from Him, to waste the World,
 To drive whole Millions into Death's cold Arms ;
 And, shall not I, for Safety, claim that Power,
 Which He permits to Them, for Martial Rage ?

-----Ah ! ----- Zamor comes : They lead him out, to die.

Enter ZAMOR, in Chains : Guarded by Spaniards.

Zam. Kind, in their purpos'd Insult, they have brought
 Where my expiring Soul shall mix, with Thine. [me
 Yes, my *Alzira*, we are doom'd, together.

Their black Tribunal has condemn'd us, Both :
 But Carlos is not dead : --- THAT wounds me deepest.
 Carlos survives, to boast short Triumph o'er us :
 And dies so slowly, that our Fate comes, first.

-----Yet, He MUST die : my Hand not err'd so far,
 But he must die : and, when he does, my Soul
 Shall snatch th'expected Moment, hovering, watchful,
 And hunt him, in Revenge, from Star, to Star.

Pious Alvarez, mournful, comes, behind,
 Charg'd with our bloody Sentence, sign'd, in Council,
 That Murder may be sanctify'd, by Form.

My only Grief is, ----- that Thou diest for ME.

Alz. That, That, shou'd leave thy Grief without a Cause.
 Since I am thus belov'd, to die with Zamor,

Is Happiness, *un-hop'd* ! ——— blefs, blefs my Fate ;
 For this *sole* Blow, that *cou'd* have *broke* my Chain.
 Think, that This Period of suppos'd *Distress*,
 This Moment, that *unites* us, tho', in *Death*,
 Is the *first Time*, my Love was free from *Woe*.

The smiling Fate *restores* me to *myself* :

And I can give a Heart, now, all, *my own*.

If there's a Cause for *Tears*, ALVAREZ claims 'em :

I, while *he* speaks *our* Doom, shall *feel*, but *his*. [*rand.*

Zam. See! where the Mourner comes! and *weeps* his Er-

Enter ALVAREZ.

Alv. Which, of us Three, does Fortune, *most*, *Distress* ?
 What an *Assemblage* ours, of mingled Woes !

Zam. Since Heaven *will have* it so, that, from *Thy*
 I shon'd receive *Death's Summons*, let it come : [*Tongue,*

'Twill have *one Power* to *please* ——— for, I shall *HEAR*
 Do not, then, *pity* ; but condemn me boldly ; [*thee,*

And, if thy Heart, tho' *Spanish*, bends, beneath it,

Think, thou but doom'st an unsubmitting *Savage* ;

Who *kill'd* thy Son ——— because, *unlike* his Father.

But, what has poor *Alzira* done, against thee ?

Why must *she* die, in whome a *People* lives ?

In whome, *alone*, glows That *collected Soul*,

That, in past Ages, brighten'd *all Peru* !

Is *Innocence* a Crime, where *Spaniards* judge ?

Known, and *assum'd* by us, for all thy *Virtues*,

The jealous *Envy* of thy Land *re-claims* thee ;

And crops thy *Indian Growth*, to *creep*, like *Spain*.

Alz. Wond'rous old *Virtue* ! obstinately *kind* !

Thou, *singly Just*, amidst a *Race of Thieves* !

'Twere to be base as *They* are, cou'd I stoop

To *deprecate* a *Vengeance* *duely Thine*.

For thy Son's Blood, be mine thy *willing Sacrifice*.

All I require, is ——— but *Escape* from *Slander* ;

From poor *Suspicion* of a *Guilt* I *scorn*.

Carlos, tho' *hated*, was a *hated Husband* :

Whence, even my *Hatred* ow'd his *Life Defence*.

He was *Alvarez's Son*, too ; and, as *such*,

Call'd for That *Rev'rence*, which *Himself* *deserv'd* not.

As for thy *Nation*, let 'em *praise*, or *blame* me,

Thy Witnesses only can be worth my *Claim*.

As for my *Death*, 'tis *Joy*, to die, with *Zamor* :

And

And all the *Pain* I suffer, ——— is, for *THEE*.

Alv. Words *will* have Way : or Grief, suppress'd in
Wou'd burst its Passage, with th' out-rushing Soul. [vain,
Whose Sorrows ever match'd this mingled Scene
Of *Tenderness*, with *Horror* ! ——— my Son's *Murderer*
Is *Zamor* ! ——— He, who guarded me, from *Murder*,
Is, also, *ZAMOR* ! Hold *That* Image, fast,
Afflicted *Nature* ! ——— *LIFE*, unwish'd, by me,
Is due to *Zamor* : young, belov'd, untry'd
In *Hope's* false Failings, *Life* might make *Him* happy.
My *Taste* of *Time* is *GONE* : and *Life*, to me,
Is but an *Evening's* Walk, in *Rain*, and *Darkness*.
Father I *am* (at least, I *was*, a Father :)
But, every Father, first, was form'd, a *MAN*.
And, spite of *Nature's* Call, that cries for *Vengeance*,
The *Voice* of *Gratitude* must still be heard.

Oh ! *Thou*, so late my *Daughter* ! *Thou* ! whome, yet,
'Spite of these *Tears*, I call by *That* lov'd Name !
Mistake not my *Pursuit*. ——— I cannot taste
Those horrible *Reliefs*, that rise, from *Blood*.
It shocks me, thro' a Soul, that feels, for *Three* ;
Hard Stroke of *Justice* ! thus, to lose, at once,
My *Daughter*, my *Deliverer*, and my *Son*.

The *Council* with misguided View to sooth me,
Ill chose my *Tongue*, to tell their dreadful Will.
True, I receiv'd the *Charge* : for I had weigh'd it.
'Twere not impossible, perhaps, to save you :
Zamor might make it *Easy*.

Zam. Can I do it ?
Can *Zamor* save *Alzira* ? ——— Quickly tell me,
How ? — By what Length of Torments ? and, 'tis done.

Alv. Cast off thy *Idol Gods* : and be a *Christian*.
That single Change reverses all our Fates.
Kind to the courted Souls of *Pagan Converts*,
We have a *Law*, remits their Body's Doom.
This latent Law, by Heaven's peculiar Mercy,
Points out a *Road*, and gives a *Right*, to *PARDON*.
Religion can disarm a *Christian's* Anger.
Thy Blood becomes a *Brother's*, so converted,
And with a living Son, repays a *Dead*.
Prevented *Vengeance*, seiz'd in her Descent,
So rests, suspended, and forgets to fall.

From

From *thy* new Faith, *Alzira* draws new Life ;
And *Both* are happy *here*, and fav'd, *hereafter*.

Why art thou *silent* ? Is the Task so *hard*,
To add *Eternal* Life, to Life, below ?
Speak,———from *thy* Choice, determine *my* Relief,
Fain wou'd I owe thee yet a *second* Being.

Yes,———to *restore* the Life Thou *robb'st* me of,
A Childless Father wishes *THEE* to *live*.

Alzira is a *Christian* : be Thou so.

'Tis all the *Recompence* my Wrongs will *urge*.

Zam. [to *Alz.*] Shall we, thou fairest, noblest, Boast of
Shall we, so far, indulge our *Fear* to *die* ? [Beauty !

Shall the Soul's Baseness bid the Body *live* ?

Shall *Zamor's* Gods bow to the Gods of *Carlos* ?

Why wou'd *Alvarez* bend me, down, to *Shame* ?

Why wou'd He, thus, become the *Spirit's* Tyrant ?

Into how strange a *Snare* am I impell'd !

Either *Alzira* dies, or lives, to *scorn* me !

Tell me,——When Fortune gave Thee to *my* Power,

Had I, at such a *Purchase*, held thy Life,

Tell me, with honest Truth,——Wou'dst Thou have *bought* it ?

Alv. I shou'd have pray'd the Power, I now implore,
To widen, for His Truth, a Heart like Thine :

Dark as it is, yet, worthy to be *Christian*.

Zam. [to *Alz.*] Death has no *Pain*, but what I feel for Thee.

Life has no Power to charm : but what Thou giv'st it.

Thou, then, that art my Soul, vouchsafe to guide it.

But, think ! —remember, ere thou bid'st me *chuse* !

'Tis on a *Matter*, of more Weight than *Life* ;

'Tis on a *Subject*, that concerns my Gods :

And, All those Gods, in *One*,——my dear *ALZIRA* !

I trust it to thy Honour, ——*Speak*, ——and fix me.

If thou conceiv'st it *Shame*, thou wilt *disdain* it.

Alz. Then, hear me, *Zamor*.——My unhappy Father.

Dispos'd my willing Heart, 'twixt Heaven, and Thee :

The God, He chose, was mine :——Thou may'st, perhaps,

Accuse it, as the *Weakness* of my Youth :

But, 'twas not so. My Soul, enlarg'd, and clear,

Took in the solemn Light of *Christian* Truth.

I saw,———at least, I thought I saw, *Conviction*.

And, when my Lips abjur'd my Country's Gods,

My secret Heart confirm'd the Change, *within*.

But,

50
But, had I *wanted* that directive Zeal,
Had I *renounc'd* my Gods, yet still *believ'd* 'em ;
That ——— had not been an *Error*, but a *Crime* :
That had been *mocking* Heaven's whole Host, at once ;
The Powers I *quitted*, and the Power I *chose*.
A Change like *That*, had err'd, *beyond* the *Tongue* ;
And taught the silent, servile *Soul*, to *lie*.
I cou'd have wish'd, that Heaven had lent thee *Light*,
But since It did not, ——— let thy *Virtue* guide thee.

Zam. I *knew* thy gen'rous Choice, before I *heard* it.
Who, that can *die with Thee*, wou'd shun such Death,
And *live*, to his own Infamy ? ——— Not *Zamor*.

Alv. Inhuman Slighters of *yourselves*, and *me* !
Whome Honour renders *blind*, and *Virtue* *cruel* !

[*A dead March.*]

Hark !---the Time presses.----These are Sounds of *Sorrow*.

Enter Don A L O N Z O, follow'd by a mix'd Crowd, of
Spaniards, and Americans, mournful.

Alon. We bring, obedient to his *last* Command,
Our dying Captain, your unhappy Son,
Who *lives* no longer, than to *reach* your Bosom.
A furious Crowd of his lamenting Friends
Press, to attend him, and *revenge* his Blood.

Enter Don C A R L O S : brought in by Spanish Soldiers,
and surrounded by a Number of Followers, some of *whome*
advance, to seize A L Z I R A.

Zam. [*Interposing.*] Wretches ! keep Distance. — Let
Alzira live :

Mine was the single *Guilt*, ——— be mine the *Vengeance*.

Alz. Be *feasted*, ye officious *Hounds* of *Blood* :
Guileless or Guilty, 'tis my *Choice*, to *die*.

Alv. My Son ! my dying Son !---this silent *Paleness*,
This Look, *speaks* for thee, and forbids all *Hope*.

Zam. [*to D. Car.*] Even to the *Last* then, thou main-
tain'st thy *Hate* ?

Come---see me *suffer* : mark my *Eye* : and *scorn* me,
If my expiring Soul confesses *Fear*.

Look ---and be taught, at least, to *die* ---by *Zamor*.

D. Car. [*to Zam.*] I have no *Time*, to copy out thy *Vir-*
But, there are some of *mine*, I come to *teach* thee. [*tues* :
I shou'd, in *Life*, have given thy *Pride* *Example* :

Take

Take it (too late) in *Death* : and mark it, *well*.

[*To Alv.*] Sir, my departing Spirit *staid* its Journey,
First, 'till my Eyes might leave their Beams in *yours* ;
And their dim Lights *expire*, amidst your *Blessing*.
Next, what you taught me, 'tis my Task to *show*,
And die, the Son of your paternal *Virtue*.

—— Eager in *Life's* warm Race, I never *stopp'd*,
To look *behind* me, and *review* my Way.

But, at the Gole, before I *judg'd* it near,

I start, —— and recollect forgotten *Slidings*.

On the *Grave's* serious *Verge*, I turn, —— and *see*
Humanity oppress'd, to cherish *Pride* :

Heaven has reveng'd the Earth :—and Heav'n is *just* !

Cou'd my own Blood but expiate what I *shed*,

All, my rash Sword has drawn, from suff'ring Innocence,
I shou'd lie down in Dust, —— and rest in *Peace*.

Cheated by prosp'rous Fortune, *Death* deals plainly ;

But —— I have *learnt to live*, when Life *forsakes* me.

Safe, and *forgiven*, be the Hand I fall by.

Power is, yet, mine : and It *absolves* my Murder.

Live, my proud Enemy ; and live, in *Freedom*.

Live, —— and *observe*, tho' *Christians* oft *aet ill*,

They must *forgive* Ill Actions, in Another.

--- *Ezmont*, my Friend ! and you, ye friendless *Indians* !

Subjects, not *Slaves* ! be rul'd, henceforth, by *LAW*.

Be grateful to my *Pity*, tho' 'twas *late* ;

And teach your Country's Kings, to *fear no longer*.

--- *Rival*, learn, hence, the Diff'rence, 'twixt our *Gods* ;

Thine have inspir'd thee to *pursue Revenge* :

But, *mine*, when *That Revenge* had reach'd my *Life*,

Command me to *esteem*, and give thee *Pardon*.

Alv. Virtues like *These*, my Son, secure thy *Peace* :

But double the *Distress* of us, who lose thee.

Alz. Of all the painful *Wonders* thou hast caus'd me,

This Change, this *Language*, will afflict me, most !

Zam. Die, soon, OR LIVE FOR EVER. --- If thou, *thus*,

Go'st on, to charm my *Anger* into *Envy*,

I shall repent, I was not born, a *Christian*,

And hate the *Justice*, that compell'd my Blow !

D. Car. I will go farther, yet ; --- I will not leave thee,

Till I have soften'd *Envy*, into *Friendship*.

--- Mournful *Alzira* has been too unhappy :

Lov'd,

Lov'd, to *Distress*, and married to *Misfortune* !
 I wou'd do something, to *atone* her Wrongs :
 And, with a *softer Sense*, imprint her *Pity*.
Take her, ——— and owe her, to the Hand she *hates*.
 Live, ——— and remember me, without a *Curse*.
 Resume lost Empire, o'er your conquer'd States :
 Be Friends, to *Spain* : ——— nor Enemies, to *me*.
 [to Alv.] -- Vouchsafe my Claim, Sir, to *This Son*, this *Daugh-*
 And be, both *Father*, and *Protector*, too. [ter :
 May Heaven, and you, be *kind* ! and *They* be---*Christians* !
Zam. I stand *immoveable*, ——— confus'd ! ——— astonish'd !
 If These are *Christian* Virtues, *I am Christian*.
 The *Faith*, that can *inspire* this gen'rous *Change*,
 Must be *Divine*, ——— and glows *with all its God* !
 ——— Friendship, and Constancy, and Right, and Pity,
 All *These*, were Lessons, I had learnt, *before*.
 But, *This unnat'ral Grandeur* of the Soul
 Is *more* than mortal : and out reaches *Virtue*.
 It draws, — It charms, — It *binds* me, to be *Christian*.
 It bids me *blush*, at my remember'd *Rashness* :
 Curse my *Revenge*, ——— and pay thee *all my Love*.
 [Throws himself at his Feet.

Alz. A *Widow'd* Wife, blushing to be *thus late*,
 In her *Acknowledgment* of tender *Pity* ;
 Low, at your injur'd Feet, with prostrate Heart,
 [Kneels with Zamor.

Weeps your untimely Death : and thanks your Goodness.
 ——— Torn, by contending Passions, I want Power
 To *speak*, a thousand Truths, I see you merit :
 But, honour, and confess, your Greatness, *wrong'd*.

D. Car. Weep not, *Alzira*. — I forgive, again.
 -- -- For the last Time, my *Father* ! lend your Bosom.
 Live, to be *blest*'d ! ——— and make *Alzira* so !
 Remember, *Zamor*, — that a *Christian* — Oh ! [Dies.

Alv. [to Exm.] I see the Hand of Heaven, in our Mis-
 But, *Justice* strikes : and *Sufferers* must submit. [fortune.
 Woes are Good Counsellors : and, kindly, *show*,
 What *prosp'rous Error* never lets us know.

F I N I S.



Virtue Betray'd ;
OR,
ANNA BULLEN.

TRAGEDY,

ACTED AT

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS the DUKE's
THEATRE.

THE SIXTH EDITION, Corrected.

By Mr. JOHN BANKS,
Author of *The Earl of Essex*, or, *The Unhappy Favourite*.

L O N D O N,

Printed for HAWES, CLARKE, and COLLINS ; S. CROWDER ;
T. LONGMAN ; T. LOWNDS ; and C. CORBETT.

M DCC LXII.

Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

King HARRY,
Cardinal,
NORTHUMBERLAND,
PIERCY,
ROCHFORD,

Mr. *Smith*.
Mr. *Gillow*.
Mr. *Wiltshire*.
Mr. *Betterton*.
Mr. *Jos. Williams*.

W O M E N.

ANNA BULLEN,
Lady DIANA TALBOT,
Lady ELIZABETH BLUNT.
Young Princess ELIZABETH.

Mrs. *Barry*.
Mrs. *Petty*.

Ladies, Gentlemen, Attendants, and Guards.

S C E N E, L O N D O N.

PROLOGUE,

Spoken to *Anna Bullen*. Written by a Person
of Quality.

TO all impartial Judges in the Pit,
And ev'ry beauteous Patroness of Wit,
I'm sent to plead the Poet's Cause, and say,
There's not one Slander in his modest Play:
He brings before your Eyes a modern Story,
Yet meddles not with either Wig or Tory.
Was't not enough, vain Men of either Side,
Two Roses once the Nation did divide?
But must it be in Danger now agen,
Betwixt our Scarlet and Green-Ribbon Men?
Who made this Diff'rence were not England's Friends:
Be not their Tools to serve their plotting Ends.
Damn the State-Fop, who here his Zeal discovers,
And o'er the Stage, like our ill Genius, hovers:
Give us a Pit of Drunkards, and of Lovers;
Good sanguine Men, who mind no State-Affair,
But bid a base World of itself take care.
We hope there lives not so abhorr'd a Thing,
But loves his Country, and would serve his King.
But in your Parties why should we engage,
Or meddle with the Plots of a mad Age?
We lose enough by those upon the Stage.
Welcome Mask-Teazer, peevish Gamester, Huffer;
All Fools but Politicians we can suffer:
A God's Name, let each keep to his Vocation;
Our Trade is to mend you, and not the Nation.
Besides, our Author hath this further End,
'Tis not enough if but one Side's his Friend,
He needs you all his Weakness to defend;
And, to oblige you to't, hopes he has shewn
No Country has Men braver than your own.
His Heroes all to England are confin'd;
To your own Fathers (sure) you will be kind.
He brings no Foreigners to move your Pity,
But sends them to a Fury of the City.

EPILOGUE.

*WELL, Sirs, your kind Opinion now, I pray,
Of this our neither Wig nor Tory Play :
To blow such Coals our conscious Muse denies ;
Wit, sacred Wit, such Subjects should despise.
The Author says, his Heliconian Stream
Is not yet drain'd to such a low Extreme,
T' abuse one Party with a cursed Play,
And bribe the other for a large Third Day.
Like Gladiators then you straight resort,
And crowd to make your Nero-Faction Sport.
But what's more strange, that Men of Sense should do it !
For worrying one another, pay the Poet :
So Butchers at a Baiting take Delight,
For him that keeps the Bears, to roar and fight ;
Both Friends and Foes such Authors make their Game,
Who have your Money, that was all their Aim :
No matter for the Play, nor for their Wit,
The better Farce is acted in the Pit.
Both Parties to be cheated will agree,
And swallow any Nonsense, so it be
With Faction fac'd, and gilt with Loyalty.
Here's such a Rout with Whigging and with Torying,
That you neglect your dear-lov'd Sin of Whoring :
The Visor-Mask that ventur'd her Half-Crown,
Finding no Hopes but here to be undone,
Like a cast Mistress past her dear Delight,
Turns godly straight, and goes to Church in spite ;
And does not doubt, since you are grown so fickle,
To find more Cullies in a Conventicle :
We on the Stage stand still, and are content
To see you act what we should represent.
You use us like the Women that ye woo ;
You make us Sport, and pay us for it too.
Well, we're resolv'd that in our next Play-Bill,
To print at large a Trial of your Skill,
And that five hundred Monsters are to fight ;
Then more will run to see so strange a Sight,
Than the Morocco, or the Moscovite.*

V I R T U E Betray'd ;
O R,
A N N A B U L L E N.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

Enter Northumberland and Rochford.

NORTHUMBERLAND.

THIS is the day shall crown your parents wishes,
And long-expected hopes : the King intends
To publish straight his marriage with your sister,
And make her known by th' title of a Queen.
The reason why it was so long kept secret,
Was our great Cardinal's delays, and tricks
Of Rome, which Harry has with frowns discover'd :
But since, in spite of Wolsey and the conclave,
By rev'rend Cranmer has the cause been try'd ;
And Kath'rine is this day proclaim'd divorc'd.

Roch. Heav'n be my witness, brave Northumberland !
It joys not me, but that it is his pleasure,
Whose happiness we all are bound to pray for :
And may my sister's crown fit lighter on
Her brow, than does the honour upon mine :
Something of boding whispers to my soul,
And tells me, Oh ! this marriage will be fatal——
Methinks I see a sword ty'd to a thread,

Small as a hair, hang o'er our pageant greatness.
 Believe me, friend, thrones are severest touch-stones;
 And, like the emblem of their guard, the lion,
 All but of royal blood they will destroy.

North. My Lord, this is severe to all that love you,
 And you reflect unkindly on your fortune.

Rock. Fortune! why did she lay her load on her?
 A load, I say, to quiet minds——she should
 Have cast it upon one that was ambitious:
 My Lord, it had been kindly done of Fortune,
 T' have seen my sister wedded to her vows,
 Your Piercy's wife; and not at one time made her
 Both cruel to the Queen, and false to him.

North. You know, my Lord, we all are witnesses
 With what remorse she took the regal burden,
 That sat upon her like a heavy armour
 On a child's back; she stagger'd with the weight.

Rock. Oh! may it not be fatal to us, heav'n!
 For at the very time she gave her hand
 To th' eager King, to fasten't with a pledge,
 The ring fell off, and could no more be found.

North. Meer chance, my Lord.

Rock. And then immediately,
 When the glad ceremonies were perform'd,
 The am'rous King bending to kiss her hand,
 A show'r of pearls broke passage from her eyes,
 And all bedew'd his head with ominous tears.

North. The common use of ev'ry bashful bride.

Rock. What will she do when she shall understand
 Our foul designs, and Piercy's innocence?
 His letters to her that you intercepted,
 And counterfeited others to deceive her,
 To make her once believe that he was marry'd?
 But what a mortal grief will seize your son,
 When he shall find his mistress was betray'd,
 And forc'd to marry one she cannot love!

North. To prevent that, soon as he's come to court,
 Just but to see she's marry'd, and no more,
 (Not giving him the time for second thoughts)
 I'll make a match between him and the heiress
 Of *Shrewsbury*.

Rock.

Roch. A very gallant lady ;
As virtuous, beautiful, and richer far
Than all her generation of that sex:

North. You wrong yourself to flatter me. Her father
Brings her this day on purpose from the country :
But the Queen thinks already they are marry'd.

Roch. And are you sure to gain your son's consent
To what he has been still so obstinate ?

North. Rage and despair, when he shall find her false,
Will make him rashly change to any state ;
And, thinking to be mis'erable, will plunge
Into the dreadful sea of matrimony,
And make himself, tho' much against his will,
The happiest man that ever was on earth.

Enter Cardinal Wolsey musing.

Behold the proud imperious Cardinal,
With such a furious tempest on his brow,
As if the world's four winds were pent within
His blust'ring carcase. He has heard the news,
And comes to argue with his friend, the dev'l,
The reason of his no-intelligence.

Roch. The popedom now, and all the wealth in Rome,
Can scarcely recompense him for the fright
This news has put him in——See how he staggers,
Giddy with th' height his pride has rais'd him to.
'Tis then most fatal to unhappy England,
When such church blazing-stars appear in it.

[Ex. North. and Roch.]

Card. Marry'd in private, and declar'd his Queen !
Kath'rine divorc'd, and Anna Bullen marry'd !
Now, by our Holy Father's triple crown,
It must not, cannot, nay, it shall not be.
Where was your aid that time, ye slothful saints,
Ye whom false zeal created in more numbers
Then e'er the heathen made and worshipp'd gods ?
A Luth'ran Queen upon the throne of England !
She to lie in the bosom of our Prince !
A buxom King, that for a wanton smile
Will pawn his faith, and turn an heretick !

Enter

Enter the Lady Elizabeth Blunt.

Blunt. Awake, thou wretched dreaming priest, look up;
Can you behold your proud St. Peter shake?
The mighty pillar of that spreading church,
That holds the great religion of the world,
To stagger, and bestow no help, no aid
From mighty Wolfey's shoulders to support it?
Is this the great King-Cardinal, who late,
From smallest root, began to shade the land,
And stood the tallest cedar of the church?
Shame to thy priesthood, and thy scarlet robe,
Ev'n thou, to whom the lib'ral see of Rome
Has given all, next giving of herself:
Unworthy servant of so kind a mistress.

Card. What does the fairest mean?

Blunt. Ha! must I teach thee?
Art thou the thing that from the chaff of mankind,
From the base scurrilous rubbish of the world,
First found thyself a way to thrive by wit?
Then edging it with sharpest villainies,
Mow'd thee a passage to thy Prince's breast,
And cut down all the virtuous from his sight;
Who chose thee for the champion of his vices,
Whilst thou with labour let loose all their sluices,
And pour'd them like a torrent in his bosom:
This you did once confess to me, and more,
When you declar'd how hot you were in love —
Bullen is Queen; the crown you promis'd me
Now wreaths her head — Are these the hopes you gave me,
When once you said my son should be a King?
The news not stirs your wonder! Hell and Furies!

Card. What would you I should do to serve you?

Blunt. Forgive me, tender Wolfey, pious Cardinal!
Shall I then teach your scarlet priesthood blood?
I would have done as Alexander did,
The Sixth, and most merciful, so nam'd:
Are there no consecrated weapons left?
Or have you lost the pow'r to make 'em so?
Give me Saint Dagger, or Saint Poison, straight,
And I will do that meritorious act;
Dispatch her straight to hell, from whence she fetch'd
Those looks that robb'd me of the King and crown.

Card.

Card. Have patience, Madam.

Blunt. Preach it to the damn'd,
To those that feel the rack of inquisition—
Curse on your gown-apologies ; but more
Be curst the time of Bullen's fatal birth ;
Wrinkles like age anticipate her youth ;
Mildews and blasts devour her wanton beauties ;
Small-pox and leprosy rough-cast her o'er ;
Dig up her charms and features by the roots,
And bury 'em in pits as deep as graves.

Card. Study some act that may revenge this fury.
This hurts no more than barks of coward curs ;
She lives, and is as beautiful as ever.
Be rul'd by me ; who, like a dreadful piece,
Am sure to kill, where-e'er I take my aim,
Before they hear the noise, or see the flame.

Blunt. Oh, tell me how to quench this fire within !
That burns me up with thoughtful injury.

Card. An easy way I'll chalk to your revenge ;
A road not steep, nor dangerous, but smooth ;
So unexpected, and so fatal too,
That the Queen's fancy and deluded genius
Shall tempt her in the same dissembled path,
Taking her by the other hand with us,
And lead her in the pit prepared for her.

Blunt. Go on, my Wolsey, charming as the young,
And more melodious than a quire of angels.

Card. This then it is : the King you know's inconstant,
And jealous, and as testy as old age ;
So cov'tous of the pleasure he possesses,
That he who does but look upon't, must die,
With her, whose innocent charms did force him to't.

Blunt. But how shall we be back'd with a pretence ?

Card. 'Tis easy to give fire to that fond breast
That is already charg'd with jealous sulphur :
The Queen loves Piercy, that may be a means ;
And spies may be laid ev'ry where to watch
Their private meetings, and their very looks,
And then acquaint the hot-brain'd King with it :
So straight their joyful destinies are seal'd.

Blunt. Most admirable !

Card.

Card. If we fail in this,
Some cry'd-up beauty, ne'er yet seen at court,
Must be found out, to put her in his way,
And take the am'rous King : 'twill certain do ;
For then no greedy falcon, when he sees the lure,
Will fly down swifter to be catch'd and hooded,
Than he into the fetters of her charms.

Blunt. O come to my embrace, thou godlike priest!
Balm to my wounded and my tortur'd bosom.

Card. Go straight, and haste about th' intelligence.

Blunt. I will. Good fortune has been so propitious,
To make young Rochford, Anna Bullen's brother,
Enamour'd of my beauty ; him I'll mould,
Sound ev'ry thought of his unguarded soul,
Linking him close in amorous intrigues,
Till I've discover'd from him our design
Of Piercy's love, and of his sister's conduct.

Card. An accident, the luckiest that could happen !
Behold the Queen in her first state and greatness —
But yet she bears it with no welcome mien :
Piercy hangs heavy on her heart, and in her eyes ;
It works, it manages, as we would have it :
And in her heedless innocence she fails,
Shunning no rocks, no quicksands, nor no danger,
But runs into her ruin faster than
We wish.

Blunt. Her crown is hideous to my sight ;
Its jewels fatal as the eyes of basilisks :
O Cardinal ! this rival Queen and I
Should never meet but in the scales of death,
That weigh all mortals even and alike.

*Queen Anne appears seated upon a Throne. Northumber-
land, Rochford, Lords, Ladies, Attendants, and Guards
about her.*

Omnes. Long live King Henry, and Queen Anne of
England.

North. Immortal live great Queen of England, France,
And Ireland, and for ever rule the heart
Of conqu'ring Henry, as he reigns o'er us
And all his faithful subjects—
I speak it as the wishes and the voice

Of your most loyal kingdoms ; to confirm it,
Sound straight your loudest instruments of joy,
And shout as I do, all that love their Queen.

Queen rises from her Throne. [Shouts and Trumpets within.

Queen. These sounds might lift another to the heav'ns !
But what is musick to the ear that's deaf ;
Or crowns and scepters to a dying wretch ?
Despair turns all alike that comes to me,
Blind to the pomp that glads all eyes but mine,
Deaf to its charms, and dead to all its glories.

[Trumpets and Shouts again.]

Cease, ye more empty flatterers than winds !
Be silent as the sorrows in my breast :
If ye will give me ease, forbear such flatt'ries ;
For I receive 'em with as little joy,
As ev'n those silly wretches utter them,
Having no other reason but vile custom.
My noble Lords,
I know you all are loyal to the King,
And for his sake you are thus kind to me :
But for the rabble, who can read that Sphynx ?
Their very breath, that now proclaims, with joy,
Sad Katherine to be no longer Queen,
And my unwelcome coronation,
Would the same moment, should my stars permit,
Shout louder at the sentence of my death.

Card. Most glorious and belov'd of England's Queens !
O lay not on our nation such a curse,
As a suspicion of its faith to you.
I dare be bold, and say it as a priest,
As confessor to all my country's guilt,
There's none, how mean soever, with myself,
But loves you more than life, or darling riches ;
Wishing to feel severest penance here,
And hell hereafter, rather than behold
You less a Queen, or less ador'd, than now.

Queen. They have my thanks, next kind good-natur'd
Who cannot but be real, 'cause he says it. *[Wolsey,*

Card. Oh that your majesty would think so ever ;
And that my proud endeavours, with success,
First whisper'd in the bosom of the King
The secret wonders of your mind and person,

And

And made him soon discover all your beauties,
Those rare perfections that above your sex
Have merited his passion and his crown—

Queen. O reverend, pious, and best of Cardinals!
Who too well knows
By whose high hand I climb'd this malic'd greatness,
And wear this envy'd crown.

Card. May heav'n and stars
Pour their just hatred on—

Queen. Cease execrations;
For should they come to pass, as heav'n forbid,
What would the miserable nation do?
Besides, 'twere pity to the King and me,
That we should lose so exquisite a head,
And such a prelate should be damn'd so soon.

Card. Ten thousand saints more than my royal master
Are witnesses to th' truth of what I say.

Queen. As many saints and myriads of bright angels
Can witness of the blackness of thy soul,
That canker'd first the conscience of thy master,
Misleading him with hopes to purge a sin,
To act the worst, ev'n a religious guilt—

Card. 'The wise and just in omnipotence—

Queen. No more.

Hell's not so full of torments, as thy soul
Has blasphemies to be rewarded in it—
Give me some ease, just heav'n! if there be any—
My Lords, if there's no more for you to act,
To perfect or unmake this ceremony,
(Oh that it could be done) retire a while,
And leave me with my women for some moments—
What! am I then a pris'ner to be guarded?
Has then a throne cost me so dear a price,
As forfeit of my liberty of thinking?
Do princes barter for their crowns their freedoms?
Good Heav'n! not think! nor pray, if I have need!—
If I'm a Queen, why am I not obey'd?

Card. We'll all perform your Majesty's command.

[*Ex. all but her Women.*]

Queen. Am I got loose, loose from this worrying scene
Of dismal state, that always loads a monarch,
And racks him with dissembling tortures?

O wretched

O wretched state of princes ! that want nothing
 But a retreat from business and from crouds ;
 Yet wanting that, want ev'ry thing that's happy,
 A soul at ease !—O sacred solitude !
 How airy and delightful are thy walks !
 No stinging serpent, nor worse insect, man,
 Disturb thy fragrant and enamell'd paths ;
 No winter blasts, nor autumn winds, molest
 Thy sacred grottoes ; all around is summer ;
 Nothing broods there but an eternal spring,
 Mild as all May, and beautiful as Eden :
 Thou charitable good, that from th' afflicted
 Unloads the heavy burdens that oppress them,
 And plants repose in ev'ry breast instead !

Enter a Lady.

Lady. The Lady Diana Talbot begs admittance,
 To pay her duty to your majesty.

Queen. What say'st ! Thou'st rous'd a dragon in my breast,
 Which I had thought for ever to have husht :
 That name sets ev'ry pulse again at work
 Within me — Talbot ! how art thou mistaken ?
 She's Piercy's now ; and Piercy is all her's.

Lady. Shall she be brought to your presence ?

Queen. Ay—No—Yes—
 Do any thing, so 'twill be sure to kill me :
 O Piercy ! Piercy ! would thou ne'er hadst been
 Unfaithful ; or at least, in being so,
 Hadst never taught me how to be reveng'd :
 But, oh ! the dismal pain is all my own :
 And, like an arrow from an o'er-bent bow,
 The hasty dart turn'd back, and hurt myself,
 Wounding that breast where I least meant my aim.
 How soft and tender were our mutual vows !
 Which since another's charms like lightning blasted ;
 Whilst parents threats, and King's authority,
 Rent me, like thunder, from my fix'd resolves :
 Thou'rt marry'd now ; and all those am'rous sighs,
 And passionate tears, with thousand extasies,
 Which we both learnt and taught to one another,
 Like innocent children, in the school of love,

B

Are

Are now the arts with which, false man! thou'lt taught
Another's fond believing heart, they are.

Enter Lady Diana Talbot.

She comes, triumphant in her eyes the joy
That once, like tides, o'erflow'd my fruitful breast.
How proud she bears herself to see my pain!
Whilst I look up to her, and sigh in vain!
But I will hide it; and forgive me, heav'n, [*Diana kneels.*
For 'tis the first time that I e'er dissembled—
Rise, dear Diana, you have been a stranger;
Could nothing but a Queen drag you to court?
I owe this kindness to my royalty,
And not your friendship.

Diana. Pardon, mighty Princess!
I had been blest for ever in your presence,
Charming in all estates as well as now,
Had I been mistress of my inclinations.
But ———

Queen. 'Tis no matter, I'll allow you reason,
A cause so indispenfible and just,
That 'twere a fault in me to blame such virtue.

Diana. Indeed a parent's will ought still to be
Obey'd, next duty to your majesty.

Queen. And something yet more binding--Do not blush--
Come, I'll unriddle all, and spare your tongue
The trouble, and your bashful cheeks the fire.

Diana. What fire, what blushes, do you tax me with?
I feel not any but what wonder raises;
And blush, because I cannot comprehend.

Queen. You are unkind; why make it you a secret?
And but to me, when all the world reports it.

Diana. There is no secret, nothing I would hide
From so ador'd a friendship as my Queen's.

Queen. Why, d'you suspect me then? [*Aside*] How loth
To tell it me! as loth as I to hear it. [*she is*
Sure she suspects how fatal 'twill be to me:

And the proud man has triumph'd o'er my weakness,
And told her all my passion with a scorn——

'Tis so; whilst poor regardless, innocent I
Was all the while their censure and their pastime,
The fool, whose story acted, made 'em sport,

And

And gave new edge to all their fated joys ;
 Nay, and perhaps drew pity from their pride.
 Pity ! good gods ! must I endure their pity ?——
 You will not own it then ? but 'tis no matter. [*To Diana.*
 When saw you Piercy ?

Diana. Piercy, Madam ! [*She starts.*

Queen. Yes ;

Why did you start ? Has he a name so horrid ?
 But now you spoke as though there were not such
 A man i'th' world, and wonder'd at my meaning ;
 But yet have all the agonies to hear him nam'd :
 Him you would hide, but cannot hide your blushes.

Diana. Good heav'n ! by what strange miracle have you
 Reveal'd my secret passion to the Queen ? [*Aside.*
 I never told my grievance but to you,
 And that but silently in broken sighs
 And stifled tears——

Queen. 'Tis plain she is disturb'd——

What can this mean ? Sure one of us is mad !
 Why all this care to hide a truth from me,
 That is the common talk of all the world ?
 There's something in it more than yet I know,
 Which I must search into by other means. [*Aside.*
 Madam, I thought when I had condescended [*To Diana.*
 To ope my breast, and mingle friendship with you,
 You would not then deny so small a secret ;
 And now, when I am a Queen, and may command it——
 Therefore be gone. Leave me without reply.
 Henceforth I'll know the persons better, out
 Of whom I mean to choose a friend—Farewel—
 Piercy no doubt is not so fondly nice,
 But brags, and tells the world of his proud conquest.

Diana. Forgive me first, then give me leave to tell you—
 How 'twas disclos'd to you, the wonder stuns me,
 This secret which I thought scarce heav'n found out.

Queen. Racks and worse tortures, frenzies of the mind !
 Hence ; take her from my sight : she will distract me.

Diana. O hear me first : your fury's not so dreadful,
 As is my pain to tell : yet I'll confess : [*Kneels.*
 A fatal truth it is ; Piercy I love——
 Now pity me, and quench my tort'ring blushes :
 For heav'n reveal'd it for no ill.

Queen. I am amaz'd: still worse and worse, she stabs me;
And they're abuses all——Ingrateful woman!
Would'st have me think thy lawful passion such a wonder!
Is it a crime for thee to love thy husband?

Diana. Ha! what's that you say? My husband, said you?
Meant you to mock th' unfortunate Diana?

Queen. No, I will say't again; thy perjur'd husband!

Diana. Ah! royal Madam! Piercy is more blest;
We are not marry'd; he is not my husband.

Queen. Ha! [Aside.

Diana. That were to me too great a happiness!

Queen. Should this be true, what would become of me? [Aside.

Diana, rise: are you not marry'd, said you?

Diana. So far from that, his person I have not seen
In twelve long months, this last long tedious year.

Queen. Art not his wife?

Diana. By all your precious hopes
And mine, I'm not.

Queen. Is Piercy then not marry'd?
Support me, heav'n! and with a wonder save me; [Aside.
Call all thy virtue and thy courage straight
To help thee now, or thou art lost for ever.
Am I then cheated, and is Piercy faithful?
If I can bear all this, I challenge Atlas
To live under a load so vast as mine.

Ah, Piercy! injur'd Piercy! injur'd Bullen!
But hold, there's yet a greater task behind,
And that is, to dissemble well.——Diana!

Diana. Madam——

Queen. Thou wonder'st at my curiosity,
As tho' I were concern'd at this false story.
I'll tell thee why: it has been long reported,
That you and Piercy were in private marry'd.

Diana. Such a report came likewise to my hearing;
But how 'twas rais'd, by whom, or why, I know not.

Queen. Too well the dreadful cause of it I know. [Aside.
This, when I heard, I took unkindly from you:
I was your friend; you ought no more to steal
A marriage from a friend, than from a father:
And when you aggravated, as I thought,
By your unkind denial, it enrag'd me;

For which I hope, Diana, you'll forgive me——
Methinks I do it rarely—— [Aside.]

Diana. Best of Queens!

Thus on my knees I ought to beg that pardon:
I own I did offend my gracious mistress.

Queen. Rise to my arms—This kiss now seals thee mine
For ever.

Diana. O most admirable goodness!

Queen. This tenderness betrays me, melts my soul! [Aside.]
A fatal engine, that draws all my griefs
Up to my eyes and lips, just ready to unload
And pour 'em in at once into her breast,
Whom I, of all the world, should hide 'em from.
Oh! for some wild, some desert, to complain in,
Some vast and uninhabitable place;
Or else some precipice that butts the ocean,
That wide, and never to be fathom'd ocean,
That I might tell th' echoing rocks my woes,
And count my sorrows to the winds and seas,
More pitiful, and more relenting far,
Than false and cruel mankind is to me.

Diana. You seem disturb'd! Ah! what inhuman grief
Dares seize your royal breast?

Queen. Come, dear Diana;
Go to my closet with me; there, perhaps,
Some rest may quell this melancholy monster;
And there it may not be amiss sometimes
To talk of Piercy; will it?

Diana. Sacred Queen,
'Twill not; and, oh! I wish that the discourse
Would soothe your soul with as much joy as mine.

Queen. These are the first miseries, the rest
Come rolling on apace; and, Kath'rine, now
'Thou art reveng'd!—Just heav'n, whose is the sin?
Punish not me, I sought not to be Queen;
But Henry's guilt amidst my pomp is weigh'd,
And makes my crown sit heavy on my head;
To banish from his bed the chastest bride,
That twenty years lay loving by his side!
How can I give it, without tears, a name,
When I reflect my case may be the same?

And I, perhaps, as slaves are to the priest,
 Thus gay and fine, for sacrifice am drest !
 Ah ! Kath'rine, do not envy me thy throne ;
 For thou art far more happy, that hast none.

A C T II. S C E N E I.

Enter Northumberland and Rochford.

Roch. **T**HE news is strange you tell me of the King.

North. Most wonderful, nor can I guess the
 He came just now from hunting as his use, [meaning :
 There at Sir Thomas Seymour's house he was
 Most splendidly and kindly entertain'd
 At a repast.

Roch. Took he there any thing
 Amiss ?

North. No ; quite contrary, so good-humour'd,
 I never saw him in my life more pleasant ;
 But now, instead of going to the Queen,
 With words that shew'd more discontent than rage,
 He order'd all about him to retire ;
 And, which is still more strange, enquir'd for Wolsey ;
 Wolsey, whom all men thought quite out of favour !
 Then shut himself in his bed-chamber,
 And there remains ; nor durst the boldest venture
 To follow him, and ask him what he ails—
 May not the Queen your sister, think you, be
 The innocent occasion ?

Roch. That's impossible !
 For but last night he came to her apartment,
 With all the heats and love that could inspire
 A bridegroom, scarcely of an hour's making :
 With haste he ran, and where he should have sat,
 He kneel'd down by her as his deity ;
 Printing soft kisses on her lovely hand,
 And sigh'd as if he had been still a wooing.

North. Right Harry still : for by this flood of passion,
 The nearer he's to ebb and change,

Roch.

Roch. See ! the King.

North. You're brother to his wife, and may be bold ;
But I'll not venture. [Exit North.

Enter King Henry.

King. Who are you, that durst pres on my retirement ?
Ha ! Bullen ! get thee from my sight——Be gone——
[Exit Roch.

Who waits there ? Why am I thus troubled ?
Let none but Wolsey dare to be admitted. [To the Attend.
Who can withstand so vast a shock of beauties,
[He sits down.

So many wonders in so bright a form ?
When heav'n designs to make a perfect face,
A beauty for a monarch to enjoy,
'Tis feign'd, that the most skilful spirits are all
Employ'd, and just before their eyes is plac'd
Th'exactest, lovely'st angel for a pattern :
If it be true, this only must be she,
And must be mine——Who's there ? the Cardinal ?

Enter Wolsey.

Card. The humblest vassal of his god-like master.

King. Come hither, Sir—I sent for thee, my Wolsey ;
And dost not wonder, when but yesterday
I took from thee the seal and chanc'llor's place ?
But 'tis no matter : do not care, I say ;
I love you still in spite of all your foes——
You have malicious enemies at court ;
Besides, the Queen, my Lord, is no good friend
Of yours.

Card. Wretched am I, that have incurr'd
My King's displeasure, and my Queen's dire hatred !
But m'innocence, when I am dead, perhaps,
May to my royal master, tho' too late,
Appear.

King. Talk not of death, good Cardinal,
For I have business with thee first——By heav'n
He that dares mutter Wolsey is a traitor,
Shall die for a worse traitor as he is :
Keep thy own still, the bishopricks of York
And Winchester, and Cardinal, that is

Above

Above my grant ; and when I give thee leave,
Go to thy diocese, and live to spite 'em.

Card. Immortal wreaths, and diadems of saints,
Crown you in heaven for this royal goodness.
I am grown old, too weak to guard me from
My foes, but for your majesty's protection.

King. O Wolsey ! be to me but half so kind
As I shall be to thee. Seymour, my father !
The lovely Seymour whom thou told'st me of,
I did devour her beauties from thy lips,
And fed my ears with the delicious feast ;
But since, I've seen this wonder of her sex !
The charming'st creature e'er adorn'd the world ;
And find her all as far above thy praises,
As heav'n can be beyond man's frail description.

Card. Have you then seen her, Sir ?

King. O yes, my Wolsey !
And having seen her, guess, I needs must be
But wretched without her, or thy assistance.

Card. This goes as I expected.

[*Aside.*

King. Help thy prince !
Why art so slow ? Has Wolsey lost his courage ?
That wit that emperors and popes has sway'd ? ———
So, let thy brain begin to travail now ;
Bring forth, thou more than king, thou more than man :
Thou hast a mine within that subtle breast,
The stone which dull philosophy has toil'd
In vain for ——— Make me master of thy Indies ———
Lend me thy wit to purchase Seymour for me.

Card. You have the means already in your hands ;
Pow'r is the greatest charmer of that sex.

King. Command my pow'r, my kingdoms to thy aid,
Join to thy fox's tail my lion's skin !
Take thou my scepter, bind it to thy cross,
And to thy mitre add my humble crown ;
'Tis all my Wolsey's ; Wolsey shall be king :
I ask but only Seymour in exchange.

Card. You bid too much ; send for her straight to court ;
Make her a marchioness, or else a dutchess :
'There's hardly now a woman but will sell
A foolish honour that none fees, for that
Which makes a noise and splendor in the world.

King.

King. How thou deceiv'st my eager expectations !
 This I have done without such rare advice :
 But, oh, she is inflexible to all !
 Deaf to the sounds of vanity and pomp,
 And more remorseless than a saint or hermit ;
 Her chastity cold as the frozen stream,
 And then as hard, and never to be thaw'd,
 As crystal rocks, or adamantine quarries :
 That, oh, I fear, had I but what I covet,
 The crown from Bullen's head, to offer her,
 'Twould scarcely tempt her to thy prince's bed.

Card. Then, Sir, I doubt 'tis hardly in my pow'r
 To help you.

King. Ha ! false and ungrateful man !
 Is that then all the hope your brain can give me ?

Card. It is impossible, if she be virtuous,
 That e'er she should be had by force or cunning :
 Therefore apply this remedy a while,
 Have but a little patience till 'tis lawful.

King. Traitor and pois'ner of thy master's rest,
 Must I despair ? Is that thy precious counsel ?
 Did I descend to ask advice from hell ?
 Consult thy wicked oracle for this,
 To tell me what is lawful ?

Card. Understand me.

King. Give me some hopes, or, by thy damn'd am-
 bition,
 I'll crumble thee to dust, puff thee to nothing ;
 And make thee less, and more dejected far,
 Than the base fellow that begot thee, priest.

Card. Hear me but——

King. Why didst thou infect my breast,
 And with thy ven'mous tongue deceive me, worse
 Than the old serpent, that in paradise
 Betray'd the first of mankind with a bait ?
 So thou, lurking and hid amidst the charms
 Of Seymour's rare and unsuspected beauties,
 Sung'st me her praises in such tempting words,
 That I with ravish'd ears swallow'd the sound,
 And never saw the sting I suck'd in after.

Card. You will not give me leave t'explain myself,
 Nor yet to give you remedy.

King.

King. Tell me ;
For remedy I'll have from heav'n or hell,
Or I'll take thy blood, thy scorpion's blood,
And lay it to my grief till I have ease.

Card. Your fury will not let you understand me.
When I advis'd to stay till it was lawful,
At the same time I meant to let you know,
'Twas not a thing so hard to bring to pass.

King. Ha ! said again like Wolsey ! Tell me straight,
My soul waits at the portal of thy breast,
To ravish from thy lips the welcome news,
Ere they have minted into words thy thoughts.——
Quick, what can lawfully make Seymour mine ?

Card. Make her your Queen.

King. Make her my Queen !

Card. Yes, Sir.

King. Sure I but dream : what dost thou mean ? or how ?

Card. Invest her head with Anna Bullen's crown.

King. Sure thou art mad, and would'st make me so too——
What, whilst she lives ?

Card. Ay, whilst she lives, I said :
Is that so strange a thing that ne'er was done ?
Divorce her.

King. Ha !

Card. What is't that makes you start ?
Divorce her, and take Seymour to your bed.

King. How ! Take good heed what 'tis thou pull'st upon
Thyself——Divorce my lawful, virtuous wife
Without a cause !

Card. There is a cause.

King. What is't ?

Card. Pretend remorse of conscience.

King. Gods !

Card. Ne'er wonder :
Say you are troubled and disturb'd within.

King. Eternal villain ! Lucifer the damn'd ! [Aside.
Traitor, at what ?

Card. At that which seiz'd your mind,
When Kath'rine you divorc'd for Anna Bullen !
Conscience ! conscience !

King. Horrid, tormenting fiend ! [Aside.
Thou know'st she was my brother's wife ; and Bullen
On

On no such just pretence I can disclaim.

Card. No matter ; on the like distrust of conscience
That made you do the one, you may the other.
Give out that she's not lawfully your wife,
The first alive ; and that you never had
A dispensation from his Holiness.

King. His Holiness ! I'm blasted with the thoughts.
Pernicious traitor ! how can this be done ?

Card. Leave it to me : consent you, 'tis enough ;
And I'll engage, on forfeit of my life,
To get a licence from our Holy Father,
To disannul this marriage, and to take
Into your lawful bed the beauteous Seymour.

King. But then shall I remain unfreed from Kath'rine ?

Card. The church shall grant a dispensation too
For that.

King. What horror's this I hear ! Can this be true ?
In all my wanton and luxurious youth,
Or in my blackest thoughts of lust and rage,
I ne'er yet found one wish amongst them all
Of such a deep infernal hue. The horror
Has kindled my whole blood into a flame,
And made me blush a deeper scarlet than
This villain's robe. Disloyal, wicked monster !
But I will strive to hide my just resentments. [*Aside.*]
Divorce my second wife without a cause !
Could it be done, what would the nation say ?
What would the action look like, but a hell ?
To warn succeeding princes from the like,
And blot me from the scroll of pious kings.
Could it be lawful, Wolsey, I would hearken.

Card. Then lawful it shall be in spite of scruples :
I see your conscience is an infant grown,
A child again, and wants to be instructed——
Come, let me lead you by the hand, and point
A way for you to walk on even ground ;
So safe, the nicest conscience shall commend
And chuse it.

King. Now thou dost rejoice thy prince.

Card. What if she be unfaithful to your bed,
And prov'd so ?

King. Ha ! there's thunder in that word ;

The bolt ran thro', and shiver'd me to pieces.
 Disloyal to my bed ! adult'rous ! hah !
 Said'st thou not so ? Yet hold, if this be true,
 There hangs a show'r of cordial in my reach,
 To cure this horrid fit. Wolfey, beware
 How thou dost dally with my hopes and fears ;
 Look to't, and see you wrong her not : for if
 Thou dost, by all the plagues thy soul deserves,
 All hell shall be too little for thy carcase ;
 New hells shall be created, and more hot
 Than what's prepar'd for traitors, parricides,
 For ravishers of mothers, lustful nuns,
 For Lucifer himself t'endure ; nay more
 Than villain, pope, or cardinal e'er felt.
 Speak how thou know'st it. *Quick.*

Card. Alas ! my Lord,
 I never meant, it enter'd in my own
 Particular knowledge ; but it is reported.

King. Reported, said'st thou ! is not that enough ?
 Report ! Why she's damn'd, if she's but thought
 A whore, much more reported to be so.
 'Tis not the act alone that wrongs thy king ;
 Each smile, each glance, and ev'ry wanton look,
 That's meant t'another, if I leave unpunish'd,
 Shall brand me with the ignominious name
 Of Wittal, which is worse——Make me but sure,
 That the least breath has utter'd such a sound,
 Or whisper'd to the air that she's unchaste,
 By all the horrid fiends that punish lust,
 And by the black concupiscence of hell,
 I'll tumble her from the throne into a dungeon.—
 Name me the man that is suspected.

Card. Piercy.

King. Piercy !

Card. Yes, Sir, he's the man she dotes on :
 'Tis he lies deeper in her breast than ever ;
 For him she sighs, and hoards up all her wishes ;
 Gives him her person warm, inspir'd with passion ;
 Whilst for yourself, she only treats you with
 The cold dead body of departed love.

King. Is Piercy then at court ?

Card.

Card. He is this day
Arriv'd.

King. How ! come without my leave, say'st thou ?

Card. He is, no doubt, to consummate their joys,
Their signs and tokens to compare ; which they,
By letters and devices in their absence,
Have hourly plotted to deceive you, Sir,
And put in practice when the time is ripe.

King. Hell and tormenting furies—I believe thee.

Card. Nay, in your bed, and in her dreams, she thinks
on't ;

When pleasures made you dull, it whetted her——

King. Hold, I can hear no more. By all my wrongs
And cheated hopes, thou bring'st to my remembrance
How all complaisances to me were dragg'd
And forc'd from her, like mirth from one in torture !
Sometimes I found her face all drown'd in tears,
With gales of sighs, just blowing off those storms
In fear away : sometimes again in blushes,
As if then all the wanton heat of love
Were darting thro' her eyes to meet my flame ;
But when with eager haste I catch'd her in
These arms, and press'd her lips, alack ! I found,
Instead of summer there, no ice so cold ;
Instead of breath that would revive the dead,
No air so chill, no winter blasts so keen.

Card. Thus all her actions still will be to you :
The roses of her blood she keeps for him,
The thorns for you——Had you been Piercy then !

King. Let me embrace the savor of his prince,
The dear preserver of my life and honour !
What shall I do for thee, my friend ?

Re-enter Rochford !

Card. Here's Rochford !

Pray smooth your brow, and hide your discontent :
And now y'are going to the Queen, smile on her.
Mean while she'll stumble, like a hasty child,
And act more plain and open to your justice ;
And when you find her tripping, on the sudden
Strike, like the hand of heav'n, a sure revenge,
And never let her rise again.

C

King

King. I will——

My Lord, you may come near : where is the Queen ?
[*To Roch.*

Roch. I left her in the drawing-room.

King. Ah, Wolfey !

What angel e'er so bright as woman was,
Had not the first scorn'd her Creator's laws ?
For nearest his own likeness they were made,
Till they by falseness did their sex degrade.

[*Exeunt King and Cardinal. Manet Roch.*

Roch. What means this sudden alteration ?

Enter Piercy.

Is not that Piercy ? Oh ! too true ! he comes
Not like a joyful bridegroom, as was told thee,
Poor cheated sister ! but like one, alas !
That knows already the base wrongs our friends
Have heap'd upon him ! Where shall I avoid him ?
Ah ! why must I, of all the plot, be curst,
To look upon a face so full of horror ;
That like a hell, at once upbraids my guilt,
And lashes me with the remembrance ?

Piercy. Methinks I walk like one that's in a dream,
A horrid dream, and fain would be awake !
These rooms of state look not as they were wont,
When Anna Bullen oft has ran to meet me ;
But seem like fairy-land, a wilderness.
My friends, like beasts that never yet saw man,
Start at my sight ; and shun me worse than fire.
What mean you, heav'ns ! what mean those boding visions !
O that some friends, some friends indeed, would meet me !
And wake me out of it——Behold, 'tis granted !——
Is not that Rochford there ? my dearest brother !——

Roch. My Lord, my Piercy !

Piercy. Come thou to my arms——
Methinks thou art concern'd to see thy friend :
When I embrace thee, 'tis a pain, I find ;
Thy friendship is as cold as winter blasts,
Or chill as age is to a tender virgin !
What ails my friend ? say quickly.

Roch. Nothing ails me.

Piercy. Nothing ! why look'st thou then so full of horror ?
Thy

Thy down-cast eyes call to my sad remembrance,
 How passing by yon gallery of pictures,
 That happy gall'ry that was once the scene
 Of many a joyful meeting with thy sister !
 Looking with wonder on these famous persons,
 Whom the rare painter had with so much art
 Describ'd, to make posterity amends
 For their bright forms, now moulder'd in their urns ;
 With their immortal shapes of beauty here :
 There, as we us'd to walk, none e'er so kind,
 With loving arms and tender wishes join'd,
 A glad remembrance in their looks we 'spy'd,
 Of what their bodies had on earth enjoy'd :
 With steadfast eyes they watch'd us all the while,
 And when we smil'd, they would be sure to smile ;
 Or if we chanc'd to weep, or sigh our woe,
 They seem'd to pity us, and do so too :
 Such sympathy they drew from all our fears,
 Our very griefs, and ev'ry look was theirs.

Roch. The overflowing of your love-sick fancy.

Piercy. But mark me now, Rochford ; mind the sad
 Catastrophe. They look not now like friends
 Of comfort, but like boding Sibyls rather ;
 Their smiles converted all to darting frowns,
 Whilst with their seeming voice and hands, methought,
 They chid and beckon'd me to shun the place ;
 As if they did intend to say aloud,
 Ah, Piercy ! 'tis not now as heretofore ;
 Piercy, be gone, for thou shalt happy be no more.

Roch. Ah, my Lord !

Piercy. Ha ! what say'st thou ? 'tis enough ;
 There hangs a dreadful tale upon thy brow,
 And there's some horrid meaning in that word——
 Let thy dire looks speak all the rest, I pr'ythee ;
 Thou'st pierc'd quite thro' me like an ague fit,
 Stopp'd ev'ry circling passage of my blood,
 And made me sweat big drops as cold as ice——
 Say quick, how fares thy sister ? is she well ?
 My love, my wife ! did I not call her wife ?
 Speak, is she living ? is she dead ? If so,
 And thou dar'st utter it ! plant thy dread voice
 Just like a cannon to thy Piercy's breast,
 And shiver me to pieces.

Roch. By these words
I find he knows not of my sister's marriage! [*Aside.*
Still worse and worse——Alas! my Lord, she lives!
[*To Piercy.*

Piercy. Lives! Oh the joy! but is she ought than well?
Tell it with speed! why didst thou say, Alas?

Roch. Well she is too.

Piercy. Then blessed be that voice;
But why thou speak'st it with such cold reserve,
I cannot guess. Oh, tell't with joy;
Tell it aloud with shouting to the spheres,
That they may echo with glad harmony,
Thy sister lives: my Bullen is in health.

Roch. She is in health: but——

Piercy. Ha! but what? speak out:
Why dost thou torture me with dire suspense?
If there be any thing can now be call'd misfortune,
When thy dear sister is in health, out with it;
Let it be worse than thunder, I can bear it.

Roch. Alas! kind Piercy, force not me to tell you;
Too soon you'll hear the news from one perhaps
Than can relate it, rocky as he is,
Without a sigh or tear in pity of you.

Piercy. Ye heav'nly pow'rs! what does my Rochford
Methinks the joyful tidings in my breast, [*mean?*
'That's she's in health, do chide me for my fears;
But then again a fatal heaviness
Straight intercepts this dawn of comfort there,
And like a cloud hides all these new-born beams
Of hope, and bids me dread I know not what.
I am in hell, in torments! worse, in doubt——
Is there no balsam that can cure this sting?
No Œdipus that can unfold this riddle?
I pr'ythee, gentle Rochford, do not rack me:
Take off this heavy weight that sinks thy brother.
Come, flatter me, if thou'rt afraid to tell
The truth, and say that all these killing words
Were not in earnest.

Enter Northumberland.

Roch. See, your father's here.

Piercy. He will take pity, and release me, sure.

North. Harry, thou art most welcome to thy father;

Welcome

Welcome to all, and welcome to the King.
Rejoice, my son, and deck thy face with smiles :
There's love and fortune coming towards thee.

Piercy. Pardon me, best father ; spare my answer.

[*Kneels.*]

Oh, tell me first what news is from my love ?
How does my mistress fare ? and what's become
Of beauteous Anna Bullen ? Quickly, Sir.

North. Why, what's become of her ? She's very well.
What should become of her ? She's marry'd, son.

Piercy. Marry'd !

North. Marry'd ! ay, marry'd, that she is !
A Queen she's too, a joyful Queen, I tell thee.

Piercy. Marry'd ! and to the King ! By all my hopes,
By all our chaste, eternal vows of love,
It cannot be, altho' my father says it ;
You, whom I'll credit sooner than an angel.
Marry'd ! my Anna Bullen false and marry'd !
Persuade me that the sun has lost its virtue ;
The earth, the teeming earth, forgot to bear ;
That nature shall be nature now no more ;
That all the elements shall vanish straight,
Turn to confusion, and in Chaos shrink ;
And you, and I, and all the living world,
Are what we were before we were begot :
All this must be, when Anna Bullen's false.

North. I tell thee, rash and disobedient boy,
Marry'd she is, without such miracles.

Piercy. Ah dearest father, on my knees I beg you,
Repeat that horrid, dismal word no more ;
To be obedient, and at once to hear
My mistress wrong'd, is not in Piercy's pow'r.
Here, crush this insect, pound me into dust,
I'm at your foot ! Oh, lay it on my neck,
And punish me with death, ten thousand deaths ;
For whilst I live I must be guilty still,
And ne'er can think that Anna Bullen's false :
O Sir, be merciful and just at once,
And say you did it but to try your Piercy.

North. Rise, and repent, and do not tempt my anger ;
Which thou should'st feel, but that I pity thee,
And think thy folly punishment enough.

Piercy. See, Sir, her brother's more concern'd than I,
To hear such words. Come, tell them, dearest Rochford ;
Proclaim her virtues loud as cherubims ;
Tell 'em these rocks, they may in time relent,
And hear the sad complaints of injur'd honour :
Is she not chaste ? chaste as the virgin light,
And constant as the turtle to its mate ;
Her person sacred still to all mankind,
And beauties less corrupted, less defil'd,
Than is the lovely blue that fragrant hangs
On autumn fruit, or morning dew on roses.

North. Tell him, my Lord.

Piercy. Oh, hear thy charming sound ;
Tell 'em, and undeceive 'em, friend ; tell 'em,
How thou wert by when first we plighted troths,
And swore eternal faith, eternal love,
By ev'ry saint, and ev'ry star that shone,
Who then look'd down as joyful witnesses,
And darted forth in all their bright array,
To see our loves that shin'd more bright than they.

Gent. My Lord, the King and Queen are passing by.

North. Look you, romantick Sir, behold your mistress,
Whose bride she is.

[*King and Queen, Lords and Ladies pass over the Stage.*
(*Northumberland follows the King.*)

Piercy. By the immortal pow'rs that gave me life,
And eyes, and senses to believe, 'tis she —
It is the King, and Anna Bullen crown'd !
Why, father, Rochford, friends, is it not so ?
And did she not like haughty Juno walk ?
Who, as she held the thund'rer by the hand,
Look'd down with scorn on the low world, from whence
She came ; so did she cast a loathing eye
Upon the place where humble Piercy stands —
Now you are mute, dumb as those conjurations
You hir'd just now from hell to be my ruin :
Ha ! is't not so ? Confess that it is so,
And I am blest'd ; own it, and make poor Piercy happy.

Roch. Alas ! my Lord, afflict your mind no more ;
'Tis torment to your friend to see you thus.

Piercy. Friend, say'st thou ? I disclaim that name in all,
In father, brother, sister, and companion ;

Nature

Nature itself abhors it like the plague,
 And banishes that guest from all her creatures——
 False brother to the falsest woman living !
 Was it for this, that I was sent from court ?
 Was it for this, the subtlest of her sex
 Sent me a letter with ten thousand charms,
 To let me know that I should write, and should
 Be written to, no more till my return ?
 T'avoid suspicion, as she said ; but 'twas
 To flatter me, that I should not mistrust her.

Roch. By heav'n, and all that's true, she's not to blame.

Piercy. Here, Rochford, rip and tear her from my heart,
 Fast rooted as she is : the poison swells,
 O lance it with thy sword, and give me ease :
 She's hell ! she's worse ! she's madness to the brain ;
 I am possessed, and carry an host of devils :
 For he that wears perjur'd woman here,
 Has in his breast ten thousand fiends to scourge him.

Re-enter Northumberland.

North. Come, my best Son, the King salutes thee, Piercy ;
 Come, see the bride he has prepar'd for thee,
 And think no more of Anna Bullen now.

Piercy. Ha ! bring me to her straight ! Is she a woman,
 A bright, dissembling, and protesting woman ?
 Smooth as the smiling, pitiless ocean is by fits ?
 But then her heart as rocky, deep, and fathomless :
 Has she a face as tempting as the fair
 Deceitful fruit of Sodom, but when tasted,
 Is rottenness and horror to the core ?
 Is she so kind, that nothing can be kinder ?
 Nay, were she Anna Bullen all without,
 And Bullen all within, I'd marry her,
 To be reveng'd !

North. Thou dost rejoice thy father :
 She is as good and beautiful as angels,
 And has ten thousand pounds a year ; which added
 To thy estate, will make you far more happy
 Than Harry with his crown, or Anna Bullen.

Piercy. Come, bring me to her : when shall we be marry'd ?

North. When my son pleases : if thou wilt, to-morrow.

Piercy. To-morrow ! Now : to-morrow is too late :

What

What! must I waste a day, and lose a smile?
 The King with Bullen revels all this while.
 Haste, thou flow sun! when wilt thou bring the morn?
 And when, Oh when, shall the long day be worn!
 That these triumphant arms may seize my bride,
 And clasp her gently like a wanton tide.
 In floods of extasies I'll drown and say,
 Thus Harry and his Queen liv'd all the day;
 Thus he embraces her all o'er and o'er;
 Whilst for each kiss I'll reap a thousand more:
 And for each pleasure they shall act that night
 I'll pattern them, and double, with delight:
 But for that rarest bliss we blush to own,
 Spite and revenge much more my joy shall crown.

[*Exeunt.*]

A C T III. S C E N E I.

Enter Cardinal and Blunt severally.

Car. **H**A I L to the sacred Queen of wit and beauty!
 Hail to the empress of the world that should be!

Blunt. What news? what song of comfort brings my
 Wolfey?

Methinks your looks shine like the sun of joy,
 And smiles, more glitt'ring than your robes appear:
 Come, for I long to be partaker of it.

Say, is it great? shall Bullen sink to hell?

Shall this proud exhalation vanish straight?

Or, shall she still be Queen, t'affront my Wolfey?

Card. No; I'd first pawn both body and soul to hell,
 For a dram of poison that would kill
 The heretick.

Blunt. Oh famous Cardinal!

Rome's sacred champion, and the saint of Rome!

What can reward thee but the mitre here,

And when thou'rt dead, a mighty throne, as high

As was great Lucifer's before his fall?

Card. Have I not liv'd more splendid than the King?

More

More aw'd and famous than was Harry still ?
 Have I not scatter'd with a lib'ral hand,
 And sow'd more seed to charity, than all
 The kingdom else ? built such vast palaces,
 As neither Italy nor Rome can pattern ?
 Which England's monarchs have been proud to dwell in.

Blunt. And but for thee the nation had been scorn'd.

Card. Who fram'd such sumptuous embassies as I,
 With such a glorious train of servants deck'd,
 As Germany and France both wonder'd at,
 And thought that all the nation follow'd me,
 Whilst Tudor here, as a less King than I,
 Was serv'd but with the gleanings of my pomp ?

Blunt. 'Twas Wolsey, our great master's greater servant ;
 Who, as he rode to meet the emperor,
 Ere he approach'd, first check'd his pamper'd steed,
 And stood at distance to receive that monarch ;
 Whilst Maximilian, as became him best,
 First did alight, and first embrac'd my Wolsey.

Card. And have not I rul'd Harry and the nation ?
 Shall then this strong foundation of my greatness
 Be undermin'd by such a wretch as Bullen ?
 By the weak practice of a spleenful woman !
 A thing that I have made ; a puppet Queen,
 Drest up by me to act her scene of greatness,
 And all her motions guided by this hand !

Blunt. Shall she then mount the same to ruin Wolsey ?

Card. No : by myself, the moment she attempts it,
 She pulls a dreadful tow'r upon her head.
 When I begin to totter, if I must,
 Like a huge oak that's leaning o'er the wall,
 I'll take my aim, and crush her with my fall—
 Piercy's arriv'd ; there's aid for your revenge.

Blunt. I heard so, and perceiv'd it by the Queen.

Card. By that she has discover'd the deceit,
 And finds him innocent, now 'tis too late :
 This makes her careless to her own undoing ;
 For when the am'rous King comes, loaded with
 Big hopes, and thinks to take his fill of joys ;
 Straight, like the sensitive nice plant, that shrinks,
 And on a sudden gathers up its leaves
 When 'tis but touch'd, she will contract her charms,

And

And shut 'em from him in her sullen bosom,
 As cold as winter to his warm embraces :
 This, when the vext and passionate King perceives,
 He'll hate, and cast her from him in a rage.

Blunt. See ! yonder's Rochford coming towards us,
 Big with glad looks ; I hope to be deliver'd
 Of something that will forward our design.

Card. I will retire, and leave him to your care,
 To manage him with all the art of woman ;
 All hell, if heaven wont, inspire your wit
 And malice.

Enter Rochford.

Roch. Brightest of thy dazzling sex,
 That wears the charms of all the world about thee ;
 How have I been this long, long hour in pain,
 In torments, and in darkness all the while !
 Sun of my joy, to waste the tedious day ;
 And star, to gaze the live-long night away.

Blunt. O, you are grown a courtier now indeed,
 My Lord ; but 'tis no wonder, now you are
 Exalted, and are brother to the Queen :
 'Tis hard for one to gain a look from you,
 Without the purchase of—I will not tell you—

Roch. Ha ! brother to the Queen ! to Jupiter :
 And, if my ravish'd sense deceives me not,
 I will not change my state to shine in heaven ;
 To be the darling brother of the sun,
 Or one of Leda's twins that deck the sky :
 No, Castor, I defy thee.

Blunt. Hold, my Lord !
 I will not chide you, tho' you have deserv'd it :
 For all those raptures are but starts in love,
 And seldom hold out to the race's end ;
 Or else like straw, that gives a sudden blaze,
 And soon is out.

Roch. Oh say not so, my goddess !
 The negro, nearest neighbour to the sun,
 That lives under the torrid burning line,
 Feels not the warmth that does possess my breast.
 And, oh forgive the vast comparison !
 Hell's flame is not so vehement or lasting.

Blunt.

Blunt. Enough, my Lord : I'll put you to your trial ;
Prepare, and see how well you can obey.

But that you may not strive without all hope,
Like slaves condemn'd for ever to the galleys,
Here is my hand, an earnest of my promise,
That as I find you faithful, I'll reward you.

Roch. Your hand ! where am I ? tell me, God of love.

Blunt. But mark me : Hear, as from a prophet, this ;
Be sure you merit well this first of favours,
And keep the oath you vow upon this hand ;
Else I'll denounce a worse than hell shall follow
Your sacrilegious crime.

Roch. Lo, here I swear——
But tell me, heav'n ! what signifies an oath,
When 'tis impossible I should be false ?
I swear upon this altar, breathing incense !
Eternal love ! eternal constancy——
Divinest, softest——sweetest—— [Kisses her Hand.

Blunt. Go, my Lord ;
And now you have it, brag to my undoing ;
For never any but your King can boast
The like.

Roch. And he th' unworthy't of mankind ;
Who having such a jewel in his breast,
The crown not half so sacred, were it mine,
To sell it for a false and glitt'ring trifle :
So silly Indians barter gold and pearls
For baubles.

Blunt. What, your sister ! treach'rous man !
You do not mean it ; nor can I endure
To hear her so degraded, if 'twere real :
She's goodness, and has beauties more than I ;
And merits what she does possess, a crown :
And much the more, because she fought not for't ;
Which is the cause, I fear, that she's unhappy——
You visit her, not only as a brother,
But as a friend, and partner of her counsels ;
You love like twins, like lovers, or indeed
As a fond brother and kind sister should.
How bears she this unwelcome state ? or rather,
How does she brook the wrong that's done to Piercy ?

Roch.

Rock. All her reflexions on it straight will vanish ;
A King and crown are charms invincible :
No storms nor discontents can long abide
Where love and empire plead ; but soon will fly,
Scatter'd like mists, before the sun of pow'r.

Blunt. You speak indiff'rently, my Lord, and like
Mistrust of her you love. I long to hear
The more what you would fain disguise from me—
Have you so soon forgot the oath you took ?
Or is't so lately, that you think 'tis scarce
Reach'd down to hell, to claim you perjur'd there ?
Or think you that I e'er can hate the sister,
When with a blush I own I love the brother ?
False and ungrateful man ! farewell.

Rock. O stay !
Rip ope my bosom to my naked heart,
And read whate'er you think is written there.
Had I no tongue to speak, I'd suffer that,
Rather than once deny you any thing.

Blunt. He softens, turns, and changes, as I'd have
His waxen soul begins to melt apace ; [him ; *Aside.*
He is my slave, my chain'd and gally-slave.
Oh, that I had but Harry so to torture !
But I'll revenge myself on this soft fool,
On Bullen, and on all their race at once,
That were the curst cause of my undoing.
You find my passion and good-nature quickly, [*To Rock.*
That makes you use me thus.

Rock. Ten thousand pardons —

Blunt. No more ; I can forgive, if you deserve it :
I charge you, as a sign of your repentance,
Go visit straight the Queen, and Piercy too :
You hear he's come to court ; and what you learn
From them, that aught concerns their former loves,
From time to time acquaint me with the story ;
And you shall lock the secret in my breast,
As safe as in your own.

Rock. 'Twere blasphemy
But to suspect it.

Blunt. I require this of you ;
Not that I doubt the virtue of the Queen :
But know, that worse than hell I hate the King,

(To which just hatred 'tis, you owe my love)
And wish your sister and all human kind
Would hate him too.

Roch. I'll instantly obey you.

Blunt. Come back, my Lord; this readiness has charm'd
And now I can't but give you some kind hopes— [me:
You may have leave to visit me hereafter,
And talk of love; perhaps I'll take it kindly.

Roch. Blest harmony! Happiest of mankind, I.

Blunt. And you may write to me, and best by proxy:
For tho' the King not visits me, as he was wont,
Yet he is jealous——

Let all your am'rous letters be disguis'd
Under the borrow'd name of brother still,
Directed to me by the style of sister.

Roch. In all things I'll obey my lovely goddess!

Blunt. These papers once shall be of consequence. [*Aside.*
See the Queen comes, her soul in discontent, [*To Roch.*
And longs to be disburden'd. I will leave you——
A fit occasion's offer'd, now she's on
The rack, to ease her by a fond confession. [*Ex. Blunt.*

Enter Queen and Ladies.

Queen. Where am I now?—My brother! Is it you?
I hear that Piercy's come to court.

Roch. He is.

Queen. Where shall I hide my guilty face from him,
And shut me where he ne'er may see me more?
For now I start at ev'ry human shape,
And think I meet wrong'd Piercy in my way;
Like one escap'd for murder, in his flight
Shuns ev'ry beast, and trembles at the wind,
And thinks each bush a man to apprehend him.——

Enter Diana.

I sent thee to the Queen; Diana, say,
How fares she in her hopeless, lost estate?
What answer bring'st thou, that is death to hear?
Come, talk of misery, and fill my breast
With woe: I'll lay my ears to the sad sound,
And thence extract it, as the bees do honey.
Grief is the food that the afflicted live by——

Talk any thing ; there's nought so dreadful as
The thoughts of injur'd Piercy in my breast.

Diana. The Princess Dowager is dead.

Queen. What Princess !

Art thou a temporising false-one too ?

And hast so soon forgot she was thy Queen ?

Diana. Queen Katherine is dead.

Queen. Alas ! then is she dead !

Then she has got the start of Anna Bullen——

Came you too late to pay my duty to her ?

Diana. No ; for she enjoy'd her senses to the last ;
And then not seem'd to die, but fall asleep.

Queen. So bold is innocence, it conquers death,
And after makes amends for all the wrongs
Sustain'd in life.

Diana. When I began to tell her,
I came by your command, to make a tender
Of your most humble duty, and condole
Her Majesty's misfortune and distemper ;
She check'd me at that word, and as you've seen
A clear sky with a trav'ling cloud o'ertook,
And quickly gone, so she put on a frown,
Which did not last, and answer'd with a smile ;
Why did you say, Your Majesty to me,
She said, a name I loath ? Go, tell your Queen,
Let her not fix on greatness to be happy,
But take a sad example here by me :
I, who was daughter, niece, and sister too,
To three great Emperors, and wife, alas !
To the most potent Prince in Christendom,
Must die more wretched than the meanest creature,
In a strange country, 'midst my enemies ;
Not one of all my great relations here
To pity me, nor friend to bury me.
And then she wept, and turn'd her gentle face
The other way, and quickly after dy'd.

Queen. Go on ; why dost thou cease this melody ?
Thy voice exceeds the mourning Philomel's ;
The dying swan takes not that pleasure in
Her note, as I in such celestial musick :
Hast thou no more of it ?

Come, play the artist : shew thou to my fancy

Th' in-

Th' infernal paths that lead to infinite horror ;
Open all the charnel-houses of the dead,
And fright away, if it be possible,
The sad remains of injur'd Piercy here.

Enter King.

[*Ex. Diana and Roch.*

King. Yonder she is, in tears amidst her glories !
Ye lavish stars, what will content this scorner ?
From a mean spring I took this shining pebble,
And plac'd her in my heart and in my crown,
The fairest and the best-lov'd jewel there,
And sat her on my throne to be ador'd :
Yet she contemns all this, and would be more,
The heav'ns are all too narrow for her soul !
Gods ! you must flatter and descend to her,
Or she'll not stir one jot to you - she is
So very proud.

Queen. My Lord !

King. Sit down again.

I but disturb you, therefore I'll return ;
For sure they must be tender thoughts, for which
You pay such lavish tribute from your eyes.

Queen. Sir, I was thinking of th' uncertain state
Of greatness, and amongst its sad misfortunes,
What would become of me, alas ! if you
(Which I've no reason to suspect)
Should change your love ; and that produc'd these tears.

King. Y'are in the right, if that should ever happen—
But what begets such doubts within your breast ?
You have done nothing to deserve such fears :
You love me, and as long as that shall last,
Mistrust not Harry.

Queen. By my hopes, I do.

King. Blest sound : I will hear nothing but my Bullen.
Wolsey and devil, tempt me now no more ! [Aside.
Then shake these clouds of sorrow from thy eyes ;
And dart thy brighter beams, like April sun-shine,
Into my bosom, and thus lock me ever——
Oh ! now I nought remember but thy charms,
And quite forget whate'er I was before.
One word of bliss, one word of softness, from thee,

To banish hence suspicions, like the plague,
And clear our breasts from jealousies for ever——

What, not a syllable do I deserve?

These kisses, faint embraces, and these odours,
Are ravish'd, and not bestow'd upon me——Ha!

Queen. What means my Lord?

King. What means the trait'rous Bullen!
By heav'n she wants the cunning trick and skill,
The easy, quick delusion of her sex,
To hide her falseness—By all hell, she's damn'd.

Queen. O gracious Sir!

King. Too gracious not to kill thee——
For whom, for whom, are your kind looks reserv'd?
Hide you your minion, for his safeguard, do;
For were he 'mongst his happy stars, I'd reach him.
I'm frightful as a ghost, or a disease:
For when I think to hold her in these arms,
She struggles like the quarry in the toil;
And yields herself unto my loath'd embraces,
With such a forc'd and awkward willingness,
As men, when they are past all hopes of life,
Resign themselves into the pow'r of death.

Queen. What fiend hath put such thoughts into your
When did I wrong you? How have I been false? [breast?
Yet I will not complain against my Lord;
Since 'tis your will——Sir, have I not obey'd you?
No slave so humbly faithful to your pleasures,
And in your bed, with blushing, paid those duties
'That modest virgin or chaste wife could do:
And if I was not wanton, pray forgive me.

King. Yes, yes, I have your outside; but hell knows,
And thy false self, who 'tis enjoys thy soul!
You yield to me indeed, 'tis true: but most
Unwillingly you part with your dear sweets,
Unless it be to him that has your hoard;
But guard your fatal honey with a sting
'Gainst those you hate—Your person you resign,
But as to prison; my arms are but the grates
Thro' which your mind is longing still to be abroad:
Nay, in the very moment of enjoyment,
And who would think but then I should be happy?
There's still another picture in your heart,

On

On which you look, and fancy I am he,
And all the while I'm sporting for another.

Queen Can heav'n hear this! O cruel, faithless Lord!

King. No: to thy syren's voice I'll stop my ears;
A thousand times, like him, thou'ast cheated me,
Laid my just passion to a gentle calm,
Whilst storms behind were ready to devour me.
On thy false gen'rous charms I'll wreck no more,
But seek for shelter on some kinder shore;
A grateful beauty here shall reign alone,
And chase thee from my heart, and from my throne:
Ha! who comes there? My gentle Wolsey, come,
And with thy counsel straight defend my breast.

[The King meets Wolsey, and goes out leaning on him.]

Queen. Did not my Lord fly from me in a rage,
Arm'd with a frown, and darted it quite thro' me?
And Wolsey in his fav'rite's place again?
Nay, then the wonder is expir'd: that proud,
That great bad man, and Lucifer, ne'er meant
Me nor my virtue well—The King's inconstancy
Begins to shew its Janus face again:
And all the doubts of an unhappy wretch,
My fears by day, and horrid dreams by night,
Are come to pass.

Enter Piercy.

Piercy. What, shall I fear to see her!
And tell her face to face the perjuries
And falseness that she's heap'd upon her soul,
And ruin'd mine?—Lo, where the false one is!
In counterfeited grief? By heav'n, in tears!
As if her sins already did upbraid her!
Just pow'rs! can ye behold a form so fair,
And suffer falseness to inhabit there?
The morning sun ris'n from its wat'ry bed,
Less precious drops does on Arabia shed;
And sacred phials of rich April show'rs,
When he alternate rain and sun-shine pours;
Nor is he half so beautiful and gay,
As she a wiping of those tears away.

Queen. Ha, Piercy! I'm betray'd. Advise me, heav'n,
What shall I do!——Be gone, this place is hell;
Vipers and adders lurking under smiles,

And flatt'ring cloaths of state : Oh ! don't tread here ;
Under this mask of gallantry and beauty
Is a rude wild ; nay, worfe, a dang'rous ocean ;
Into whose jaws, love, like a calenture,
Will tempt us, where we both may sink and perish.

Piercy. What, can so mean a creature fright a Queen !
Behold a wretched thing of your undoing !

Queen. See he stands, the mark of pity, heav'n !
Shut, shut thy eyes, and fly with speed away,
Or view the rocks and quicksands, if you stay ;
Lest this rough Hellespont I venture on,
And, like Leander, tempt my fate, and drown. — [*Ex. Qu.*]

Piercy. Ha ! she's surpriz'd ! shuns me, and flies from me !
And more affrighted is at Piercy's wrongs,
Than guilty ghosts, that have escap'd to earth,
Hear the cock crow to summon 'em away,
And start and tremble at the sight of day.
But yet she look'd not like a foe upon me ;
And as she parted, told me with her eyes,
That there was something in those speaking tears,
Which might excuse her, and condemn her Piercy.

Enter Northumberland.

North. Son, I am come to tell you joyful news ;
The King has charm'd the fair Diana to thee,
And is resolv'd to marry her to-morrow,
And celebrate the nuptials with a pomp.

Piercy. The King ! the King is marry'd, Sir.

North. He is ;

But thou art not : h'intends to give her to thee
Himself. Why dost thou start ? 'Twas but this day
You swore and vow'd, with all the signs of joy,
And duty to your father, you'd obey me.

Piercy. Alas ! I did : but cannot heav'n, nor you,
Forgive a rash, unhappy man his vow ?

North. No : by the blood that honours Piercy's veins,
I swear, I will not——

For marry'd thou shalt be, and that to her,
Or live a vagabond, banish'd from wealth,
From friends and pity ; whilst I will advance
Thy younger brother to thy lost estate
And see thee starve ; nay, more, and loaded with
Ropes of thy father,

Piercy.

Piercy. Hold, Sir——
I'll strive t'obey you ; not because I fear
What misery or death can do to me ;
Nor to avoid the hungry lion's den,
Or dragon's teeth, just ready to devour me ;
For know, I plunge into a state more dreadful :
But that I may not be th'unhappy cause
Of dragging wrongful curses from a father,
Which rather turn upon his head that aims,
Than hurt the bosom of the innocent.

Enter Diana.

North. See ! she's coming, brighter than a goddess—
I'll leave you, and commit you to her cure. [*Exit North.*

Diana. Yonder's the dear-lov'd man, whom all must
love,

That loves another too : what shall I say ? [*Aside.*
Spite of my stars, I dote upon a person,
Who has no heart, no eyes that are his own ;
Nor yet one look that ever can be mine.

Piercy. Madam ! d'you hear the news ? My father tells
W'are to be marry'd. [*me*

Diana. So the King will have it.

Piercy. The King ! what, would the tyrant be a god !
To take upon him to dispose of hearts,
And join unequal souls to one another ?
O beautiful Diana ! you're all goodness,
A store of virtues in as bright a person,
As heav'n e'er treasur'd in a form divine :
If so, what can your eyes behold in me ?
What see in such a wretched thing as I,
To marry me ?

Diana. How charming is his person !
And much more charming is his grief ! And, Oh—
How can she e'er receive a wound more deadly, [*Aside.*
Than I, tormented with a double dart
Of love and pity——Some kind deity
Assist me now, lest I should shew I love him ;
And teach my tongue how to bely my heart.

Piercy. You seem to study for so plain an answer.
Come, tell me straight my faults, and what you think ;
For here I stand the mark of truth to aim at.

What

What is there in this miserable shape,
To look on without scorn?

Diana. Now, kind heav'n,
Lend me the cunning now of all my sex! [*Aside.*
I like you just as well as you like me; [*To Piercy.*

Our persons might, for all you've said of mine,
Be mended both, and both receive additions:
And for your nature, I'll be plain, and tell you,
I could have wish'd a man of better humour;
But, 'tis no matter, since we're both so bad,
We are the fitter then for one another.

Just gods! what miserable things we are! [*Aside.*
Oh! when shall we attain that bless'd abode,
Where we may never fear to speak aloud
What's just, and is no sin?

Piercy. What, do you hate me?
Then you are happier one degree than I;
For should you love me, you are truly wretched.

Diana. Indeed he little thinks I am that wretch. [*Aside.*
Tell me, wherefore? [*To Piercy.*

Piercy. Because the cruel god
Has robb'd me of my whole estate of love,
And left me naked, desolate, and poor;
Not worth one sigh, or wish, if that could pay
The debt I owe: nay, should you come a begging,
Cold and half starv'd, for succour to my door,
You would not find, in all this rifled cottage,
One spark, one charitable spark, to warm you.

Diana. Hear, heav'n! hear, cruel one! whoe'er thou art
He loves, tho' I am flighted, scorn'd, nay, hated. [*Aside.*
Wou'd thou hadst my kind eyes, my breast, my soul;
Wou'd all my vital blood were balm to cure him.
Yet will our cruel parents have us marry'd: [*To Piercy.*
Then, since we must, how know we but our bodies,
And yet more careless and despairing souls,
In time may grow to such indifference,
As, quite forgetting of what sex we are,
We may, like faithful and condoling friends,
If not like lovers, live together?

Piercy. Ay;
And when y'are sad, I'll kiss you like a brother:
And if you sigh, or chance to shed a tear,

I will

I will weep too, and ask you, why you grieve?
And you shall do the like to me, and straight
Embrace me like a sister; still rememb'ring
The subject of our just complaints shall be,
You, that y'are marry'd——

Diana. You, for marrying me.

Piercy. O rarely thought; 'twill be the only means
To make us happy both against our wills.
We'll moan, we'll sigh, we'll weep; we'll all but love—
Instead of loving, pity one another.

Diana. And who can tell, but pity may at last,
By gentle, soft degrees, grow up to love?

Piercy. Come, let's away then, since they'll have it so;
Meet these glad rites to all mankind but us;
Where the malicious charm shall join our curses,
And not our persons, but our woes together.
Then turn us loose, like two condemn'd, lone wretches;
Banish'd from earth, no creature but ourselves,
In an old bark on wide and desert seas,
In storms by night and day, unseen by all,
Unpity'd toss'd, not one dear morsel with us
To ease our hunger, nor one drop of drink
To quench our raging thirst: and, which is worse,
Without one jot of rigging, sail, or helm to guide us.

Diana. Forgive me, heav'n! forgive me, all my sex,
[*Aside.*

That ever lov'd, or e'er was scorn'd, like me!
Tho' 'tis my fate for ever to be hated,
Tho' we are doom'd to dwell like wand'ring wretches,
In worse than what his worst of sorrow paints;
Yet I must love him, and resolve to marry him.
And now I challenge all the wond'ring world,
And more admiring angels, if they can,
To find who most is to be pity'd, he
Or I.—— Quick, let us launch then with a courage,
[*To Piercy.*

Since 'tis our King and cruel parents wills.

Piercy. And give a rare example to the marry'd,
Of constancy: for that which severs them,
Possession of their pall'd and loath'd enjoyments,
Our faithful woes shall join our lives the faster.

Diana. And having each of us so mean a stock

Of love, I in your breast, and you in mine,
We need not fear that thieves should come to rob us.

Piercy. Nor jealousy to part us.

Diana. Well then, *Piercy*,
When our expected sentence is perform'd,
Where shall we take our welcome banishment ?

Piercy. To the world's end ! far from all fruitful grounds,
From corn, and wine, or any wanton spring ;
In some dead soil, so barren and so curst,
Where neither loathsome weeds nor thistles grow.

Diana. Or some deep cave, where winds are all so still,
And beasts so far remote, that we shall hear
No howls, nor groans, but what we make ourselves.

Piercy. No : on some dreadful rock we'll chuse to lie,
Whose dismal top seems fasten'd to the sky ;
Thence we can look on all the world below,
So full of vanity, so full of woe !

And sometimes on the wreck-devouring seas,
The emblem of our present miseries ;
Sigh for the creatures, think the storms we see
Our cruel parents, and the wretches we.

Diana. Or waste our days in wand'ring to and fro,
And make our lives one harmony of woe.

Piercy. Till heav'n shall rain down pity on us——

Diana. No :
We'll not be piti'd. Pity's half a cure ;
That will bring comfort, which we'll ne'er endure.

Piercy. O my virago partner !

Diana. Nay, I dare you.

Piercy. Then here we'll take an oath, and with this
kiss,
Let's strike a league with woe ! adieu to bliss !
And now I challenge thee, all-seeing sun,
From his proud prospect, his high seat at noon,
'Mong'st all the wonders of the world, to 'spy
A couple half so kind as thee and I,
Or all the matches that ere love decreed,
If ever man and wife so well agreed.
Love oft-time flies from misery and pain,
But we resolve the closer to remain.
What tho' we wed in hatred, we may mend ;
We but begin where others surely end :

And

And each of you that marry first for love,
We are but sooner what at last you'll prove. [*Ex. ambo.*]

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Enter Blunt and Rochford.

BLUNT.

MY Lord, you act a cunning lover well;
Paint a rare passion under all disguises:
Yet, Oh! I wish this art had not been learnt,
But nature in you, and true love the teacher:
Yet I will prize and hoard your letters safe,
As I would fragrant flow'rs within my bosom.

Roch. O my prodigious and exalted soul,
And my more precious stars! I bless you all.
Is there a man amongst all your favourites
So rich, so happy, and so lov'd as I!
Methinks, for my dear Anna Bullen's sake,
If possible, I love you better now,
Since I dare call you by the name of sister.

Blunt. And I much more, now I can call you brother.

Roch. O, my too weighty joys! immortal state!
And more immortal love!

Blunt. No more: I'll chide you;
This is too great, too violent, to last——
Hold! give your passion breath, leave some for next,
And love not all your wishes out at once——
Where is the Queen?

Roch. I left her discontent.

Blunt. Why, where is Piercy? has she seen him yet?

Roch. Seen him she has; but would not speak to him.

Blunt. Not speak to him! oh cruel, most inhuman!
Had she but seen him in the state as I did,
She would have spoke to him, and dy'd for him.

Roch. Alas! her cruelty drew pity from
Her eyes and mine.

Blunt. Would she not speak t'him then?

Roch. No, not a word; but quite o'ercame her pity,
And

And went away resolv'd ne'er more to see him.

Blunt. The reason?

Roch. She'd not tell——but I must doubt
Her scrup'lous virtue is the cause.

Blunt. Impossible!

Virtue can never lodge with cruelty.

What stain were it to th'whitest innocence?

What crime in the severest virtue once,

In her condition, but to hear him speak?

Come! she must see him——

Roch. Would my life and fortune,
Nay all my rights of love, and hopes in thee,
Could purchase her consent to see him once;
Pardon the sallies of most mighty friendship;
So well I wish him, I would hazard all.

Blunt. Go tell, as from yourself, the sad condition
Her horrid cruelty has brought him to.

Within this hour he enter'd my apartment,

Not like the great, the brave, the charming Piercy,

Whose person none could see without adoring;

But like a dreadful ghost, or horrid shadow,

Far worse than what dead melancholy midnight

To frighted men e'er painted in a dream.

The evil genius of his family

Ne'er look'd so mad, nor threaten'd half the woe,

As he did himself.

Roch. Unhappy Piercy!

Blunt. At first his sight was pointed on the earth:

There, with a groan, charg'd with a volley of sighs,

He lifted up his fatal eyes on me; which I

Could scarce behold with mine, they were so full

Of pitying tears——

Then ran into such bitter sad complaints

Against our sex's loath'd inconstancy,

That I was forc'd to chide him——

Roch. Oh, no more!

It wakes my drowsy conscience from its rest,

And stabs it with a guilt.

Blunt. But then at last

From railings into blessings straight he fell;

And on his knees beseech'd me that I'd plead,

And beg the Queen, but once to see her Piercy.

Which

Which I, rack'd with compassion, promis'd him :
Alas ! I fear, more than I can perform.

This said, I rose, and Piercy follow'd me :
Therefore I charge you by the pow'r of friendship,
By Piercy's woes, and all the love you owe
To me ! go and prevail that he may see her :
He said that you had vow'd to bring't to pass.

Roch. I'll do it instantly ; and if she will not,
I'll bear her body in these arms by force ;
Her mind, I'm sure, is willing to be with him.

Blunt. She's coming straight this way ; go quickly you,
(The miserable wretch is yet without)
And give him notice, now's the time to speak t'her !
Then straight return to hold her in discourse
Till Piercy comes.

Roch. So kind and pitiful !
May all thy cruel sex be blest'd for thee. [*Ex. Roch.*

Blunt. So——this has prov'd a lucky tale ; and now
This rare intelligence goes to my Wolsey,
Who'll send th'alarum to the watchful King,
Straight to surprize him with his wife, like Jason,
Just stealing of his golden fleece away—
She comes, she comes, this Player-Queen ; but know,
This is the last proud act of all thy show ;
This is a bait, kind stars, if you'll not frown,
With which I'll take revenge, or catch a crown :
And when she's got her heav'n, and I my aim,
Who then dares tell me, that I was to blame !
For who contemns a prosp'rous wickedness,
Or thinks that ill, that's fainted with success ?

[*Exit Blunt.*

Enter Queen with a Letter.

Queen. What shall I do ! where teach my trembling
feet

Their way ! Was ever virtue storm'd like mine !
Within, without, I'm haunted all alike :
Without, tormented with a jealous King ;
Within, my fears suggest a thousand plagues,

E

Bid

Bid me remember injur'd Piercy's wrongs,
 And brand me with the name of cruel to him ;
 Then on a sudden a more dreadful thought
 Upbraids me with guilt,
 And tells me that kind pity is a sin.
 Witness, and blame not me, y'immortal pow'rs !
 When you expose two diff'rent paths, one good,
 The other bad, and tell not which to take :
 If to obey you is my aim, just heav'n !
 'Tis not my fault, if I should chuse the wrong.

Enter Rochford.

Roch. Sister ! most royal, merciful, fair,
 And best belov'd of heav'n and all mankind,
 Let your dear brother make it his request
 Thus on his knees, as deities are charm'd,
 That you would hear th'unhappy Piercy speak
 This once, and but this once——Piercy's without :
 Shall my best friend take but his last farewell ?
 Grant it, or never more let Rochford see you.

Queen. O brother, plead no more, 'tis all in vain ;
 Do not betray thy sister to a guilt,
 And stain the crystal virtue of a soul,
 Which still she holds far dearer than a crown :
 Seek not by vile enchantments to destroy
 That innocence which yet is all my force ;
 All the defence poor Bullen has against
 A jealous husband, cruel foes, and worse,
 Against the malice of invet'rate hell.

Roch. What dangers can there be, what guilt in you,
 To hear the wretched and the injur'd pray ?
 Come ; for you will, you shall, you must now hear him.

Queen. No more ! no more ! there's yet a subtler
 orator

Than you, or pity, pleads for Piercy here,
 Here in my firm courageous soul, and stronger
 Than father, mother, or ten thousand brothers ;
 Yet I can that deny.

Roch. What shall I tell him ?

Queen.

Queen. Tell him, we are undone ; I must not see him ;
And what's far worse, the King is jealous : tell him,
I love him—tell him, what is false, I hate him ;
Say any thing ; but let me not behold him :
For, oh ! my weakness he so fierce assaults,
'Twill spoil—'twill wreck my conduct—See, he comes.

Enter Piercy.

Most cruel !——cruel brother rather——
Help—take and bear me swiftly from the danger.

Roch. Cast but one look, and you must needs relent.

Queen. What shall I do ? what passage shall I chuse ?
[*Aside.*

Arm me, kind heav'n ! against my foe of pity.

Piercy. Still, still she turns, and hides her treach'rous
eyes——

Is't possible that she can feel remorse,

Or pity after all ? Oh ! no ; she loves too well

The fatal cause that purchas'd all this pomp——

Stay, Anna Bullen ! stay ; my Queen——perhaps

It is expected I should call you Queen :

Behold your hatred——

Queen. Fly, good Piercy, fly :

There's nets preparing for your life and mine——

There's nought but snares and quick-sands where we

tread ;

Unfathom'd pits hid under painted grounds,

Where vast destruction watches to devour us.

Farewel——

Piercy. Hear me but first, and shew thy face,

Thy false dissembling beauties——

Many when wreck'd have been by dolphins borne,

And safely landed on the welcome shore :

And in the forests, nay, the monsters dens,

The passenger, half-starv'd for want of food,

Has by the lions oft been spar'd and fed :

But cruel Bullen, cruel beauty kills

All whom it fetters, most on whom it smiles :

Nor can the elements, nor gentler brutes,
Teach woman to be pitiful or good.

Queen. Now, now, just heav'n! y'are show'ring all
your plagues

At once upon my head, and I will bear 'em;
Bear 'em like one of you, and blefs the weight;
Hear my false self upbraided, call'd most perjur'd,
Deceitful, and the monster of my sex;
Ev'n I, who (you revengeful pow'rs above
Know) love this cruel chider to a fault!
Ah, Piercy, Piercy——fly; for life be gone:
Each minute that you stay brings death to both.

Piercy. Ah, hold! If not for love, for pity stay;
And if no just complaint can pierce your hearing,
Then blessings shall: ten thousand blessings on you,
If you will hear the curst of mankind speak.

Roch. Now, sister, heard you that! by heav'ns, it
melts me!
Sure I'm turn'd all the woman, you the man.

Queen. Give me your hand, kind brother, and support
me;
Help, for I stagger with the treble weight
Of grief, despair, and pity!

My senses are all charm'd, and feet fast ty'd
To this enchanted floor——Quick, or I'm lost.

Piercy. Yet turn, if there's one jot of pity in you;
If Piercy e'er was worth one thought, I charge you,
By the lov'd name of Anna Bullen, stay——
What then, will nothing move? Oh, inexorable!
No, not a look! not Piercy worth one look!
Yet, Rochford, hold! canst thou too be so cruel!
Fell and obdurate both!
Is there no hope? but will you, will you then
Be gone?

Queen. Fly, brother, ere it be too late;
For should I listen but a moment more,
The strength of Hercules were not enough
To draw me hence, so unruly is my body,
And my unwilling soul so loth to part.

Piercy.

Piercy. Then with my knees, thus fast'ning to the
ground

Your robe, and thus with my extended arms,

[*Piercy kneels upon her Robe.*

I'll force and charm you, till y'have heard my last

Complaint : and then forbear to pity if you can.

Queen. Why dost thou hold ?—Why do I hold my-
self ?

Piercy. Ten thousand curses light upon her soul

In hell ; and worse, what mine on earth endures,

That first taught woman falshood——

If for a crown she's false ! oh, may that crown

Sit loathsome on her forehead as her crimes ;

May adders nest within th'ambitious round,

And into stings the fatal ermins turn ;

When dead, may all the miseries she feels

Be thro' the world recorded, as a mark

For faithful lovers to beware, and ne'er

Be nam'd without a curse.

Queen. Ah, cruel *Piercy* !

Piercy. But for my *Queen*, let heav'n and angels guard
her ;

Her I except from any bitter fate ;

Let *Anna Bullen's* breast be ne'er disturb'd,

Nor soul upbraided with the wrongs of *Piercy* :

And, oh, kind heav'n, if there be any sorrow

(As sure none e'er can be) ordain'd for her,

False as she is, I beg, that it may fall

Only on wretched *Piercy's* head——May hers

Be all the pleasure still, and mine the pain.

Queen. O gods ! obdurate heav'ns ! cruel honour !

And yet more cruel virtue, hear and see !

[*Aside.*

Piercy. And when I shall for ever be recluse,

As now I go to part with all mankind,

'Twill be my joy, sometimes to think of you,

And make me live perhaps one day the longer,

When in my melancholy cell I hear

That the crown flourishes on *Bullen's* head.

Queen. Ha ! I'm o'erwhelm'd, the sluices all are broke,

And pity, like a torrent, pours me down ;

[*Aside.*

Now

Now I am drowning, all within's a deluge ;
 Wisdom nor strength can stem the tide no more,
 And nature in my sex ne'er felt the like——
 Help, Rochford, ere I'm rooted to this earth.
 Away, away ! the least word more undoes me.

Piercy. Yet turn one look upon me, ere you go,

Queen. There take it, with my life, perhaps the
 purchase——

Take that too ; *Piercy*, thou hast been betray'd ;

[*Gives him a Letter.*

Learn there th'unhappy Bullen's fate——Farewel.

Piercy. Yet stay—the soul ne'er parted with such pangs
 From the pale body, as you fly from me.

Queen. *Piercy*, adieu ——I can——I will——I must :
 no more.

[*Ex. Queen and Roch.*

Piercy. What never see you more ! She's gone,
 She's gone, more lov'd and beautiful than ever :
 And now methought, just as she parted from me,
 She shot a look quite through my gory heart,
 And left it gasping, dying, and despairing.
 What's here ? a letter ! and the character——
 That I so oft have been acquainted with ?
 If these eternal kisses give me leave,
 I'll break it open with as great a joy——
 As I had leap'd into our marriage-bed,
 And rifled all the sweets and pleasures there——
 What's this I read !

Reads :

*By wicked Wolsey, Harry, and our parents,
 I was betray'd, and forc'd to wed the King :
 Who intercepted all thy letters, swearing
 With sacramental oaths, that thou wert false,
 And marry'd first—Piercy, adieu, and credit me,
 And that I lov'd thee better than my life.
 Burn this rash paper, lest the fiends disclose it.*

BULLEN.

She's

She's innocent! oh ye immortal pow'rs!
 She's innocent! and then she loves me still.
 Sound, found my joy, till my exalted soul
 Is wound up to th'extremest pitch of bliss:
 Let Piercy never after this be sad——
 Yet hold——what dawn of comfort canst thou spy
 In this?——Oh none——This glow-worm spark,
 This glimpse of hope, is vanish'd, and I'm left
 In deeper darkness, horror, and despair,
 Than e'er I was before——
 Oh Anna Bullen! curst in being true!
 And I more curst in knowing it too late.

Re-enter Queen and Rochford.

Ha! she returns! the mourning angel comes
 Again! Sure heav'n's in love with both our miseries,
 They look with such a pomp and train in me,
 And are so beautiful in her!

Queen. Well, brother,
 And thou far stronger and immortal pity,
 And more immortal love, y'have brought me back—
 Ye have. What! what will you do with me now?

Roch. Could any thing on earth, tyger, or panther,
 Much less a creature form'd by heav'n, like it;
 Could you, I say, refrain such an object,
 At the last words of the unhappy wretch,
 And not forbear to balm him o'er in tears,
 Or else but hear him speak?

Queen. Now I'm inclos'd again!
 The combat now grows fierce and strong; and, oh!
 How weak an armour resolution is
 Against our passions, or the man belov'd!
 Virtue and honour, hence be proud no more,
 Nor brag of your dominion o'er mankind;
 Lest love, most fatal love, too soon should tell you,
 And make you feel, he's mightier chains than you—
 See where he is——look heav'n with tender eyes;
 Give counsel to my just despairing soul,
 And tell me, pity is no sin——Ah, Piercy!

Piercy.

Piercy. My charming Queen ! my Anna Bullen once !
Am I so blest, and yet so wretched too,
As what is written here contains ? And tell me,
May I believe that you can love me still ?

Queen. Oh, Piercy ! Piercy ! urge me not to tell you
What heav'n's austerity will not permit,
Nor force me to declare——

What the Eternal sees already written
In too broad characters within my breast :
How large, how deep thy story's graven here,
And what I dare not, never must unfold——
Oh ! I have said too much.

Piercy. What ! said too much ?
Can you repent of one kind thought of Piercy ?
And spitefully call back your tender mercy !
Nay, worse ; can you behold the almost naked,
And starv'd beseeching wretch, and strive to pull
The tatter'd remnants from his quiv'ring joints,
And dash the pitcher from the greedy lips
Of one just ready to expire with thirst ?
Oh, cruel Queen ! for Anna Bullen would not,
She would not, would not, use her Piercy thus.

Queen. Cease, cease, such sounds——
And turn thy sad, resistless eyes away ;
For if I once behold those tears, and hear
Thy just complaints, I can no longer hold,
But break I must thro' all the bonds of virtue.
Nay, stood the jealous Harry by,
With all his guards of devils, Wolfseys, cardinals ;
In spite of all, in spite of more, myself,
I must both see, hear thee, and speak to thee,
And pity thee. Now are you satisfy'd ?

Piercy. It is enough, bright daughter of the sky :
Y'have conquer'd me, my deity, you have.
Here on my knees, yet at a distance too,
The posture of a soul in extasy,
I beg a thousand pardons of my Queen.
A look, a sigh, a tear, from Anna Bullen,
Is far more worth than all the trifling wrongs,
Nay, than the life and very soul of Piercy.

Queen.

Queen. Help me, just heav'n! who sees how I'm
besieg'd,
And what a weak, resistless wretch I am!
Why d'ye impose on us so hard a task?
On us poor womankind, feeble and frail,
Making us here commissioners of virtue,
Yet put by drams and scruples in the balance,
To counterpoise and weigh down flesh and blood.
How weak's my will to draw my body hence!
And, oh! how loth my eyes are to depart!
But wish for ever to be fasten'd on thee,
And look one look to vast eternity:
Yet we must part, ah, Piercy! part for ever——

Piercy. Ah, say not so! Must we so soon, my Queen!
Is then this moment's bliss so criminal,
That it must forfeit all my precious hopes
Of an assurance once to meet again?

Queen. My mind now bodes to me that 'tis our last:
Yet I must bid thee go: there is no joy for us;
The world's a deluge all to thee and me——
There is no rest, my Piercy, in this world;
No sanctuary to lay the weary head
Of the undone, th'unpity'd, and betray'd.
Farewel: there's somewhat rises o'er my soul,
And covers it as with a fatal cloud
Of horror, death, and fear. It cannot be;
The sting of parting cannot do all this.
Farewel, farewel.

Piercy. Stay; must we part for ever?
What, never! never meet again!

Queen. Never, till we are clay; and then, perhaps,
Neglected as we were in life, thrown out in death,
Some charitable man may be so kind
To give our poor forsaken bodies burial,
Laying 'em both together in one bed
Of earth——

Ha! the time's come; my fatal doom's at hand.

*[Three Drops of Blood fall from her Nose,
and stain her Handkerchief.]*

Behold,

Behold, the heav'ns in characters of blood,
 In three inevitable drops,
 Have seal'd it, and decreed that it is now!——
 Ah, Piercy! fly, and leave me here alone,
 To stem this mighty torrent of my fate:
 Be gone, while I have life to bid thee go;
 For now death stops my tongue—— [She swoons.

Piercy. My Lord——

She faints! my life! my Anna Bullen, stay;
 Or your commands shall fetter me no more;
 But break I will thro' all the bars of distance,
 And catch thee thus, thus hold thee in my arms—
 Rochford! Oh help to call her back again.
 Hold, stop thy flight; thou precious air, return!
 Far richer than that rare immaculate breath
 Which nature's God breath'd in the first of mankind!

Roch. Wake, sister, wake! behold, no danger's nigh!

Queen. Ah, Piercy! now I wake, with courage now,
 To meet my fate; and see where it approaches.

Enter Cardinal, Northumberland, and Guards.

Piercy. Ha! Wolfey, and my father, with guards!

Card. My Lord, ere we discover our commission,
 Pray let your son be parted from the Queen;
 Lest the wrong'd King should see him in his rage,
 And execute his worst of fury on him.

North. Son! tho' you have committed, in the court,
 The greatest crime against your Royal Master
 That e'er a subject can be guilty of;
 Yet, in respect of my grey hairs, and tears,
 He has been pleas'd to spare your forfeit life:
 Therefore be gone; a minute's stay is fatal——
 Guards, force him if he goes not willingly,
 And carry him straight by barge to Suffolk-house
 Without reply.

Piercy. Obediently I'll go,
 If you will promise me that you have nought
 Against the sacred person of the Queen,
 And will not touch her: for 'tis greater sacrilege,
 Than

Than 'tis to hurt an angel, could it be,
 She is so innocent, so chaste, and pure.
 Else I'm resolv'd to stand, no rock so firm,
 Fix'd like the center to the massy globe:
 You should as soon remove strong Hercules,
 With his hands grasping both the poles of heav'n,
 As force me from this footing where I stand,
 And see the Queen threaten'd, or in danger.

Card. My Lord, on both our honours, the Queen's
 person
 Shall be inviolate and sacred always;
 Nor know we ought against her—but the King
 Is coming straight to visit her, as kindly
 As he was wont: therefore you must be gone——
 We have no other reason but your safety.

Piercy. I fear! for, ah! what truth can come from
 thee?
 Thou speak'st but at the second hand from hell——
 Kind Sir, may I believe what Wolsey says?

Card. Confirm it, good my Lord, or you'll delay.

North. 'Tis true, what the great Cardinal has told you.

Queen. Go, Piercy, and mistrust not more than I;
 Be gone, if I have pow'r left to command;
 Leave me to innocence and heav'n, that will not
 Permit a soul that ne'er did any ill
 To fear it.

Piercy. Then I'll go——But, oh, just heav'n!
 And all you angels, cherubims, and thrones;
 All you bright guards to the Most High Imperial,
 You kindest, gentlest, mildest planets,
 You lesser stars, you fair innumerable,
 And all you bright inhabitants above,
 Protect the sacred person of the Queen;
 And shed your balefull'st venom on their heads,
 That think to stain a whiteness like yourselves.

Farewel——

[Exit Piercy.]

Queen. Farewel!

Card. John Viscount Rochford, by the King's com-
 mand,

We arrest you here of capital high treason.

Queen.

Queen. Hear, heav'n ! My brother fall'n into the
snare !

Card. And 'tis his pleasure that you straight be sent
Close pris'ner to the Tow'r, with the Lord Norris,
Who is suspected with you to be guilty
Of the same heinous crime. Guards ! seize his person.

Roch. Base villain ! traitor ! Wolsey ! say, for what ?

Queen. No matter. Let a woman teach thee cou-
rage.

Ne'er ask for what, since 'tis his wise decree
Above, who gave us with a lib'ral hand,
And set us on the highest spoke of greatness,
No longer than he pleas'd to call us down——
Well, who's turn next ? Come, dart your worst, my
Lords,

And meet a temper'd breast, that knows to bear.
By my bright hopes, y'are more afraid than I :
I did expect you would begin with me !

Card. Most Royal Madam, oh ! I wish the King
Had chosen some more willing than ourselves,
To execute this most detested office :

In witness of it, on our knees with tears,
And sorrow, we our sad commission tell :
It is the King's most fatal pleasure too,
That you be sent a pris'ner to the Tow'r,
And thence immediately to both your trials.

Roch. Trial ! oh ! her wrong'd innocence ! for what ?

Queen. No more, dear brother ; let us both submit,
And give heav'n thanks, and our most gracious King :
For I'm not so presumptuous of my virtue,
But think, dear Rochford, that both you and I
Have once committed, in our erring lives,
Something for which we justly merit death,
Tho' not, perhaps, the thing we are accus'd of.

Enter the King in a Fury, with Letters in his Hand.
Attendants and Guards.

Card. The King is here.

Queen. Then he is merciful.

King.

King. Where's this woman ! this most abhorr'd of wives !

This scandal to her sex, my crown, and life !
What, by your minion ? Oh, good-natur'd husband !
Down on your knees, and thank me for a favour—
See — here are letters fall'n into my hands,
Where your dear brother says he has enjoy'd you.

[Gives the Letters to the Queen.]

Oh, thou more damn'd, and more insatiate far
Than Messalina ! she was chaste to thee ;
Her, half the men and slaves of Rome
Could satisfy ; but thou, not all mankind,
With husband, brother, kindred, in the number.

[She gives 'em Roch.]

Queen. Oh, heav'nly pow'rs ! oh, guard of innocence !
What do I see here ! — O, sacred Sir !
You took me to your royal bed a handmaid,
The most unworthy of the mighty favour ;
Oh ! throw me into dungeons straight, or take
Away my life that ne'er offended you :
Take all in recompence from Anna Bullen !
'Tis yours ; but do not rob me of my fame,
Nor stain my virtue with so foul a guilt.

Roch. What's here ? my am'rous letters sent to Blunt !
Has she betray'd me ?

King. I will hear no more — *[To the Queen.]*

Roch. Ah, Royal Sir, these letters I confess —

King. Damn thy hot lustful breath, thy pois'nous tongue !

Here take 'em hence, to tortures, racks, to death.

Queen. O, Sir ; I am prepar'd for any death ;
For worse than death, a thousand, thousand torments ;
And if you think 'em all not pain enough,
Here, take advice of Wolsey, he'll instruct you.
Tell you how you may plague this hated body.
But do not think that I'm so loath'd a creature.

King. Quick ; take away thy hands, or I will force thee —

Queen. You shall not, cannot, till I've sworn the truth :

For by th'unspotted babe within the womb,
 'That yet lies wrapp'd in innocence, unborn;
 By injur'd truth, by souls of martyr'd saints;
 By you, my lord, my husband, and my King;
 And by the King of Kings, the King of Heav'n,
 I'm wrong'd! Ah, royal, gracious Sir, I'm wrong'd!

King. Unhand me, or I'll spurn thee from thy hold—
 Seize, seize on Piercy—By my life, who begs

[To the Guards.]

In his behalf, 's a traitor worse than he——

[To North. who kneels.]

Here's another letter too; it is from Norris,
 Who much commends your darling, secret beauties,
 And sweetness of your lips: yet you are wrong'd!—
 Here's notes of your musician too, that charms you.
 Eternal hell! where's such another monster?
 I have more horns than any forest yields;
 Than Finsbury, or all the city-musters
 Upon a training, or a Lord-Mayor's day.
 Rise! and be gone, thou fiend, thou forcerefs;
 Thy pow'r, thy charms, like witchcraft, all have left
 thee:

Go, you incestuous twins, make haste and mingle
 Your foul, adult'rate blood in death together——

Oh, they're too long asunder. Why dost weep!

Go to thy death; and what's a greater pain,

May heav'n, like me, see all those tears in vain.

[Ex. King, Attendants.]

Roch. Ah, sister! what dire fiends must punish Roch-
 ford?

What will become of me, the cause of all?

Queen. Fear not: heav'n knows thy innocence, and
 mine!

What tho' we suffer here a little shame,

'Tis to reward our souls above, and with

Immortal restitution crown 'em there——

We two liv'd in one mother's spotless womb;

And then we scarce had purer thoughts than now:

And shortly we shall meet together in

One grave.

Roch.

Roch. O say not so : death dare not be so cruel.

Queen. Cease, brother, cease ; say not a word in answer ;

But lead me, like a valiant man, to chains.

Come, let's prepare — But first, my pomp, adieu.

[Kneels, and lays down her Crown.]

From heav'n I did my crown and life receive ;

And back to heav'n both crown and life I'll give :

And thus, in humble posture, lay it down

With greater joy than first I put it on.

[Rises.]

And now I tread more light, and see from far

A beamy crown, each diamond a star.

But, oh, you Royal Martyrs ! cease a while

Your crying blood that else must curse this isle :

Of the Imperial ask it with my pray'r ;

For you are still the nearest angels there :

Then, Richards, Edwards, Henries, all make room,

The first of slaughter'd English Queens I come :

Let me amongst your glorious, happy train,

Free from this hated world and traitors, reign.

[Ex. a. ab.]

ACT V. SCENE I.

Enter Cardinal and Blunt severally.

CARDINAL.

Luckiest of omens ! do I meet my Juno ?

My fair, illustrious partner in revenge !

Come, tell the news that your glad eyes proclaim :

Speak, by thy looks I know it must be well.

Is she condemn'd ? shall Rome be absolute ?

Shall Wolsey reign, and shall my Blunt be Queen ?

Blunt. 'Tis as thou say'st, most mighty of thy function ;

Greatest that e'er adorn'd the robe, it is :
 These eyes saw the bright English sun eclips'd,
 And, what is more, eclips'd by thee and me ;
 Cast by her awful judges from her height,
 Guilty and sham'd, as Lucifer from heav'n,
 And forc'd to beg it as the mildest sentence,
 To lose her head.

Card. Then there's an end of Bullen.

Blunt. And what to see gave me the greater joy,
 Those letters counterfeited by the fool
 Her brother, were the strongest proofs against her :
 So the same papers, which by your advice
 I got convey'd into her cabinet,
 Were the the substantial'st circumstances found,
 For which she dies.

Card. O just and sacred rage !
 Revenge ! thou greatest deity on earth !
 And woman's wit the greatest of thy council !

Blunt. We ought to veil before your priestly robe ;
 My crown of wit shall ne'er stand candidate
 With yours ; and yet I dare be bold to say,
 This I and malice would have done alone,
 Without the mighty aid of Wolsey's brain.

Card. Then nothing's to be done by fate, nor Wolsey,
 But take the vanquish'd crown from Bullen's head,
 And place it suddenly on yours.

Blunt. For which,
 My gracious Wolsey, I will so reward you—

Enter to them Piercy.

Piercy. Blackness eternal cover all the world !
 Infernal darkness, such as Egypt felt,
 When the great patriarch curs'd the fatal land,
 And with a word extinguish'd all the light.

Blunt. See, Piercy's here, more mad than we are
 joyful :
 Does't not make young the blood about thy heart,
 To see that our revenge not singly hits,
 But, like a chain-shot, carries all before it ?

Card.

Card. Let us avoid him——You intend to see
The Queen receive her death : but I, to hide
The pleasure that perhaps the sight would give me,
Will pass this day at Esther, like a mourner.

Piercy. Behold, the sun shines still : instead of dark-
ness,
Yon azure blue unspeckled with a cloud ;
The face of heav'n smiles on her as a bride.
This day the sun sits mounted on his chariot,
And darts his spiteful beams in scorn of pity ;
Bates not a jot of the illustrious pomp,
He should have furnish'd on her wedding-day ;
Heav'n looks like heav'n still, nature as it was :
Men, beasts, and devils ; ev'ry thing that lives
Conspires, as pleas'd at Anna Bullen's fall.
Behold, just pow'rs ! the curses of the land !
Stay, you amphibious monsters, priest and devil !

[*To the Card. and Blunt.*

And strumpet, if it can be, worse than both !
You far more dreadful pair than those that first
Betray'd poor easy man, and all mankind :
Thou fatal woman, thou ! and serpent, thou !
By whose sole malice (Oh, that heav'n should let it !)
A greater innocence this day is fall'n,
Than ever blest the walks of paradise.

Card. My Lord, I shall acquaint the King with this,
And those just lords the judges of her cause,
Whom your base malice wrongs——But I'm above it——
Farewel——

[*Ex. Card. and Blunt.*

Piercy. Bold traitors ! hell-hounds ! hear me first ;
Stay, you infectious dragons ; do you fly ?
Does Anna Bullen's chastity and virtue,
Writ in this angry forehead, make you start ?——

[*Exeunt.*

Enter Diana to him.

What, the fair, wrong'd Diana's face in tears !
Can Anna Bullen's miseries attract
The noblest of compassion, pity from

A rival's breast ? Thou wonder of thy sex !
 How far more wretched mak'st thou Piercy still,
 When I behold how much thou dost deserve,
 And I so very little have to pay ?

Diana. What rocky heart could have refrain'd from
 pity,

To see the sight that I did ? Any thing
 But man, most cruel mankind, would have griev'd ;
 Tygers and panthers would have wept to see her ;
 And her base judges, had they not been men,
 Would have bemoan'd her like departing babes.

Piercy. Is Rochford too condemn'd ?

Diana. Alas ! he is.

Rochford and Norris both receiv'd their sentence,
 And both behav'd themselves like gallant men——
 But for the Queen ! Ah, Piercy, such bright courage
 No thought can dictate, nor no tongue relate :
 When she was tax'd with that unnat'ral crime,
 Adult'ry with her brother ; ('tis a sin,
 That e'er it should be nam'd) at first she started,
 And soon an innocent, not guilty, red
 Adorn'd her face, and fainted it with tears ;
 But straight conceiving it a fault, she smil'd,
 Wip'd off the drops, and chid the blush away.

Piercy. When I am dead, may my sad tale be blest,
 And have no other tongue but thine to tell it.

Diana. Then with the meekness of a saint she stood ;
 With such amazing oratory, dazzled,
 And like the sun, darted quite thro' her judges,
 And sham'd their guilt, that none durst look upon her.
 But, oh ! what's destin'd in the blackest pit
 Of hell, what innocence can e'er withstand ?
 Whate'er she said, that angels could not finer,
 And shew'd a soul no crystal nigh so clear :
 Tho' all appear'd to be the plot of devils,
 Yet was she guilty found ; and, oh, sad Piercy !
 (May all eyes weep at it like thine and mine).
 Condemn'd to lose her head.

Piercy. Hell dare not think it.

Diana.

Diana. The cruel Duke of Norfolk, her relation,
As steward for the day, pronounc'd the sentence.

Piercy. And my hard-hearted father too was there.

Diana. My Lord! what said you? your hard-hearted
Father!

O, blotted let it be from all records,
And never be in England's annals read,
What I'm about to tell you: her own father,
The Earl of Wiltshire, sat amongst her judges.

Piercy. O monster damn'd! than cruel Titan worse,
That eat up his own issue as he got 'em.

Diana. Behold, the King! all knees are bent, all
hands,

All good mens eyes, lift up to heav'n and him,
To beg the life of her that glads the world.

Piercy. Make use of all thy woman's art to win him;
Let all petition him that share her blood,
Matrons, wives, virgins, all the charming sex.

Diana. Do you withdraw, you but incense the King—
I've yet a soft experiment to try,
Shall pierce his stubborn nature to the quick.

Piercy. That angel thou'rt inspir'd with, prosper thee.
[*Exeunt.*]

Enter King and Attendants.

King. Piercy! did I not charge he should be seiz'd?

[*To the Guards, who go out to seize Piercy.*]
Now by the sacred crown of England's monarchs,
Let none entreat me upon pain of death.

[*To Petitioners.*]

What's here? a list of base petitioners
For Norris' life! Hell and confusion seize 'em!
Have I not, like a rock against the seas,
And mountains 'gainst the winds, stood thus unshaken,
Deny'd all England's pray'rs, and tears of angels,
Nay, more, this heart, that pleads with mortal pangs
For my dear Anna Bullen's life? And shall I
Pardon a slave before I would my Queen?

Enter

Enter Northumberland, who kneels.

King. Why dost kneel ?

North. I met my son this most unlucky moment,
Just as the guards were ready to obey,
And execute your fatal orders on him ;
Who in despair, or rather in obedience,
Making a faint resemblance to resist,
As they were striving to put by his sword,
He on a sudden open'd wide his arms,
And on his breast receiv'd a wilful wound.
I kneel with humble pray'rs, that his disaster
Would mitigate your present and just fury :
And grant my son his freedom, till his hurt
Is cur'd, which is not mortal.

King. Be it so.

Enter Diana, leading the young Princess Elizabeth, with Women.

Diana. Pardon this bold intrusion in your presence :
Your daughter, Sir, this little princess here,
Possess'd with woman's rage, and far above
The little sparkling reason of a child,
Scream'd for her father : Where's my father, said she ?
And as we brought her to you, still she cry'd,
Unless she saw her father, she would die.

King. What would you have, my little Betty, say ?

Child. But will you promise me that you'll not frown
And cry aloud, Hough ? and then indeed I'll tell you.

King. I do : come let me take thee in my arms —

Child. No : but I'll kneel : for I must be a beggar ;
And I have learnt, that all who beg of you,
Must do it kneeling.

North. Prettiest innocence !

King. Well then, what is't, my little pratler, say ?

Child. I'm told that straight my mother is to die.
Yet I've heard you say, you lov'd her dearly :
And will you let her die, and me die too ?

King.

King. She must die, child: there is no harm in death:

Besides, the law has said it, and she must.

Child. Must! is the law a greater King than you?

King. O yes. But do not cry, my pretty Betty: For she'll be happier when she's dead, and go To heaven.

Child. Nay, I'm sure she'll go to heaven.

King. How art thou sure?

Child. Some body told me so Last night, when I was in my sleep.

King. Who was it?

Child. A fine old man, like my god-father Cranmer.

Card. Ay, there's the egg that hatch'd this cockatrice.

Child. Pray, father, what's that huge, tall, bloody man?

I ne'er saw him but once in all my life,
And then he frightened me. He look'd for all
The world just like the picture of the Pope.

King. Why, don't you love the Pope?

Child. No indeed don't I,
Nor never will.

King. Ay, but you must, my dear;
He is a fine old man too, if you saw him.

Card. Go, y'are a little heretick.

Child. A heretick!

Pray, father, what does that bold fellow call me?
What's that?

King. Why, that's one that forsakes the right,
And turns to a new, wrong religion.

Child. Then I'm no heretick: for I ne'er turn'd
In all my life. But you forget your child;
Dear father, will you save my mother's life?

King. You must not call me father; for they say,
You're not my daughter.

Child. Who's am I then?
Who told you so? that ugly, old bald priest?
He tells untruth. I'm sure you are my father.

King. How art?

Child.

Child. 'Cause I love none so well as you —
But, oh, you'll never hear me what I have to say,
As long as he, that devil there, stands by
Your elbow.

King. Ha ! what devil ?

Child. That red thing there.

King. Oh, child, he is no devil ; he's a cardinal.

Child. Why does he wear that huge, long coat then,
Unless it be to hide his cloven feet ?

Card. Sir, all's design'd by Cranmer for the Queen ;
Of whom she's learnt this lesson like a parrot.

King. Take her away : I were a fool indeed,
If women's tears, and children's idle prattle,
Should change my fixt resolve, and cheat my justice —
Away with her.

Child. Oh, but they dare not :
Father, will you not let your Betty ki'ss you ?
Why do you let 'em pull me from you so ?
I ne'er did anger you :
Pray save my Mother, dear King-father, do ;
And if you hate her, we will promise both,
'That she and I will go a great huge way,
And never see you more.

King. Unloose her ; hough !
Hence with her straight : I will not hear her prate
Another word. Go, y'are a naughty girl.

Child. Well, I'm resolv'd, when I'm grown a wo-
man,
I'll be reveng'd, and cry Hough too.

[*Ex. Diana, Princess, Women.*]

King. Ha ! spirit !
Mount all the draw-bridges, and guard the gates,
Then bring the pris'ners forth to execution ;
Norris and Rochford first, and then the Queen.
My Lord Northumberland, be it your task ;
Dispatch my orders straight, and fetch the traitors —
What's this that gives my soul a sudden twitch,
And bids me not proceed ? Ha ! is't compassion !
Shall pity ever fond the breast of Harry !
'Tis but a slip of nature, and I'll on.

Think

Think on thy wrongs ; the wrongs her lust has done
thee,
And sweep away this loath'd incestuous brood,
As heav'n would drive a plague from off the land :
Think thou shalt have thy Seymour in thy arms,
Who shall restore thy loss with double charms :
And tho' my Bullen sets this night, and dies,
Seymour, next morn, like a new sun, shall rise.

[*Ex. King, and Attendants.*

North. With an unwilling heart I take this office ;
And heav'n, if Anna Bullen's innocent,
Forgive me, since it is my King's command :
My breast is sad, and tender for her, all ;
Tho' Piercy ne'er can rise but by her fall —————

Enter to him Rochford, Lieutenant, and Guards.

Roch. Will't not be granted, that I here may see
My sister ere I die, to part with her ?

Lieut. There's my Lord Northumberland, he'll tell
you.

Roch. My Lord, you're come to see a wretched pair
Of Ormond's issue leave this fatal world :
Shall we not meet, and take our last farewell ?

North. Norris, my Lord, is now upon the scaffold ;

Then your turn follows : but before that time,
I guess the Queen will be prepar'd, and come.

Roch. Forgive me, heav'n, my passion, and my
crime,

For nature's choice of a wrong, fatal object,
Loving too well, what in effect was ill.

O, all ye strict idolaters of beauty !

You fond, severe adorers of that sex,

Who think that all their vices cannot center

In one vile woman's breast ; see, and repent !

Behold 'em all together

In th' infernal Blunt ; in her they're fix'd.

Thus

Thus have they all been curst, and thus they all
Have been betray'd, that lov'd so well as I.

*Enter Queen going to Execution all in White; Diana, Women
in Mourning. Guards.*

Queen. Come, where are those must lead me to my
fate?

To a more happy marriage-bed,
And my eternal coronation day——
What, Piercy's father! must he do the office?
Still I can bear it all, and bear it bravely.

North. Madam! it is the King's severe command,
That I attend your Majesty to th'scaffold.

Queen. Enough, my Lord, you might have spar'd
that title:

Alas! I wish it ever had been spar'd——
I should have been, if malice had not reign'd,
Your Piercy's wife, the scope of my ambition:
I ne'er had then been mounted to a throne;
Then this unhappy hour had never been.

Rock. Mind this, you rocky world, and mourn in
chaos:

Such words as these the heav'ns must weep to hear,
And make yon marble roofs dissolve in tears.

Queen. What, do you weep to see your Mistress'
glory,

That shall straightway wipe off the stain on earth
She bears, with an unspotted fame in heav'n?
I charge you, by my hopes, and by your hopes,
When you are going where I soon shall go;
By the illustrious pomp I long to meet;
The sacred, just rewards of injur'd truth;
Acquaint this noble Lord, and all here present,
If e'er you saw in all my nights or days,
Or in my looser hours of mirth or humour,
The smallest sign of that most horrid guilt
That I'm condemn'd for——Why are you all
dumb?

If you are loth to tell it whilst I live,

Proclaim

Proclaim it when I'm dead to all the world,
That heav'n may bar the gates of bliss against me,
And throw me to the blackest of hell's dungeons,
Where all dissemblers at their death shall howl.

Wom. Alas! most glorious mistress, none can wish
Themselves more innocent for death, than you:

Queen. What dost thou weep, unhappy brother, too!
Oh, shew me not suspected, nor thyself
So guilty, by such softness——Learn of me!
This breast that's petrify'd by constant woes,
By all my wrongs, m'injustice, and my cause,
Who sees me weep, they shall be tears of joy.
Who grieves to leave the world, shall never come
Where I am going, where all sorrow's banish'd.

Rob. Tho' I am innocent, my fate is not;
'Tis that has been unjust to thee and me.

Queen. Tho' 'tis a common, 'tis a fatal sign;
We weep when we are born: but it was
More ominous, and much more fatal prov'd,
From these prophetick eyes there gush'd a show'r,
When Harry gave his faithless hand to me;
And on my coronation-day the like,
My boding heart another tribute rack'd;
Methought there sat a mountain on my head,
The curses of wrong'd Kath'rine weigh'd me down,
And made my crown indeed a massy crown.

Rob. Deny me not a little tender grief;
For ev'ry drop of blood that's to be shed,
Of that inestimable mass of thine,
My soul must rack a thousand years in hell.

Queen. Forbear such words——You have not injur'd
me;

I might as well tax Providence, as you;
For heav'n, that heard the perjury of villains,
Might, if it pleas'd, have choak'd 'em with its thunder,
Or sent them with a lightning-blast to hell!
But he has bent their rage another way,

[*One whispers North.*

And on their malice we shall safely mount,
As on a cherubim, to heav'n.

North. My Lord,
You must prepare ; a messenger is come,
Who brings the news, that Norris is beheaded.

Queen. Alas ! unhappy Norris, art thou dead ?
Yet why do I such wrong to pity thee ?
Thou'rt happier by some moments now than I.

Roch. Come ! lead me to my rest, my rest from wrongs.

Now, Anna Bullen, teach me all thy courage :
Thy innocence, that makes the heav'ns amaz'd,
And the more guilty angels blush to see ;
Help me to pass this Rubicon of parting,
This mid-way gulph, that hangs 'twixt earth and sky !

Then that blest region all beyond is mine,
And Cæsar was not half so great as I.

Queen. Go ! be a lucky harbinger for me ;
Tell all the saints, and cherubims, and martyrs,
Tell all the wrong'd, that now are righted there,
Till it shall reach the high'st Imperial ear,
That Anna Bullen is a coming straight.

Roch. Wilt not embrace thy dying brother first ?
One father and one mother gave us birth ;
And one chaste, inn'cent nature's bed inclos'd us——
These are our parents arms, and so are thine.
Then all you saints above, and men below,
Bear witness, and I vow it on my death,
It is the greatest, first, and only favour
I e'er receiv'd from Anna Bullen's person.

Queen. In spite of scandal, malice, and the world ;
Nay, were the King and our vile judges by,
Since heav'n is satisfy'd it is no sin,
I will embrace thee, think I've in my arms,
Both father, mother, sister, brother, all ;
And envy cannot blame me now for this.

Roch. Thus, let my soul into thy bosom fly,
That I may feel the stroke of death for thee ;
And when the fatal axe hangs o'er thy head,
O, may it lull thee, and not strike thee dead !

Softer

Softer than infants dream, or with less pain
Than 'tis to sleep, or to be born again——

[*Ex. Roch. to Execution.*]

Queen. So, this is past and vanish'd ! But behold
A greater yet——Now I begin to dread——

Enter Diana, with the young Princess, and Women.

Ah, kind Diana, wonderful and good !
The pity that thou shew'st thy dying friend,
This little one, I hope, will live to pay.

Diana. Ah, Royal Mistress ! England's falling star ;
Best pattern that e'er earth receiv'd from heav'n——
I need not fear these eyes should see you die ;
For ere that time just grief shall strike me dead,
Or torrents of these tears will make me blind.

Queen. Come, lift her to my arms, and let me kiss
her ;
For 'tis the last kind office you will do me.
Now let me press thy little coral lips
With my dead pale ones now ! and, oh, let me
Infuse some of thy mother's latest breath
In blessings on thy tender, blooming soul——
What's this that tempts me with a mother's fondness !
To break my resolution, and upbraids me,
That I must leave thee to a father's rage,
And yet more cruel enemies to both ?
Leave thee a lamb 'mongst wolves ; for all who've
been

Thy mother's foes, will certainly be thine.

Diana. Tygers nor devils ! or, what's more inhu-
man,
Envy of mankind, cannot be so curst.

Queen. See, see, Diana ! by my wrongs it weeps ;
Weeps like a thing of sense, and not a child ;
Like one well understood in grief : the tears
Drop sensibly in order down its cheeks,
And drown its pretty speech in thoughtful sorrow.
Nothing could shoot infections thro' my breast

But this; and this has done it——

Why weeps my child? Ay, what a question's that!

Diana. Behold! how't strives; and, betwixt tears and throbs,

If it could form a language it would speak.

Queen. Strive not for words, my child; these little drops

Are far more eloquent than speech can be——

Be pitiful, my Lord; and thou, my kind

Diana, ever faithful to thy Queen:

When I am dead, as shortly I shall be,

Take this poor babe, and carry't to the King;

Its lips just pregnant with its mother's fondness,

Perhaps he'll take her then into his arms;

And, tho' the favour were to me deny'd,

Steal there a kiss of mine:

Say, 'tis the last request of Anna Bullen——

North. Remove the little Princess

To her apartment; where we straight will come,

And wait on her, as is the Queen's command.

Queen. Yet let me hold her but a moment longer,

And with this kiss, that now must be my last,

Unlock a secret which heav'n dictates to me.

If e'er there is a light that does transcend

Dark human knowledge in the breast of men,

Fate to foresee, there is a light at death,

And that now bids me speak. Thou, little child,

Shalt live to see thy mother's wrongs o'erpaid,

In many blessings on thy woman's state.

From this dark calumny, in which I set,

As in a cloud, thou like a star shalt rise,

And awe the Southern world: that holy tyrant,

Who binds all Europe with the yoke of conscience,

Holding his feet upon the necks of kings,

Thou shalt destroy, and quite unloose his bonds,

And lay the monster trembling at thy feet.

When this shall come to pass, the world shall see

Thy mother's innocence reviv'd in thee.

[*Ex. Women with the young Princess Eliz.*

North.

North. Madam ! with greater pain to me than racks,
I'm forc'd to let you know your brother's dead ;
And that, alas ! you must prepare.

Queen. My Lord !
I thank you ; you mistake your noble office :
It is the voice of angels to wrong'd martyrs,
'The sound of cherubs trumpeting from heav'n—
I've heard it said, amongst our many ends,
Beheading is the mildest death of any.
If it be so, I thank my gracious Lord,
For I was never us'd to pain——How say you ?

North. We cannot wish you less, since y'are to die.
And if the headsmen do as he's commanded,
'Twill be no more than 'tis to drop asleep.

Queen. My Lord, I've but a little neck ;
Therefore I hope he'll not repeat his blow ;
But do it, like an artist, at one stroke.

North. There is no fear : he has particular order.

Queen. Then let me go ; heav'n chides my fond
delay——

But tell the King, I say it as I just
Am going to die ; I both forgive and bless him,
And thank him, as my kindest benefactor——
First from an humble maid he lifted me
To honour ; then he took me to his bed,
The highest state that I could be on earth ;
And now, as if he thought he ne'er could do
Enough for me, has mounted me to heav'n——

North. Mr. Lieutenant, on, and lead the way.

Queen. If 'tis no sin to skip one moment now,
Of what belongs to heav'n, let me remember
Poor Piercy once——Here, take this innocent kiss,
A token to you both——'Tis thine and his——
Farewel, Diana. Farewel to you all.

Diana. A long farewel to all our sex's glory.

Queen. Weep not for me ; but hear my dying sen-
tence :
Any that shall hereafter fall like me,
Falsly accus'd by wicked men and traitors ;

Tho' in this world y'are great, in virtue strong ;
 Never blaspheme, and say, that heav'n does wrong :
 Nor think an undeserved death is hard ;
 For innocence is still its own reward.

And when th'Almighty makes a faint, sometimes
 He acts by contraries, and villains crimes :
 Whilst thus their malice always cheated is,
 And leads us but the nearest way to bliss.

*[Exit Queen to Execution, with Northumberland
 and Guards.]*

Enter Piercy alone.

Piercy. I dread the horrid deed is done, or now
 A doing ; else what means this sudden gloom
 Clad o'er the morning-sky, and all mankind ?
 All pass with horror by, with frightened looks and
 voice

Lift up to heav'n, who sees and hears in vain :
 Then shake their melancholy heads, like Time :
 A gen'ral consternation seizes all,
 As if the universal empress of the world,
 Nature itself, were fled with Anna Bullen——

*Enter a Gentleman with a Handkerchief stained with the
 Queen's Blood.*

Hast thou beheld this great eclipse of virtue ?
 Speak, is the Queen beheaded ? Hast thou done
 As I commanded ?

Gent. Sir, when the fatal blow I saw perform'd,
 Swift, as a whirlwind, thro' the crowd I rush'd ;
 And as the blood from their rich vessels drain'd,
 This linnen with the sacred crimson stain'd.

Piercy. Give't me ! and leave me to myself a mo-
 ment.

Now, sacred drops, now, heav'nly nectar, first

I'll

I'll kiss, then pledge you with a dying thirst——
 What's this ! I feel my soul beat at my wound,
 And bid me remember now's the time,
 Now to let out life's navigable stream,
 And mix it with this most celestial flood :
 Thus, as kind rivers to their ocean run,
 First, I'll descend by just degrees to earth,
 Thus on my knees, and wing my soul to heav'n,
[*Kneels.*

Where Anna Bullen waits her Piercy's coming ;
 And with this bloody sign the pow'rs implore,
 Like a poor wretch shipwreck'd on some lone shore,
 Who spies a sail far off, waves 'em his hand,
 To come, and waft him from the barren land.

Enter Diana.

Behold the good *Diana*——by those tears,
 Something of horror 'tis thou hast to say.

Diana. Alas ! my Lord, what have you done ?
 Your wound does bleed afresh !
 Your looks are alter'd ! all those masculine beauties,
 That shone in your illustrious face, and made
 The noblest brave epitome of mankind,
 Are vanish'd on a sudden ; and you hang
 Like a pale carcase on my trembling arms——
 Ha ! let me run and call for help——I'll fetch
 Your father ; fetch the King. Quick, let me go——

Piercy. O bear me to some horrid desert rather,
 Where nought but tygers, wolves, and panthers breed ;
 They are more merciful than King or parent.
 I feel, like the wrong'd patriarch, a desire
 To do some fatal mischief with my end.
 Stand by me, and correct me with thy virtue ;
 Else I shall lose the duty of a son,
 And subject ; do a rashness to be fam'd for,
 Pull down a show'r of curses on the heads
 Of this Philistine King, and cruel father.

Diana.

Diana. Still, still your looks grow paler, and your strength
Decays ! Oh, let me call some help : who's there ?

Piercy. Grief, like a subtle limbeck, by degrees,
With still diffusion quite dissolves my heart,
And steals by drops my blood and spirit away.
But, first, Diana, I'll be just to thee——
I doubt if I have strength to rise again——

[She raises him upon his Knees.]

My father made me vow to be your husband ;
If I here die——I kneel that you'd forgive me ;
But if I live, I'll keep my promise to you.

Diana. You faint, you sink, you die ; some creature
help——

Piercy. Go, strive to lave the waters of the sea,
And quench the burning *Ætna*, 'tis in vain,
And so are *Æsculapius*' remedies to me——
Look, seest thou this ? As long as I have this,

[Shows the Handkerchief.]

This here, to waft me o'er death's dreadful main,
I need no sword, no poison, nor no pain.

Diana. What's that I see ? your blood ! your vital
blood !

Piercy. Yes ! of a heart far dearer than my own.
Now, now, my blood, my crowd of spirits, all
Rush to behold, and with their standard fall.

Diana. Why stand I here, like marble made of
woe,
And run not for the cure of both our lives ?
For should I stay, I shall betray my love,
In dying with him.

[Exit Diana running.]

Piercy. Thus, when the gen'rous lion sees the
blood
Of his own Royal Master shed, like this,
Taking the lawn, stain'd with imperial gore,
At first he frowns, and then begins to roar ;
Lashes his sides, his fiery eye-balls roll,
And with his awful voice revenge he calls ;

Till,

Till, finding no relief, at length he's mute,
 And weeps, tears falling from the kingly brute ;
 'Then gently on it, as his death-bed, lies,
 And, with a groan, breaks his stout heart, and dies.

[Dies.

Enter Northumberland, and Gentlemen.

Gent. He's dead ! alas, he's dead ! We're come too late !

North. Here let me fix, till my grey hairs shall root,
 Or turn to snakes, to plague this aged head ;
 And never more be look'd on to upbraid me !
 This is a punishment for what my eyes
 Unpitying saw ; and now I feel, dear Piercy,
 Thy father's curses on his own head turn,
 And thou art blest ; and I, alas ! forlorn.

Enter, King, Lords, Attendants, and Guards.

King. Whom mourn'st thou over ? Whose dead body's that ?

North. 'Tis Piercy's : you and all good men should weep ;
 For you have lost a faithful Queen, and I a son.

King. Thy tongue's too bold ! Are all the traitors dead ?

North. Norris and Rochford, and th'unhappy Queen,
 Were all beheaded in one fatal hour :
 Yet all the traitors are not dead.

King. What mean'st thou ?
 Say ! who has 'scap'd ?

North. The haughty Blunt, deck'd with
 Her proudest ornaments of gold and jewels,
 Came to behold their ends upon the scaffold,
 And saw 'em with a hellish cruelty ;
 Till Anna Bullen's head, lopp'd from her body,
 The brightest ornament of that person, fell

Upon

Upon that wretched woman's knees, as she
 Was sitting to behold that dismal sight :
 The trunkless head with darting eyes beheld her,
 Making a motion with its lips to speak,
 As if they meant t'upbraid her cursed treason ;
 When straight the dreadful accident so struck her,
 Swift as a hind she gave a leap, and with
 A sudden shriek she started into madness,
 So fierce, that just and speedy death must follow ;
 Then utt'ring strange and horrid guilty speeches,
 In her distraction she accus'd herself,
 And Wolsey ; talk'd that the Queen was innocent ;
 Saying, the letters found within her closet
 Were false, and plac'd by them to ruin her :
 For which, she said, her cruel ghost did haunt her.

King. Where is the traitor Wolsey ?

North. Fled to Esher.

King. Go you in person, and secure the villain !
 Many foul causes claim his forfeit life ;
 But if I find him guilty in the least
 Of a contrivance with this cursed woman,
 (Tho' the Queen justly merited her end)
 I'll rack his soul out with a thousand tortures.

North. 'Twould be some joy to my revenge and
 Piercy's.

King. For thy son's death, thy King shall be a
 mourner —

Now heav'n vouchsafe to pardon till this time,
 What I by sycophants advice have done ;
 I will be absolute, and reign alone :
 For where's a statesman fam'd for just and wise,
 But makes our failings still his aim to rise ?
 If subjects thus their monarchs wills restrain,
 'Tis they are Kings ; for them we idly reign :
 Then I'll first break the yoke ; this maxim still
 Shall be my guide, *A Prince can do no ill !*
 In spite of slaves, his genius let him trust ;
 For heav'n ne'er made a King, but made him just.

[*Exeunt omnes.*]



C A T O.

A

TRAGEDY,

By Mr. ADDISON.

Ecce Spectaculum dignum, ad quod respiciat, intentus
operi suo, Deus! Ecce par Deo dignum, vir fortis
cum malâ fortunâ compositus! Non video, inquam,
quid habeat in terris Jupiter pulchrius, si convertere
animum velit, quàm ut spectet Catonem, jam par-
tibus non semel fractis, nihilominus inter ruinas
publicas erectum.

Sen. de Divin. Prov.



L O N D O N:

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MDCCLXV.

OF THE

TRADING

COMPANY

INCORPORATED IN THE
STATE OF NEW YORK
BY THE
ACT OF THE LEGISLATURE
IN THE YEAR 1812
AND
RENEWED BY THE
ACT OF THE LEGISLATURE
IN THE YEAR 1820



AND

THE

RECEIVED



V E R S E S

To the AUTHOR of the

TRAGEDY of CATO.

WHILE you the fierce divided *Britons* awe,
And *Cato*, with an equal Virtue, draw,
While *Envy* is itself in *Wonder* lost,
And *Factions* strive who shall applaud you most;
Forgive the fond Ambition of a Friend,
Who hopes himself, not you to recommend:
And joins th' Applause which all the Learn'd bestow
On one, to whom a perfect Work they owe.
To my * light Scenes I once inscrib'd your Name,
And impotently strove to borrow Fame;
Soon will that die, which adds thy Name to mine;
Let me, then, live, join'd to a Work of thine.

* Tender Husband, Dedicated to Mr. Addison.

RICHARD STEELE.

THO' *Cato* shines in *Virgil's* Epic Song,
Prescribing Laws among th' *Elysian* Throng;
Tho' *Lucan's* Verse, exalted by his Name,
O'er Gods themselves has rais'd the hero's Fame;
The *Roman* Stage did ne'er his Image see,
Drawn at full Length; a Task reserv'd for Thee.
By thee we view the finish'd Figure rise,
And awful march before our ravish'd Eyes;
We hear his Voice, asserting Virtue's Cause;
His Fate renew'd our deep Attention draws,
Excites by Turns our various Hopes and Fears,
And all the Patriot in thy Scene appears.

On *Tiber's* Banks thy Thought was first inspir'd ;
 'Twas there, to some indulgent Grove retir'd,
Rome's ancient Fortunes rolling in thy Mind,
 Thy happy Muse this manly Work design'd :
 Or in a Dream thou saw'st *Rome's* Genius stand,
 And, leading *Cato* in his sacred Hand,
 Point out th' immortal Subject of thy Lays,
 And ask this Labour, to record his Praise.
 'Tis done—the Hero lives, and charms our Age!
 While nobler Morals grace the *British* Stage.
 Great *Shakespear's* Ghost, the solemn Strain to hear,
 (Methinks I see the laurell'd Shade appear!)
 Will hover o'er the Scene, and wond'ring view
 His Fav'rite *Brutus* rivall'd thus by You.
 Such *Roman* Greatness in each Action shines,
 Such *Roman* Eloquence adorns your Lines,
 That sure the *Sibyl's* Books this Year foretold,
 And in some mystick Leaf was seen inroll'd,
 ' *Rome*, turn thy mournful Eyes from *Africk's* Shore,
 ' Nor in her Sands thy *Cato's* Tomb explore !
 ' When thrice Six hundred Times the circling Sun
 ' His annual Race shall through the Zodiack run,
 ' An Isle remote his Monument shall rear,
 ' And ev'ry generous *Briton* pay a Tear.

J. HUGHES.

WHAT do we see! is *Cato* then become,
 A greater Name in *Britain* than in *Rome*?
 Does Mankind now admire his Virtues more,
 Tho' *Lucan*, *Horace*, *Virgil*, wrote before?
 How will Posterity this Truth explain?
 " *Cato* begins to live in *Anna's* Reign:
 The World's great Chiefs, in Council or in Arms,
 Rise in your Lines with more exalted Charms;
 Illustrious Deeds in distant Nations wrought,
 And Virtues by departed Heroes taught:
 Raise in your Soul a pure immortal Flame,
 Adorn your Life, and consecrate your Fame;

To

To your Renown all Ages you subdue,
And *Cæsar* fought, and *Cato* bled for you.

All Soul's College,
Oxon.

EDWARD YOUNG.

'TIS nobly done thus to enrich the Stage,
And raise the Thoughts of a degen'rate Age,
To shew how endless Joys from Freedom spring:
How Life in Bondage is a worthless Thing.
The inborn Greatness of your Soul we view,
You tread the Paths frequented by the Few,
With so much Strength you write, and so much Ease,
Virtue and Sense! how durst you hope to please?
Yet Crowds the Sentiments of ev'ry Line
Impartial clap'd, and own'd the Work divine.
Ev'n the sour Criticks, who malicious came,
Eager to censure, and resolv'd to blame,
Finding the Hero regularly rise,
Great while he lives, but greater when he dies.
Sullen approv'd, too obstinate to melt,
And sicken'd with the Pleasures, which they felt.
Not so the *Fair* their Passions secret kept,
Silent they heard, but as they heard, they wept,
When gloriously the blooming *Marcus* dy'd,
And *Cato* told the Gods, *I'm satisfy'd*.

See! how your Lays the *British* Youth inflame!
They long to shoot, and ripen into Fame,
Applauding Theatres disturb their Rest,
And unborn *Cato's* heave in ev'ry Breast.
Their nightly Dreams, their daily Thoughts repeat,
And Pulses high with fancy'd Glories beat.
So, griev'd to view the *Marathonian* Spoils,
The young *Themistocles* vow'd equal Toils;
Did then his Schemes of future Honours draw
From the long Triumphs which with Tears he saw.

How shall I your unrival'd Worth proclaim,
Lost in the spreading Circle of your Fame!
We saw you the great *William's* Praise rehearse,
And paint *Britannia's* Joys in *Roman* Verse.

We heard at distance soft, enchanting Strains,
 From *blooming Mountains*, and *Italian Plains*.
Virgil began in *English Dress* to shine,
 His Voice, his Looks, his Grandeur still Divine :
 From him too soon unfriendly you withdrew,
 But brought the tuneful *Ovid* to our View.
 Then the delightful Theme of every Tongue,
 Th' immortal *Marlb'rough* was your darling Song.
 From Clime to Clime the mighty Victor flew,
 From Clime to Clime as swiftly you pursue.
 Still with the Hero's glow'd the Poet's Flame,
 Still with his Conquests you enlarg'd your Fame,
 With boundless Raptures here the muse cou'd swell,
 And on your *Rosamond* for ever dwell ;
 There opening Sweets, and ev'ry fragrant Flow'r
 Luxuriant smile, a never fading Bow'r.
 Next human Follies kindly to expose,
 You change from Numbers, but not sink in Prose :
 Whether in visionary Scenes you play,
 Refine our Tastes, or laugh our Crimes away.
 Now, by the buskin'd Muse you shine confest,
 The Patriot kindles in the Poet's Breast.
 Such Energy of Sense might Pleasure raise,
 Tho' unembellish'd with the Charms of Phrase :
 Such Charms of Phrase would with Success be crown'd,
 Tho' Nonsense flow'd in the melodious Sound.
 The chastest Virgin needs no Blushes fear,
 The Learn'd themselves, not uninstructed, hear.
 The Libertine, in Pleasures us'd to roll,
 And idly sport with an immortal Soul,
 Here comes, and by the virtuous Heathen taught,
 Turns pale, and trembles at the dreadful Thought.

Whene'er you traverse vast *Numidia's Plains*,
 What sluggish *Briton* in his Isle remains ?
 When *Juba* seeks the Tiger with Delight,
 We beat the Thicket, and provoke the Fight.
 By the Description warm'd, we fondly sweat,
 And in the chilling East-Wind pant with Heat.
 What Eyes behold not, how *the Stream refines*,
 'Till by Degrees the floating *Mirrou* shines ?

While

While Hurricanes in circling Eddies play,
 Tear up the Sands, and sweep whole Plains away.
 We shrink with Horror, and confess our Fear,
 And all the sudden sounding Ruin hear.
 When purple Robes, distain'd with Blood, deceive,
 And make poor *Marcia* beautifully grieve.
 When she her secret Thoughts no more conceals,
 Forgets the Woman, and her Flame reveals,
 Well may the Prince exult with noble Pride,
 Not for his *Libyan* Crown, but *Roman* Bride.

But I in vain on single Features dwell,
 While all the Parts of the fair Piece excel.
 So rich the Store, so dubious is the Feast,
 We know not, which to pass, or which to taste.
 The shining Incidents so justly fall,
 We may the whole, new Scenes of Transport call.
 Thus Jewellers confound our wand'ring Eyes,
 And with Variety of Gems surprise.
 Here *Sapphires*, here the *Sardian Stone* is seen,
 The *Topaz* yellow, and the *Jasper* green.
 The costly *Brilliant* there, confus'dly bright,
 From num'rous Surfaces darts trembling Light.
 The diff'rent Colours mingling in a Blaze,
 Silent we stand, unable where to praise,
 In Pleasure sweetly lost ten thousand Ways.

Trinity-College,
 Cambridge.

L. EUSDEN.

TOO long hath Love engross'd *Britannia's* Stage,
 And sunk to Softness all our Tragic Rage:
 By that alone did Empires fall or rise,
 And Fate depended on a fair One's Eyes:
 The sweet Infection, mixt with dang'rous Art,
 Dabas'd our Manhood, while it sooth'd the Heart.
 You scorn to raise a Grief thyself must blame,
 Nor from our Weakness steal a vulgar Fame:
 A Patriot's Fall may justly melt the Mind,
 And Tears flow nobly, shed for all Mankind,

How do our Souls with gen'rous Pleasure glow !
 Our Hearts exulting, while our Eyes o'erflow,
 When thy firm Hero stands beneath the Weight,
 Of all his Suff'rings venerably Great ;
Rome's poor Remains still shelt'ring by his Side,
 With conscious Virtue, and becoming Pride.

The aged Oak thus rears his Head in Air,
 His Sap exhausted, and his Branches bare,
 'Midst Storms and Earthquakes, he maintains his State,
 Fixt deep in Earth, and fasten'd by his Weight :
 His naked Boughs still lend the Shepherd's Aid,
 And his old Trunk projects an awful Shade.

Amidst the Joys triumphant Peace bestows,
 Our Patriots sadden at his glorious Woes,
 Awhile they let the World's great Business wait,
 Anxious for *Rome*, and sigh for *Cato's* Fate.
 Here taught how ancient Heroes rose to Fame,
 Our *Britons* crowd, and catch the *Roman* Flame,
 Where States and Senates well might lend an Ear,
 And Kings and Priests without a Blush appear.

France boasts no more, but, fearful to engage,
 Now first pays Homage to her Rival's Stage,
 Hastes to learn thee, and learning shall submit,
 Alike to *British* Arms, and *British* Wit :
 No more she'll wonder, (forc'd to do us Right)
 Who Think like *Romans*, could like *Romans* Fight.

Thy *Oxford* smiles this glorious Work to see,
 And fondly triumphs in a Son like Thee.
 The Senates, Consuls, and the Gods of *Rome*,
 Like old Acquaintance at their Native Home,
 In Thee we find: Each Deed, each Word exprest,
 And ev'ry Thought that swell'd a *Roman* Breast.
 We trace each Hint that could thy Soul inspire
 With *Virgil's* Judgment, and with *Lucan's* Fire ;
 We know thy Worth, and give us leave to boast,
 We most admire, because we know thee most.

Queen's College,
 Oxon.

THO. TICKELL.

S I R,

S I R,

WHEN your gen'rous Labour first I view'd,
 And *Cato's* Hands in his own Blood imbru'd,
 That Scene of Death so terrible appears,
 My Soul could only thank you with her Tears.
 Yet with such wondrous Art your skilful Hand
 Does all the Passions of the Soul command,
 That ev'n my Grief to Praise and Wonder turn'd,
 And envy'd the great Death which first I mourn'd.

What Pen but yours cou'd draw the doubtful Strife,
 Of Honour struggling with the Love of Life?
 Describe the Patriot obstinately good,
 As hov'ring o'er Eternity he stood:

The wide, th' unbounded Ocean lay before
 His piercing Sight, and Heav'n the distant Shore,
 Secure of endless Bliss, with fearless Eyes,
 He grasps the Dagger, and its Point defies,
 And rushes out of Life to snatch the glorious Prize. }

How would old *Rome* rejoice, to hear you tell
 How just her Patriot liv'd, how great he fell!
 Recount his wond'rous Probity and Truth,
 And form new *Juba's* in the *British* Youth.
 Their gen'rous Souls, when he resigns his Breath,
 Are pleas'd with Ruin, and in Love with Death;
 And when her conqu'ring Sword *Britannia* draws,
 Resolves to Perish, or defend her Cause.

Now first on *Albion's* Theatre we see,
 A perfect Image of what Man should be;
 The glorious Character is now exprest,
 Of Virtue dwelling in a human Breast,
 Drawn at full Length by your Immortal Lines,
 In *Cato's* Soul, as in her Heav'n, she shines.

All Soul's College
 Oxon.

DIGBY COTES.

Left with the Printer by an Unknown Hand.

NOW we may speak, since *Cato* speaks no more;
 'Tis Praise at length, 'twas Rapture all before;
 When crouded Theatres with *Iōs* rung
 Sent to the Skies, from whence thy Genius sprung;
 Ev'n Civil Rage a while in thine was lost;
 And Factions strove but to applaud thee most;
 Nor could Enjoyment pall our longing Taste;
 But ev'ry Night was dearer than the last.

As when old *Rome*, in a malignant Hour
 Depriv'd of some returning Conqueror,
 Her Debt of Triumph to the Dead discharg'd,
 For Fame, for Treasure, and her Bounds enlarg'd;
 And while his Godlike Figure mov'd along,
 Alternate Passions fir'd the adoring Throng;
 Tears flow'd from ev'ry Eye, and Shouts from ev'ry
 Tongue;

So in thy Pompous Lines has *Cato* far'd,
 Grac'd with an ample though a late Reward:
 A greater Victor we in him revere;
 A nobler Triumph crowns his Image here.

With Wonder, as with Pleasure, we survey
 A Theme so scanty wrought into a Play;
 So vast a Pile on such Foundations plac'd;
 Like *Ammon's* Temple rear'd on *Libya's* Waste:
 Behold its glowing Paint! its easy Weight!
 Its nice Proportions! and stupendous Height!
 How chaste the Conduct! how divine the Rage!
 A *Roman* Worthy on a *Grecian* Stage!

But where shall *Cato's* Praise begin or end;
 Inclined to melt, and yet untaught to bend,
 The firmest Patriot, and the gent'lest Friend?
 How great his Genius when the Traitor Crowd
 Ready to strike the Blow their Fury vow'd;
 Quell'd by his Look, and Lift'ning to his Lore,
 Learn, like his Passions, to rebel no more!

When

When, lavish of his boiling Blood, to prove
 The Cure of slavish Life, and slighted Love,
 Brave *Marcus* new in early Death appears,
 While *Cato* counts his Wounds, and not his Years;
 Who checking private Grief, the Publick mourns,
 Commands the Pity he so greatly scorns.
 But when he strikes (to crown his gen'rous Part)
 That honest, stanch, impracticable Heart;
 No Tears, no Sobs pursue his panting Breath;
 The dying *Roman* shames the Pomp of Death.

O sacred Freedom, which the Powers bestow
 To season Blessings, and to soften Woe;
 Plant of our Growth, and Aim of all our Cares,
 The Toil of Ages, and the Crown of Wars:
 If, taught by thee, the Poet's Wit has flow'd
 In Strains as precious as his Hero's Blood:
 Preserve those Strains, an everlasting Charm
 To keep that Blood, and thy Remembrance warm:
 Be this thy Guardian Image still secure
 In vain shall Force invade, or Fraud allure;
 Our great *Palladium* shall perform its Part,
 Fix'd and enshrined in ev'ry *British* Heart.

THE Mind to Virtue is by Verse subdu'd;
 And the true Poet is a publick Good.
 This *Britain* feels, while, by your Lines inspir'd,
 Her Free-born Sons to glorious Thoughts are fir'd.
 In *Rome* had you espous'd the vanquish'd Cause,
 Inflam'd her Senate, and upheld her Laws;
 Your manly Scenes had Liberty restor'd,
 And giv'n the just Success to *Cato's* Sword:
 O'er *Cæsar's* Arms your Genius had prevail'd;
 And the Muse triumph'd where the Patriot fail'd.

AMB. PHILIPS.

P R O.



P R O L O G U E.

By Mr. P O P E.

Spoken by Mr. W I L K S.

TO wake the Soul by tender Strokes of Art,
To raise the Genius, and to mend the Heart,
To make Mankind in conscious Virtue bold,
Live o'er each Scene, and be what they behold:
For this the Tragick Muse first trod the Stage,
Commanding Tears to stream through every Age;
Tyrants no more their savage Nature kept,
And Foes to Virtue wonder'd how they wept.
Our Author shuns by vulgar Springs to move
The Hero's Glory or the Virgin's Love;
In pitying Love we but our Weakness show,
And wild Ambition well deserves its Woe.
Here Tears shall flow from a more gen'rous Cause,
Such Tears as Patriots shed for dying Laws:
He bids your Breasts with ancient Ardour rise,
And calls forth Roman Drops from British Eyes.
Virtue confess'd in human Shape he draws,
What Plato thought, and God-like Cato was:
No common Object to your Sight displays,
But what with Pleasure Heav'n itself surveys;
A brave Man struggling in the Storms of Fate,
And greatly falling with a falling State!
While Cato gives his little Senate Laws,
What Bosom beats not in his Country's Cause?
Who sees him act, but envies ev'ry Deed?
Who hears him groan, and does not wish to bleed?
Ev'n when proud Cæsar 'midst triumphal Cars,
The Spoils of Nations, and the Pomp of Wars,

Ignobly

PROLOGUE.

*Ignobly vain, and impotently Great,
Shew'd Rome her Cato's Figure drawn in State,
As her dead Father's rev'rend Image past,
The Pomp was darken'd, and the Day o'ercast,
The Triumph ceas'd—Tears gush'd from ev'ry Eye,
The World's great Victor pass'd unheeded by;
Her Last good Man dejected Rome ador'd,
And honour'd Cæsar's less than Cato's Sword.*

*Britons attend: Be Worth like this approv'd,
And shew you have the Virtue to be mov'd.
With honest Scorn the first fam'd Cato view'd
Rome learning Arts from Greece, whom she subdu'd:
Our Scene precariously subsists too long
On French Translation and Italian Song.
Dare to have Sense yourselves; Assert the Stage,
Be justly warm'd with your own native Rage,
Such Plays alone should please a British Ear,
As Cato's self had not disdain'd to hear.*



Dramatis



Dramatis Personæ.

M E N.

C A T O.		Mr. Booth.
Lucius,	} <i>Senators.</i>	Mr. Keen.
Sempronius.		Mr. Mills.
Juba,	<i>Prince of Numidia.</i>	Mr. Wilks.
Syphax,	<i>General of the Numidians.</i>	Mr. Cibber.
Portius,	} <i>Sons of Cato.</i>	Mr. Powell.
Marcus,		Mr. Ryan.
Decius,	<i>Ambassador from Cæsar.</i>	Mr. Bowman.

Mutineers, Guards, &c.

W O M E N.

Marcia,	<i>Daughter to Cato.</i>	Mrs. Oldfield.
Lucia,	<i>Daughter to Lucius.</i>	Mrs. Porter.

S C E N E, *A large Hall in the Governor's
Palace of Utica.*

C A T O.



C A T O.

A C T I. S C E N E I.

P O R T I U S, M A R C U S.

P O R T I U S.

THE Dawn is over-cast, the Morning low'rs,
And heavily in Clouds brings on the Day,
The great, the important Day, big with the Fate
Of *Cato* and of *Rome*——Our Father's Death
Would fill up all the Guilt of Civil War,
And close the Scene of Blood. Already *Cæsar*
Has ravag'd more than half the Globe, and sees
Mankind grown thin by his destructive Sword:
Should he go further, Numbers would be wanting
To form new Battles, and support his Crimes.
Ye Gods, what Havock does Ambition make
Among your Works!

Marc. Thy steddý Temper, *Portius*,
Can look on Guilt, Rebellion, Fraud, and *Cæsar*,
In the calm Lights of mild Philosophy;
I'm tortur'd, ev'n to Madness, when I think
On the proud Victor: ev'ry Time he's nam'd
Pharsalia rises to my View!—— I see
Th' insulting Tyrant prancing o'er the Field
Strow'd with *Rome's* Citizens, and drench'd in Slaughter,
His Horse's Hoofs wet with Patrician Blood!
Oh *Portius*, is there not some chosen Curse,
Some hidden Thunder in the Stores of Heav'n,
Red with uncommon Wrath, to blast the Man
Who

Who owes his Greatness to his Country's Ruin?

Por. Believe me, *Marcus*, 'tis an impious Greatness,
And mix'd with too much Horror to be envy'd :
How does the Lustre of our Father's Actions,
Through the dark Cloud of Ills that cover him,
Break out, and burn with more triumphant Brightness !
His Suff'rings shine, and spread a Glory round him,
Greatly unfortunate, he fights the Cause
Of Honour, Virtue, Liberty, and *Rome*.
His Sword ne'er fell but on the Guilty Head ;
Oppression, Tyranny, and Pow'r usurp'd,
Draw all the Vengeance of his Arm upon 'em.

Marc. Who knows not this ? But what can *Cato* do
Against a World, a base degen'rate World,
That courts the Yoke, and bows the Neck to *Cæsar* ?
Pent up in *Utica* he vainly forms
A poor Epitome of *Roman* Greatness,
And, cover'd with *Numidian* Guards, directs
A feeble Army, and an empty Senate,
Remnants of mighty Battles fought in vain.
By Heav'ns, such Virtues, join'd with such Success,
Distract my very Soul : Our Father's Fortune
Would almost tempt us to renounce his Precepts.

Por. Remember what our Father oft has told us :
The Ways of Heav'n are dark and intricate ;
Puzzled in Mazes, and perplex'd with Errors ;
Our Understanding traces 'em in vain.
Lost and bewilder'd in the fruitless Search ;
Nor sees with how much Art the Windings run,
Nor where the regular Confusion ends.

Marc. These are Suggestions of a Mind at Ease :
Oh, *Portius*, didst thou taste but half the Grievs
That wring my Soul, thou couldst not talk thus coldly,
Passion unpity'd, and successful Love,
Plant Daggers in my Heart, and aggravate
My other Grievs. Were but my *Lucia* kind !——

Por. Thou see'st not that thy Brother is thy Rival ;
But I must hide it, for I know thy Temper. [*Aside.*]

Now, *Marcus*, now, thy Virtue's on the Proof :
Put forth thy utmost Strength, work ev'ry Nerve,
And call up all thy Father in thy Soul :

To

To quell the Tyrant Love, and guard thy Heart
On this weak Side: where most our Nature fails,
Would be a Conquest worthy *Cato's* Son.

Marc. Portius, the Counsel which I cannot take,
Instead of Healing, but upbraids my Weakness.
Bid me for Honour plunge into a War
Of thickest Foes, and rush on certain Death,
Then shalt thou see that *Marcus* is not slow
To follow Glory, and confess his Father.
Love is not to be reason'd down, or lost
In high Ambition, and a Thirst of Greatness ;
'Tis second Life, it grows into the Soul,
Warms ev'ry Vein, and beats in ev'ry Pulse,
I feel it here: my Resolution melts——

Por. Behold young *Juba*, the *Numidian* Prince!
With how much Care he forms himself to Glory,
And breaks the Fierceness of his Native Temper,
To copy out our Father's bright Example.
He loves our sister *Marcia*, greatly loves her,
His Eyes, his Looks, his Actions all betray it ;
But still the smother'd Fondness burns within him,
When most it swells, and labours for a Vent,
The Sense of Honour and Desire of Fame
Drive the big Passion back into his Heart.
What! shall an *African*, shall *Juba's* Heir
Reproach great *Cato's* Son, and shew the World
A Virtue wanting in a *Roman* Soul?

Marc. Portius, no more! your Words leave Stings
behind 'em.

When-e'er did *Juba*, or did *Portius*, shew
A Virtue that has cast me at a Distance,
And thrown me out in the Pursuits of Honour!

Por. Marcus, I know thy gen'rous Temper well ;
Fling but th' Appearance of Dishonour on it,
It straight takes Fire, and mounts into a Blaze.

Marc. A Brother's Suff'rings claim a Brother's Pity.

Por. Heav'n knows I pity thee: Behold my Eyes
Ev'n whilst I speak—Do they not swim in Tears?
Were but my Heart as naked to thy View?
Marcus would see it bleed in his Behalf.

Marc. Why then dost treat me with Rebukes, instead
Of

Of kind condoling Cares, and friendly Sorrow !

Por. O *Marcus*, did I know the Way to ease
Thy troubled Heart, and mitigate thy Pains,
Marcus, believe me, I could die to do it.

Marc. Thou best of Brothers, and thou best of
Friends !

Pardon a weak distemper'd Soul, that swells
With sudden Gusts, and sinks as soon in Calms,
The Sport of Passions: But *Sempronius* comes:
He must not find this Softness hanging on me. [*Exit.*

S C E N E II.

Enter SEMPRONIUS.

SEMPRONIUS.

CONspiracies no sooner shou'd be form'd
Than executed. What means *Portius* here ?
I like not that cold Youth. I must dissemble,
And speak a Language foreign to my Heart. [*Aside.*

SEMPRONIUS, PORTIUS.

Good-morrow, *Portius* ! Let us once embrace,
Once more embrace ; whilst yet we both are free.
To-morrow shou'd we thus express our Friendship,
Each might receive a Slave into his Arms.
This Sun perhaps, this Morning Sun's the last,
That e'er shall rise on *Roman* Liberty.

Por. My Father has this Morning call'd together
To this poor Hall, his little *Roman* Senate,
(The Leavings of *Pharsalia*) to consult
If yet he can oppose the mighty Torrent
That bears down *Rome*, and all her Gods before it,
Or must at length give up the World to *Cæsar*.

Semp. Not all the Pomp and Majesty of *Rome*
Can raise her Senate more than *Cato's* Presence,
His Virtues render our Assembly awful,
They strike with something like religious Fear,
And make ev'n *Cæsar* tremble at the Head
Of Armies flush'd with Conquest. O my *Portius*,
Could I but call that wond'rous Man my Father,

Wou'd

Wou'd but thy Sister *Marcia* be propitious
To thy Friend's Vows, I might be bless'd indeed !

Por. Alas ! *Sempronius*, would'st thou talk of Love
To *Marcia*, whilst her Father's Life's in Danger ;
Thou might'st as well court the pale trembling Vestal,
When she beholds the Holy Flame expiring.

Semp. The more I see the Wonders of thy Race,
The more I'm charm'd. Thou must take heed, my
Portius !

The World has all its Eyes on *Cato's* Son,
Thy Father's Merit sets thee up to View,
And shews thee in the fairest Point of Light,
To make thy Virtue's, or thy Faults, conspicuous.

Por. Well dost thou seem to check my Ling'ring here
On this important Hour—I'll straight away,
And while the Fathers of the Senate meet
In close Debate to weigh the events of War,
I'll animate the Soldier's drooping Courage,
With Love of Freedom, and contempt of Life ;
I'll thunder in their Ears their Country's Cause,
And try to rouse up all that's *Roman* in 'em.
'Tis not in Mortals to command Success,
But we'll do more, *Sempronius*, we'll deserve it. [*Exit.*

SEMPRONIUS solus.

Curse on the Stripling ! how he Ape's his Sire ?
Ambitiously sententious—But I wonder
Old *Syphax* comes not ; his *Numidian* Genius
Is well disposed to Mischief, were he prompt,
And eager on it ; but he must be spurr'd,
And ev'ry Moment quickned to the Course.
—— *Cato* has us'd me ill : He has refus'd
His Daughter *Marcia* to my ardent Vows.
Besides, his baffled Arms and ruin'd Cause
Are Bars to my Ambition. *Cæsar's* Favour,
That show'rs down Greatness on his Friends, will raise me
To *Rome's* first Honours. If I give up *Cato*,
I claim in my Reward his Captive Daughter.
But *Syphax* comes ! ———

S C E N E

S C E N E III.

SYPHAX, SEMPRONIUS.

SYPHAX.

S *Empronius*, all is ready,
 I've founded my *Numidians*, Man by Man,
 And find 'em ripe for a Revolt: they all
 Complain aloud of *Cato's* Discipline,
 And wait but the Command to change their Master.

Semp. Believe me, *Syphax*, there's no time to waste;
 Ev'n whilst we speak our Conqueror comes on,
 And gathers Ground upon us ev'ry Moment.
 Alas! thou know'st not *Cæsar's* active Soul,
 With what a dreadful Course he rushes on
 From War to War? In vain has Nature form'd
 Mountains and Oceans to oppose his Passage;
 He bounds o'er all, victorious in his March:
 The *Alps* and *Pyreneans* sink before him,
 Through Winds and Waves, and Storms he works his
 Way,

Impatient for the Battle; One Day more
 Will set the Victor thund'ring at our Gates.
 But tell me, hast thou yet drawn o'er young *Juba*!
 That still would recommend thee more to *Cæsar*,
 And challenge better Terms.

Syph. Alas! he's lost.
 He's lost, *Sempronius*; all his Thoughts are full
 Of *Cato's* Virtues——But I'll try once more,
 (For ev'ry Instant I expect him here)
 If yet I can subdue those stubborn Principles
 Of Faith, of Honour, and I know not what,
 That have corrupted his *Numidian* Temper,
 And struck th' Infection into all his Soul.

Semp. Be sure to press upon him ev'ry Motive.
Juba's Surrender, since his Father's Death,
 Would give up *Africk* into *Cæsar's* Hands,
 And make him Lord of half the burning Zone.

Syph. But is it true, *Sempronius*, that your Senate
 Is call'd together? Gods! Thou must be cautious!

Cato

Cato has piercing Eyes, and will discern
Our Frauds, unless they're cover'd thick with Art.

Semp. Let me alone, good *Syphax*, I'll conceal
My Thoughts in Passion ('tis the surest Way ;)
I'll bellow out for *Rome*, and for my Country,
And mouth at *Cæsar*, 'till I shake the Senate.
Your cold Hypocrisy's a stale Device,
A worn-out Trick : Would'st thou be thought in earnest?
Clothe thy feign'd Zeal in Rage, in Fire, in Fury !

Syph. In troth, thou'rt able to instruct Gray-hairs,
And teach the wily *African* Deceit !

Semp. Once more be sure to try thy Skill on *Juba*.
Mean while I'll hasten to my *Roman* Soldiers,
Inflame the Mutiny, and underhand
Blow up their Discontents, 'till they break out
Unlook'd for, and discharge themselves on *Cato*.
Remember, *Syphax*, we must work in Haste :
O think what anxious Moments pass between
The Birth of Plots, and their last fatal Periods.
Oh ! 'tis a dreadful Interval of Time,
Fill'd up with Horror all, and big with Death !
Destruction hangs on ev'ry Word we speak,
On ev'ry Thought 'till the concluding Stroke
Determines all, and closes our Design. [Exit.

SYPHAX solus.

I'll try if yet I can reduce to Reason
This headstrong Youth, and make him spurn at *Cato*.
The Time is short, *Cæsar* comes rushing on us——
But hold ! young *Juba* sees me, and approaches.

S C E N E IV.

JUBA, SYPHAX.

JUBA.

Syphax, I joy to meet thee thus alone.
I have observ'd of late thy Looks are fall'n,
O'ercast with gloomy Cares and Discontent ;
Then tell me, *Syphax*, I conjure thee, tell me,
What are the Thoughts that knit thy Brow in Frowns,
And

And turn thine Eye thus coldly on thy Prince ?

Syph. 'Tis not my Talent to conceal my Thoughts,
Or carry Smiles and Sun-shine in my Face,
When Discontent sits heavy at my Heart,
I have not yet so much the *Roman* in me.

Jub. Why dost thou cast out such ungen'rous Terms
Against the Lords and Sov'reigns of the World ?
Dost thou not see Mankind fall down before them,
And own the Force of their superior Virtue ?
Is there a Nation in the Wilds of *Africk*,
Amidst our barren Rocks, and burning Sands,
That does not tremble at the *Roman* Name ?

Syph. Gods ! where's the Worth that sets this People up
Above her own *Numidia's* tawny Sons !
Do they with tougher Sinews bend the Bow ?
Or flies the Jav'lin swifter to its Mark,
Launch'd from the Vigour of a *Roman* Arm ?
Who like our active *African* instructs
The fiery Steed, and trains him to his Hand ?
Or guides in Troops th' embattled Elephant,
Loaden with War ? These, these are Arts, my Prince,
In which your *Zama* does not stoop to *Rome*.

Jub. These all are Virtues of a meaner Rank,
Perfections that are plac'd in Bones and Nerves.
A *Roman* Soul is bent on higher Views :
To civilize the rude unpolish'd World,
And lay it under the Restraint of Laws ;
To make Man mild, and sociable to Man ;
To cultivate the wild licentious Savage
With Wisdom, Discipline, and lib'ral Arts ;
The Embellishments of Life : Virtues like these,
Make human Nature shine, reform the Soul,
And break our fierce Barbarians into Men.

Syph. Patience, kind Heav'ns !—Excuse an old Man's
Warmth.

What are these wond'rous civilizing Arts,
This *Roman* Polish, and this smooth Behaviour,
That render Man thus tractable and tame ?
Are they not only to disguise our Passions,
To set our Looks at Variance with our Thoughts,
To check the Starts and Sallies of the Soul,

And break off all its Commerce with the Tongue;
In short, to change us into other Creatures,
Than what our Nature and the Gods design'd us?

Jub. To strike thee dumb: Turn up thy Eyes to *Cato*?
There may'st thou see to what a God-like Height
The *Roman* Virtues lift up mortal Man,
While good, and just, and anxious for his Friends,
He's still severely bent against himself;
Renouncing Sleep, and Rest, and Food, and Ease,
He strives with Thirst and Hunger, Toil and Heat,
And when his Fortune sets before him all
The Poms and Pleasures that his Soul can wish,
His rigid Virtue will accept of none.

Syph. Believe me, Prince, there's not an *African*
That traverses our vast *Numidian* Desarts,
In quest of Prey, and lives upon his Bow,
But better practises these boasted Virtues.
Coarse are his Meals, the Fortune of the Chase,
Amidst the running Stream he slakes his Thirst,
Toils all the Day, and at th' Approach of Night
On the first friendly Bank he throws him down,
Or rests his Head upon a Rock 'till Morn:
Then rises fresh, pursues his wonted Game,
And if the following Day he chance to find
A new repast, or an untasted Spring,
Blesses his Stars, and thinks it Luxury.

Jub. Thy Prejudices, *Syphax*, won't discern
What Virtues grow from Ignorance and Choice,
Nor how the Hero differs from the Brute.
But grant that others cou'd with equal Glory
Look down on Pleasures, and the Baits of Sense;
Where shall we find the Man that bears Affliction,
Great and Majestick in his Grievs, like *Cato*?
Heav'ns! with what Strength, what Steadiness of Mind,
He triumphs in the midst of all his Suff'rings!
How does he rise against a Load of Woes,
And thank the Gods that throw the Weight upon
him!

Syph. 'Tis Pride, rank Pride, and Haughtiness of Soul;
I think the *Romans* call it *Stoicism*.
Had not your Royal Father thought so highly

Of *Roman* Virtue, and of *Cato's* Cause,
 He had not fall'n by a Slave's Hand inglorious :
 Nor would his slaughter'd Army now have lain
 On *Africk* Sands, disfigur'd with their Wounds,
 To gorge the Wolves and Vultures of *Numidia*.

Jub. Why dost thou call my Sorrows up afresh ?
 My Father's Name brings Tears into my Eyes.

Syph. Oh, that you'd profit by your Father's Ills !

Jub. What wouldst thou have me do ?

Syph. Abandon *Cato*.

Jub. *Syphax*, I shou'd be more than twice an Orphan
 By such a Loss.

Syph. Ay, there's the Tie that binds you !
 You long to call him Father. *Marcia's* Charms
 Work in your Heart unseen, and plead for *Cato*.
 No wonder you are deaf to all I say.

Jub. *Syphax*, your Zeal becomes importunate ;
 I've hitherto permitted it to rave,
 And talk at large ; but learn to keep it in,
 Lest it should take more Freedom than I'll give it.

Syph. Sir, your great Father never us'd me thus.
 Alas, he's dead ! But can you e'er forget
 The tender Sorrows, and the Pangs of Nature,
 The fond Embraces, and repeated Blessings,
 Which you drew from him in your last Farewel ?
 Still must I cherish the dear, sad, Remembrance,
 At once to torture, and to please my Soul.
 The good old King at parting wrung my Hand,
 (His Eyes brim-full of Tears) then sighing cry'd,
 Pr'ythee be careful of my Son ! ———his Grief
 Swell'd up so high he could not utter more.

Jub. Alas, thy Story melts away my Soul.
 That best of Fathers ! how shall I discharge
 The Gratitude and Duty which I owe him !

Syph. By laying up his Counsels in your Heart.

Jub. His Counsels bade me yield to thy Directions :
 Then, *Syphax*, chide me in severest Terms,
 Vent all thy Passion, and I'll stand its Shock,
 Calm and unruffled as a Summer Sea,
 When not a Breath of Wind flies o'er its Surface.

Syph. Alas, my Prince, I'd guide you to your Safety.

Jub. I do believe thou wou'dst; but tell me how?

Syph. Fly from the Fate that follows *Cæsar's* Foes.

Jub. My Father scorn'd to do it.

Syph. And therefore dy'd.

Jub. Better to die ten thousand thousand Deaths,
Than wound my Honour.

Syph. Rather say your Love.

Jub. Syphax, I've promis'd to preserve my Temper.
Why wilt thou urge me to confess a Flame,
I long have stifled, and would fain conceal?

Syph. Believe me, Prince, tho' hard to conquer Love,
'Tis easy to divert and break its Force.

Absence might cure it, or a second Mistress
Light up another Flame, and put out this.
The glowing Dames of *Zama's* Royal Court
Have Faces flush'd with more exalted Charms;
The Sun that rolls his Chariot o'er their Heads,
Works up more Fire and Colour in their Cheeks;
Were you with these, my Prince, you'd soon forget
The pale, unripen'd Beauties of the *North*.

Jub. 'Tis not a Set of Features, or Complexion,
The Tincture of a Skin that I admire.
Beauty soon grows familiar to the Lover,
Fades in his Eye, and palls upon the Sense.
The virtuous *Marcia* tow'rs above her Sex:
True, she is fair, (Oh, how divinely fair!)
But still the lovely Maid improves her Charms,
With inward Greatness, unaffected Wisdom,
And Sanctity of Manners. *Cato's* Soul
Shines out in every Thing she acts or speaks,
While winning Mildness and attractive Smiles
Dwell in her Looks, and with becoming Grace
Softens the Rigour of her Father's Virtue.

Syph. How does your Tongue grow wanton in her
Praise!

But on my Knees I beg you wou'd consider——

Enter MARCIA and LUCIA.

Jub. Hah! *Syphax*, is't not she——She moves this
Way:
And with her *Lucia*, *Lucius's* fair Daughter,

My Heart beats thick—I pr'ythee, *Syphax*, leave me.

Syph. Ten thousand Curses fasten on 'em both!
Now will this Woman with a single Glance
Undo what I've been lab'ring all this while. [Exit.

S C E N E V.

J U B A, M A R C I A, L U C I A.

J U B A.

HAil, charming Maid! how does thy Beauty smoothe
The Face of War, and make ev'n Horror smile!
At sight of thee my Heart shakes off its Sorrows;
I feel a Dawn of Joy break in upon me,
And for a while forget th' Approach of *Cæsar*.

Mar. I shou'd be griev'd, young Prince, to think
my Presence

Unbent your Thoughts, and slacken'd 'em to Arms,
While warm with Slaughter, our victorious Foe
Threatens aloud, and calls you to the Field.

Jub. O *Marcia*, let me hope thy kind Concerns
And gentle Wishes follow me to Battle!
The Thought will give new Vigour to my Arm,
Add Strength and Weight to my descending Sword,
And drive it in a Tempest on the Foe.

Marc. My Pray'rs and Wishes always shall attend
The Friends of *Rome*, the glorious cause of Virtue,
And Men approv'd of by the God and *Cato*.

Jub. That *Juba* may deserve thy pious Cares,
I'll gaze for ever on thy God-like Father,
Transplanting, one by one, into my Life,
His bright Perfections, 'till I shine like him.

Mar. My Father never at a Time like this
Wou'd lay out his great Soul in Words, and waste
Such precious Moments.

Jub. Thy Reproofs are just,
Thou virtuous Maid; I'll hasten to my Troops,
And fire their languid Souls with *Cato's* Virtue.
If e'er I lead them to the Field, when all

The

The War shall stand ranged in its just Array,
 And dreadful Pomp : Then will I think on thee !
 O lovely Maid ! Then will I think on thee !
 And in the shock of charging Hosts, remember
 What glorious Deeds shou'd grace the Man, who hopes
 For *Marcia's* Love. [Exit.

S C E N E VI.

LUCIA, MARCIA.

LUCIA.

M*Arcia*, you're too severe :
 How cou'd you chide the young good-natured
 Prince,

And drive him from you with so stern an Air,
 A Prince that loves and dotes on you to Death ?

Mar. 'Tis therefore, *Lucia*, that I chide him from me.
 His Air, his Voice, his Looks, and honest Soul
 Speak all so movingly in his Behalf,
 I dare not trust myself to hear him talk.

Luc. Why will you fight against so sweet a Passion,
 And steel your Heart to such a World of Charms ?

Mar. How, *Lucia*, wou'dst thou have me sink away
 In pleasing Dreams, and lose myself in Love,
 When ev'ry Moment *Cato's* Life's at Stake ?
Cæsar comes arm'd with Terror and Revenge,
 And aims his Thunder at my Father's Head :
 Shou'd not the sad Occasion swallow up
 My other Cares, and draw them all into it ?

Luc. Why have not I this Constancy of Mind,
 Who have so many Grievs to try its Force ?
 Sure, Nature form'd me of her softest Mould,
 Enfeebled all my Soul with tender Passions,
 And sunk me ev'n below my own weak Sex :
 Pity and Love, by Turns, oppress my Heart.

Mar. *Lucia*, disburden all thy Cares on me,
 And let me share thy most retir'd Distress ;
 Tell me who raises up this Conflict in thee ?

Luc. I need not blush to name them, when I tell thee
They're *Marcia's* Brothers, and the Sons of *Cato*.

Mar. They both behold thee with their Sister's Eyes,
And often have reveal'd their Passion to me.

But tell me, whose Address thou fav'rest most?

I long to know, and yet I dread to hear it.

Luc. Which is it *Marcia* wishes for?

Mar. For neither ———

And yet for both—The Youths have equal Share

In *Marcia's* Wishes, and divide their Sister :

But tell me, which of them is *Lucia's* Choice?

Luc. *Marcia*, they both are high in my Esteem,
But in my Love—Why wilt thou make me name him?
Thou know'st it is a blind and foolish Passion,
Pleas'd and disgusted with it knows not what——

Mar. O *Lucia*, I am perplex'd, O tell me which
I must hereafter call my happy Brother?

Luc. Suppose 'twere *Portius*, could you blame my
Choice?

—— O *Portius*, thou hast stol'n away my Soul!

With what a graceful Tenderness he loves!

And breathes the softest, the sincerest Vows!

Complacency, and Truth, and manly Sweetness

Dwell ever on his Tongue, and smooth his Thoughts.

Marcus is over-warm, his fond Complaints

Have so much Earnestness and Passion in them,

I hear him with a secret Kind of Horror,

And tremble at his Vehemence of Temper.

Mar. Alas, poor Youth! how canst thou throw him
from thee?

Lucia, thou know'st not half the Love he bears thee?

Whene'er he speaks of thee, his Heart's in Flames,

He sends out all his Soul in ev'ry Word,

And thinks, and talks, and looks like one transported.

Unhappy Youth! How will thy Coldness raise

Tempests and Storms in his afflicted Bosom!

I dread the Consequence.

Luc. You seem to plead

Against your Brother *Portius*.

Mar. Heav'n forbid!

Had *Portius* been the unsuccessful Lover,

The same Compassion wou'd have fall'n on him,
Luc. Was ever Virgin Love distrest like mine !
Portius himself oft' falls in tears before me,
 As if he mourn'd his Rival's ill Success,
 Then bids me hide the Motions of my Heart,
 Nor shew which way it turns. So much he fears
 The sad Effects, that it would have on *Marcus*.

Mar. He knows too well how easily he's fired,
 And wou'd not plunge his Brother in Despair,
 But waits for happier Times, and kinder Moments.

Luc. Alas, too late I find myself involv'd
 In endless Grievs, and Labyrinths of Woe,
 Born to afflict my *Marcia's* Family,
 And sow Diffension in the Hearts of Brothers,
 Tormenting Thought ! it cuts into my Soul.

Mar. Let us not, *Lucia*, aggravate our Sorrows,
 But to the Gods permit th' Event of Things,
 Our Lives, discolour'd with our present Woes,
 May still grow bright, and smile with happier Hours.

So the pure limpid Stream, when foul with Stains
 Of rushing Torrents, and descending Rains,
 Works itself clear, and as it runs, refines,
 'Till by Degrees, the floating Mirror shines,
 Reflects each Flow'r that on the Border grows,
 And a new Heav'n in its fair Bosom shows. [*Exeunt.*]



A C T II. S C E N E I.

The S E N A T E.

SEMPRONIUS.

ROME still survives in this assembled Senate !
 Let us remember we are *Cato's* Friends,
 And act like Men who claim that glorious Title.

Luc. *Cato* will soon be here and open to us
 Th' Occasion of our Meeting. Hark ! he comes !

[*A sound of Trumpets.*]

May all the Guardian Gods of *Rome* direct him !

Enter C A T O.

Cato. Fathers, we once again are met in Council.
Cæsar's Approach has summon'd us together,
 And *Rome* attends her Fate from our Resolves :
 How shall we treat this bold aspiring Man ?
 Success still follows him, and backs his Crimes :
Pharsalia gave him *Rome*, *Egypt* has since
 Receiv'd his Yoke, and the whole *Nile* is *Cæsar's*.
 Why should I mention *Juba's* Overthrow,
 And *Scipio's* Death ? *Numidia's* burning Sands
 Still smoke with Blood. 'Tis time we should decree
 What Course to take. Our Foe advances on us,
 And envies us even *Lybia's* sultry Desarts.
 Fathers, pronounce your Thoughts, are they still fixt
 To hold it out, and fight it to the last ?
 Or are your Hearts subdu'd at length, and wrought
 By Time, and ill Success, to a Submission ?
Sempronius, speak.

Semp. My Voice is still for War.
 Gods ! can a *Roman* Senate long debate
 Which of the two to choose, Slav'ry or Death ?
 No, let us rise at once, gird on our Swords,
 And at the Head of our remaining Troops,
 Attack the Foe, break through the thick Array
 Of his throng'd Legions, and charge home upon him.
 Perhaps some arm, more lucky than the rest,
 May reach his Heart, and free the World from Bondage,
 Rise, Fathers, rise ! 'tis *Rome* demands your Help :
 Rise, and revenge her slaughter'd Citizens,
 Or share their Fate ! The Corps of half her Senate
 Manure the Fields of *Theffaly*, while we
 Sit here delib'rating in cold Debates,
 If we should sacrifice our Lives to Honour,
 Or wear them out in Servitude and Chains.
 Rouse up for Shame ! our Brothers of *Pharsalia*
 Point at their Wounds, and cry aloud—To Battle !
 Great *Pompey's* Shade complains that we are slow,
 And *Scipio's* Ghost walks unreveng'd amongst us !

Cato. Let not a Torrent of impetuous Zeal

Trans.

Transport thee thus beyond the Bounds of Reason :
 True Fortitude is seen in great Exploits
 That Justice warrants, and that Wisdom guides,
 All else is tow'ring Frenzy and Distraction.
 Are not the Lives of those who draw the Sword
 In *Rome's* Defence intrusted to our Care ?
 Should we thus lead them to a Field of Slaughter,
 Might not th' impartial World with Reason say
 We lavish'd at our Deaths the Blood of Thousands,
 To grace our Fall, and make our Ruin glorious ?
Lucius, we next would know what's your Opinion.

Luc. My Thoughts I must confess are turn'd on Peace.
 Already have our Quarrels fill'd the World
 With Widows, and with Orphans : *Scythia* mourns
 Our guilty Wars, and Earth's remotest Regions
 Lie half unpeopled by the Feuds of *Rome* :
 'Tis Time to sheath the Sword, and spare Mankind.
 It is not *Cæsar*, but the Gods, my Fathers,
 The Gods declare against us, and repel
 Our vain Attempts. To urge the Foe to Battle,
 (Prompted by blind Revenge and wild Despair)
 Were to refuse th' Awards of Providence,
 And not to rest in Heav'n's Determination.
 Already have we shewn our Love to *Rome*,
 Now let us shew Submission to the Gods.
 We took up Arms, not to revenge ourselves,
 But free the Commonwealth ; when this End fails,
 Arms have no further Use : Our Country's Cause,
 That drew our Swords, now wrests 'em from our Hands,
 And bids us not delight in *Roman* Blood,
 Unprofitably shed : what Men could do,
 Is done already : Heav'n and Earth will witness,
 If *Rome* must fall, that we are Innocent.

Semp. This smooth Discourse, and mild Behaviour oft
 Conceal a Traitor——Something whispers me
 All is not right——*Cato*, beware of *Lucius*.

[*Aside to Cato.*

Cato. Let us appear nor Rash nor Diffident :
 Immod'rate Valour swells into a Fault ;
 And Fear, admitted into publick Councils,
 Betrays like Treason. Let us shun 'em both.
 Fathers, I cannot see that our Affairs

Are grown thus desp'rate, we have Bulwarks round us :
 Within our Walls are Troops enured to Toil
 In *Africk's* Heat, and season'd to the Sun ;
Numidia's spacious Kingdom lies behind us,
 Ready to rise at its young Prince's Call.
 While there is Hope do not distrust the Gods :
 But wait at least 'till *Cæsar's* near Approach
 Force us to yield. 'Twill never be too late
 To sue for Chains, and own a Conqueror.
 Why should *Rome* fall a Moment ere her Time ?
 No, let us draw her Term of Freedom out
 In its full Length, and spin it to the last,
 So shall we gain still one Day's Liberty ;
 And let me perish, but in *Cato's* Judgment,
 A Day, an Hour of virtuous Liberty,
 Is worth a whole Eternity in Bondage.

Enter MARCUS.

Marc. Father's, this Moment, as I watch'd the Gate,
 Lodg'd on my Post, a Herald is arriv'd
 From *Cæsar's* Camp, and with him comes old *Decius*,
 The *Roman* Knight ; he carries in his Looks
 Impatience, and demands to speak with *Cato*.

Cato. By Permission, Fathers, bid him enter.

[*Exit* Marcus]

Decius was once my Friend, but other Prospects
 Have loosed those Ties, and bound him fast to *Cæsar*.
 His Message may determine our Resolves.

S C E N E II.

DECIOUS, CATO.

DECIOUS.

Cæsar sends Health to *Cato*——

Cato. Cou'd he send it
 To *Cato's* slaughter'd Friends, it would be welcome.
 Are not your Orders to address the Senate ?

Dec. My Business is with *Cato* ; *Cæsar* sees
 The Straits to which you are driven ; and, as he knows
Cato's high Worth, is anxious for your Life.

Cato. My Life is grafted on the Fate of *Rome* :
 Wou'd he save *Cato* ? Bid him spare his Country.

Tell

Tell your Dictator this: And tell him, *Cato*
Disdains a Life, which he has Power to offer.

Dec. *Rome* and her Senators submit to *Cæsar*;
Her Gen'als and her Consuls are no more,
Who check'd his Conquests, and denied his Triumphs.
Why will not *Cato* be this *Cæsar*'s Friend;

Cato. 'Those very Reasons thou hast urged, forbid it.

Dec. *Cato*, I've Orders to expostulate,
And reason with you, as from Friend to Friend;
'Think on the Storm that gathers o'er your Head,
And threatens ev'ry Hour to burst upon it;
Still may you stand high in your Country's Honours,
Do but comply, and make your Peace with *Cæsar*.
Rome will rejoice, and cast its Eyes on *Cato*,
As on the Second of Mankind.

Cato. No more:
I must not think of Life on such Conditions.

Dec. *Cæsar* is well acquainted with your Virtues,
And therefore sets this Value on your Life:
Let him but know the Price of *Cato*'s Friendship,
And name your Terms.

Cato. Bid him disband his Legions,
Restore the Commonwealth to Liberty,
Submit his Actions to the public Censure,
And stand the Judgment of a *Roman* Senate.
Bid him do this, and *Cato* is his Friend.

Dec. *Cato*, the World talks loudly of your Wisdom—

Cato. Nay more, tho' *Cato*'s Voice was ne'er employ'd
To clear the Guilty, and to varnish Crimes,
Myself will mount the *Rostrum* in his Favour,
And strive to gain his Pardon from the People.

Dec. A Stile, like this, becomes a Conqueror.

Cato. *Decius*, a Stile, like this, becomes a *Roman*.

Dec. What is a *Roman*, that is *Cæsar*'s Foe?

Cato. Greater than *Cæsar*: he's a Friend to Virtue.

Dec. Consider, *Cato*, you're in *Utica*,
And at the Head of your own little Senate;
You don't now thunder in the Capitol,
With all the Mouths of *Rome* to second you.

Cato. Let him consider That, who drives us hither?
'Tis *Cæsar*'s Sword has made *Rome*'s Senate little,
And thinn'd its Ranks. Alas, thy dazzled Eye

Beholds

Beholds this Man in a false glaring Light,
Which Conquest and Success have thrown upon him ;
Did'st thou but view him right, thou'dst see him black
With Murder, Treason, Sacrilege, and Crimes,
That strike my Soul with Horror but to name 'em.
I know thou look'st on me, as on a Wretch
Beset with Ills, and cover'd with Misfortunes ;
But, by the Gods I swear, Millions of Worlds
Shou'd'never buy me to be like that *Cæsar*.

Dec. Does *Cato* send this Answer back to *Cæsar*,
For all his gen'rous Cares and proffer'd Friendship ?

Cato. His Cares for me are insolent and vain :
Presumptuous Man ! The Gods take Care of *Cato*.
Wou'd *Cæsar* shew the Greatness of his Soul !
Bid him employ his Care for these my Friends,
And make good Use of his ill-gotten Pow'r,
By shelt'ring Men much better than himself.

Dec. Your high unconquer'd Heart makes you forget
You are a Man. You rush on your Destruction.
But I have done. When I relate hereafter
The Tale of this unhappy Embassy,
All *Rome* will be in Tears. [Exit Decius.]

S C E N E III.

SEMPRONIUS, LUCIUS, CATO.

SEMPRONIUS.

CATO, we thank thee.

The mighty Genius of Immortal *Rome*
Speaks in thy Voice, thy Soul breathes Liberty.
Cæsar will shrink to hear the Words thou utter'st,
And shudder in the midst of all his Conquests.

Luc. The Senate owns its Gratitude to *Cato*,
Who with so great a Soul consults its Safety,
And guards our Lives while he neglects his own.

Semp. *Sempronius* gives no Thanks on this Account.
Lucius seems fond of Life ; but what is Life ?
'Tis not to stalk about, and draw fresh Air
From Time to Time, or gaze upon the Sun ;
'Tis to be free. When Liberty is gone,
Life grows insipid, and has lost its Relish.
O cou'd my dying Hand but lodge a Sword

In

In *Cæsar's* Bosom, and revenge my Country,
By Heav'ns I could enjoy the Pangs of Death,
And smile in Agony.

Luc. Others, perhaps,
May serve their Country with as warm a Zeal,
Tho' 'tis not kindled into so much Rage.

Semp. This sober Conduct is a mighty Virtue
In lukewarm Patriots.

Cato. Come! no more, *Sempronius*.
All here are Friends to *Rome*, and to each other.
Let us not weaken still the weaker Side
By our Divisions.

Semp. *Cato*, my Resentments
Are sacrificed to *Rome* — I stand reprov'd.

Cato. Fathers, 'tis Time you come to a Resolve.

Luc. *Cato*, we all go into your Opinion,
Cæsar's Behaviour has convinc'd the Senate
We ought to hold it out 'till Terms arrive.

Semp. We ought to hold it out 'till Death; but, *Cato*,
My private Voice is drown'd amidst the Senate's.

Cato. Then let us rise, my Friends, and strive to fill
This little Interval, this Pause of Life,
(While yet our Liberty and Fates are doubtful)
With Resolution, Friendship, *Roman* Bravery,
And all the Virtues we can crowd into it;
That Heav'n may say it ought to be prolong'd.
Fathers, farewell! — The young *Numidian* Prince
Comes forward, and expects to know our Counsels.

[*Exeunt Senators*,

S C E N E IV.

C A T O, J U B A.

C A T O.

JUBA, the *Roman* Senate has resolv'd,
'Till Time give better Prospects, still to keep
The Sword unsheath'd, and turn its Edge on *Cæsar*.

Juba. The Resolution fits a *Roman* Senate.
But, *Cato*, lend me for a while thy Patience,
And condescend to hear a young Man speak.
My Father, when some Days before his Death

He

He ordered me to march for *Utica*,
 (Alas, I thought not then his Death so near !)
 Wept o'er me, prest me in his aged Arms,
 And, as his Grievs gave Way, my Son, said he,
 Whatever Fortune shall befall thy Father,
 Be *Cato's* Friend ; he'll train thee up to Great
 And Virtuous Deeds : Do but observe him well,
 Thou'lt shun Misfortunes, or thou'lt learn to bear 'em.

Cato. *Juba*, thy Father was a worthy Prince,
 And merited, alas ! a better Fate ;
 But Heaven thought otherwise.

Jub. My Father's Fate,
 In spite of all the Fortitude, that shines
 Before my Face, in *Cato's* great Example,
 Subdues my Soul, and fills my Eyes with Tears.

Cato. It is an honest Sorrow, and becomes thee.

Jub. My Father drew respect from foreign Climes :
 The Kings of *Africk* sought him for their Friend ;
 Kings far remote, that rule, as Fame reports,
 Behind the hidden Sources of the *Nile*.

In distant Worlds, on t'other side the Sun :
 Oft have their black Ambassadors appeared,
 Loaden with Gifts, and fill'd the Courts of *Zama*.

Cato. I am no Stranger to thy Father's Greatness !

Jub. I would not boast the Greatness of my Father,
 But point out new Alliances to *Cato*.
 Had we not better leave this *Utica*,
 To arm *Numidia* in our Cause, and court
 Th' Assistance of my Father's pow'rful Friends ?
 Did they know *Cato*, our remotest Kings
 Wou'd pour embattled Multitudes about him ;
 Their swarthy Hosts wou'd darken all our Plains,
 Doubling the native Horror of the War,
 And making Death more grim.

Cato. And canst thou think
Cato will fly before the Sword of *Cæsar* !
 Reduc'd like *Hannibal* to seek Relief
 From Court to Court, and wander up and down
 A Vagabond in *Africk* !

Jub. *Cato*, perhaps
 I'm too officious, but my forward Cares
 Wou'd fain preserve a Life of so much Value.

My Heart is wounded when I see such Virtue
Afflicted by the Weight of such Misfortunes.

Cato. Thy Nobleness of Soul obliges me.
But know, young Prince, that Valour soars above
What the world calls Misfortune and Affliction.
These are not Ills; else wou'd they never fall
On Heaven's first Fav'rites, and the best of Men:
The Gods, in Bounty, work up Storms about us,
That give Mankind occasion to exert
Their hidden Strength, and throw out into Practice
Virtues which shun the Day, and lie conceal'd
In the smooth Seasons and the Calms of Life.

Jub. I'm charm'd whene'er thou talk'st! I pant for
Virtue!

And all my Soul endeavours at Perfection. [Toil,

Cato. Dost thou love Watchings, Abstinence, and
Laborious Virtues all? Learn them from *Cato*:
Success and Fortune must thou learn from *Cæsar*.

Jub. The best good Fortune that can fall on *Juba*,
The whole Success, at which my Heart aspires,
Depends on *Cato*.

Cato. What does *Juba* say?
Thy Words confound me.

Jub. I would fain retract them.
Give 'em me back again. They aim'd at nothing.

Cato. Tell me thy Wish, young Prince; make not
A Stranger to thy Thoughts. [my Ear

Jub. Oh, they're extravagant;
Still let me hide them.

Cato. What can *Juba* ask
That *Cato* will refuse!

Jub. I fear to name it.
Marcia——inherits all her Father's Virtues.

Cato. What wouldst thou say?

Jub. *Cato*, thou hast a Daughter.

Cato. Adieu, young Prince: I wou'd not hear a Word
Shou'd lessen thee in my Esteem: Remember
The Hand of Fate is over us, and Heav'n
Exacts Severity from all our Thoughts:
It is not now a Time to talk of ought
But Chains, or Conquest; Liberty, or Death. [Exit.

S C E N E

S C E N E V.

SYPHAX, JUBA.

SYPHAX.

HOW's this, my Prince! What, cover'd with
Confusion?

You look as if yon stern Philosopher
Had just now chid you.

Jub. *Syphax*, I'm undone!

Syph. I know it well.

Jub. *Cato* thinks meanly of me.

Syph. And so will all Mankind.

Jub. I've open'd to him

The Weakness of my Soul, my Love for *Marcia*.

Syph. *Cato's* a proper Person to intrust
A Love Tale with.

Jub. Oh, I could pierce my Heart,
My foolish Heart! Was ever Wretch like *Juba*!

Syph. Alas, my Prince, how are you chang'd of late!
I've known young *Juba* rise before the Sun,
To beat the Thicket where the Tiger slept,
Or seek the Lion in his dreadful Haunts:
How did the Colour mount into your Cheeks,
When first you rous'd him to the Chase! I've seen you,
Ev'n in the *Libyan* Dog-days, hunt him down,
Then charge him close, provoke him to the Rage
Of Fangs and Claws, and stooping from your Horse
Rivet the panting Savage to the Ground.

Jub. Pr'ythee, no more!

Syph. How would the old King smile
To see you weigh the Paws, when tipp'd with Gold,
And throw the shaggy Spoils about your Shoulders!

Jub. *Syphax*, this old Man's Talk (tho' Honey flow'd
In ev'ry Word) wou'd now lose all its Sweetness.

Cato's displeas'd, and *Marcia* lost for ever!

Syph. Young Prince, I yet cou'd give you good Advice,
Marcia might still be yours.

Jub. What say'st thou, *Syphax*?
By Heav'n's thou turn'st me all into Attention.

Syph.

Syph. *Marcia* might still be yours.

Jub. As how, dear *Syphax*?

Syph. *Juba* commands *Numidia's* hardy Troops,
Mounted on Steeds, unused to the Restraint
Of Curbs or Bits, and fleetier than the Winds:
Give but the Word, we'll snatch this Damsel up,
And bear her off.

Jub. Can such dishonest Thoughts
Rise up in Man! wou'dst thou seduce my Youth
To do an Act that wou'd destroy my Honour?

Syph. Gods, I cou'd tear my Beard to hear you talk!
Honour's a fine imaginary Notion,
That draws in raw and unexperienced Men
To real Mischiefs, while they hunt a Shadow.

Jub. Would'st thou degrade thy Prince into a Ruffian?

Syph. The boasted Ancestors of these great Men,
Whose Virtues you admire, were all such Ruffians!
This Dread of Nations, this Almighty *Rome*,
That comprehends in her wide Empire's Bounds
All under Heav'n, was founded on a Rape,
Your *Scipio's*, *Cæsar's*, *Pompey's*, and your *Cato's*,
(The Gods on Earth) are all the spurious Brood
Of violated Maids, of ravish'd *Sabines*.

Jub. *Syphax*, I fear that hoary Head of thine
Abounds too much in our *Numidian Wiles*. [World.

Syph. Indeed, my Prince, you want to know the
You have not read Mankind, your Youth admires
The Throws and Swellings of a *Roman Soul*,
Cato's bold Flights, th' Extravagance of Virtue.

Jub. If Knowledge of the World makes Man per-
fidious,
May *Juba* ever live in Ignorance!

Syph. Go, go, you're Young.

Jub. Gods, must I tamely bear
This Arrogance unanswer'd! Thou'rt a Traitor,
A false old Traitor.

Syph. I have gone too far. [Aside.

Jub. *Cato* shall know the Baseness of thy Soul.

Syph. I must appease this Storm, or perish in it. [Aside.
Young Prince, behold these Locks that are grown white
Beneath a Helmet in your Father's Battles.

Juba.

Jub. Those Locks shall ne'er protect thy Insolence.

Syph. Must one rash Word, th' Infirmary of Age,
Throw down the Merit of my better Years?
This the Reward of a whole Life of Service!
—Curse on the Boy! how steadily he hears me! [*Aside.*

Jub. Is it because the Throne of my Forefathers
Still stands unfill'd, and that *Numidia's* Crown
Hangs doubtful yet, whose Head it shall inclose,
Thou thus presumest to treat thy Prince with Scorn?

Syph. Why will you rive my Heart with such Expressions?

Does not old *Syphax* follow you to War?
What are his Aims? Why does he load with Darts
His trembling Hand, and crush beneath a Cask
His wrinkled Brows? What is it he aspires to?
Is it not this? to shed the slow Remains,
His last poor Ebb of Blood in your Defence!

Jub. *Syphax*, no more! I would not hear you talk.

Syph. Not hear me talk! What, when my Faith to *Juba*,
My Royal Master's Son, is call'd in question?
My Prince may strike me dead, and I'll be dumb:
But whilst I live I must not hold my Tongue,
And languish out old Age in his Displeasure.

Jub. Thou know'st the Way too well into my Heart,
I do believe thee loyal to thy Prince.

Syph. What greater instance can I give! I've offer'd
To do an Action, which my Soul abhors,
And gain you whom you love at any Price.

Jub. Was this thy Motive? I've been too hasty.

Syph. And 'tis for this my Prince, has call'd me Traitor.

Jub. Sure thou mistak'st; I did not call thee so.

Syph. You did indeed, my Prince, you call'd me Traitor;
Nay further, threatn'd you'd complain to *Cato*.
Of what, my Prince, wou'd you complain to *Cato*?
That *Syphax*, loves you, and wou'd sacrifice
His Life, nay more, his Honour in your Service.

Jub. *Syphax*, I know thou lov'st me; but indeed,
Thy Zeal for *Juba* carry'd thee too far.
Honour's a sacred Tie, the Law of Kings,
The noble Mind's distinguishing Perfection,
That aids, and strengthens Virtue, where it meets her,
And

And imitates her Actions, where she is not :
It ought not to be sported with.

Syph. By Heav'ns,
I'm ravish'd when you talk thus, tho' you chide me !
Alas, I've hitherto been used to think
A blind officious Zeal to serve my King,
The ruling Principle, that ought to burn
And quench all others in a Subject's Heart.
Happy the People who preserve their Honour
By the same Duties that oblige their Prince !

Jub. *Syphax*, thou now begin'st to speak thyself.
Numidia's grown a Scorn among the Nations
For breach of public Vows. Our *Punick* Faith
Is infamous, and branded to a Proverb.

Syphax, we'll join our Cares, to purge away
Our Country's Crimes, and clear her Reputation.

Syph. Believe me, Prince, you make old *Syphax* weep,
To hear you talk——but 'tis with Tears of Joy.
If e'er your Father's Crown adorn your Brows,
Numidia will be blest by *Cato's* Lectures.

Jub. *Syphax*, thy Hand ! we'll mutually forget
The Warmth of Youth, and Frowardness of Age,
Thy Prince esteems thy Worth, and loves thy Person.
If e'er the Scepter comes into my Hand,
Syphax shall stand the second in my Kingdom.

Syph. Why will you overwhelm my Age with Kindness ?
My Joy grows burdensome, I shan't support it.

Jub. *Syphax*, farewell. I'll hence, and try to find
Some blest Occasion that may set me right
In *Cato's* Thoughts. I'd rather have that Man
Approve my Deeds, than Worlds for my Admirers [*Exit.*]

SYPHAX solus.

Young Men soon give, and soon forget Affronts ;
Old Age is slow in both——A false old Traitor !
Those Words, rash Boy, may chance to cost thee dear.
My Heart had still some foolish Fondness for thee :
But hence ! 'tis gone : I give it to the Winds :
Cæsar, I'm wholly thine.——

S C E N E

S C E N E VI.

SYPHAX, SEMPRONIUS.

SYPHAX.

ALL hail, *Sempronius* !
Well, *Cato's* Senate is resolv'd to wait
The Fury of a Siege before it yields.

Semp. *Syphax*, we both were on the Verge of Fate ;
Lucius declared for Peace, and Terms were offer'd
To *Cato* by a Messenger from *Cæsar*.

Shou'd they submit ere our Designs are ripe,
We both must perish in the common Wreck,
Lost in the gen'ral undistinguish'd Ruin.

Syph. But how stands *Cato* ?

Semp. Thou hast seen Mount *Atlas*.
Whilst Storms and Tempests thunder on its Brows,
And Oceans break their Billows at its Feet,
It stands unmoved, and glories in its Height.
Such is that haughty Man ; his tow'ring Soul,
'Midst all the Shocks and Injuries of Fortune,
Rises superior, and looks down on *Cæsar*.

Syph. But what's this Messenger ?

Semp. I've practis'd with him,
And found a Means to let the Victor know
That *Syphax* and *Sempronius* are his Friends.
But let me now examine in my Turn :
Is *Juba* fixt ?

Syph. Yes—but it is to *Cato*.
I've try'd the Force of ev'ry Reason on him,
Sooth and carefs'd, been angry, sooth'd again,
Laid Safety, Life, and Int'rest in his Sight.
But all are vain, he scorns them all for *Cato*.

Semp. Come, 'tis no matter, we shall do without him.
He'll make a pretty Figure in a Triumph,
And serve to trip before the Victor's Chariot.

Syphax, I now may hope thou hast forsook
Thy *Juba's* Cause, and wishest *Marcia* mine.

Syph. May she be thine as fast as thou would'st have her.

Semp. *Syphax*, I love that Woman ; tho' I curse

Her

Her and myself, yet spite of me, I love her.

Syph. Make *Cato* sure, and give up *Utica*,
Cæsar will ne'er refuse thee such a Trifle.

But are thy Troops prepar'd for a Revolt?

Does the Sedition catch from Man to Man,

And run among their Ranks?

Semp. All, all is ready,

The factious Leaders are our Friends, that spread

Murmurs and Discontents among the Soldiers,

They count their toilsome Marches, long Fatigues,

Unusual Fastings, and will bear no more

This Medley of Philosophy and War.

Within an Hour they'll storm the Senate-House.

Syph. Mean while I'll draw up my *Numidian* Troops

Within the Square to exercise their Arms,

And, as I see Occasion, favour thee.

I laugh to think how your unshaken *Cato*

Will look aghast, while unforeseen Destruction

Pours in upon him thus from every Side.

So, where our wide *Numidian* Wastes extend,

Sudden, th' impetuous Hurricanes descend,

Wheel through the Air, in circling Eddies play,

Tear up the sands, and sweep whole Plains away,

The helpless Traveller, with wild Surprise

Sees the dry Desert all around him rise,

And smother'd in the dusty Whirlwind dies.

[*Exeunt.*]





A C T III. S C E N E I.

M A R C U S *and* P O R T I U S.

M A R C U S.

THanks to my Stars I have not ranged about
 The Wilds of Life, ere I could find a Friend ;
 Nature first pointed out my *Portius* to me,
 And early taught me, by her secret Force,
 To love thy Person, ere I knew thy Merit :
 Till what was Instinct, grew up into Friendship.

Por. *Marcus*, the Friendships of the World are oft
 Confed'racies in Vice, or Leagues of Pleasure ;
 Ours has severest Virtue for its Basis,
 And such a Friendship ends not but with Life.

Marc. *Portius*, thou know'st my Soul in all its
 Weakness,

Then pr'ythee spare me on its tender side.
 Indulge me but in Love, my other Passions
 Shall rise and fall by Virtues nicest Rules.

Por. When Love's well-timed, 'tis not a Fault to love.
 The Strong, the Brave, the Virtuous, and the Wise,
 Sink in the soft Captivity together.
 I would not urge thee to dismiss thy Passion,
 (I know 'twere vain) but to suppress its Force,
 Till better Times may make it look more graceful.

Marc. Alas ! Thou talk'st like one who never felt
 Th' impatient Throbs and Longings of a Soul,
 That pants, and reaches after distant Good.
 A Lover does not live by vulgar Time :
 Believe me, *Portius*, in my *Lucia's* Absence,
 Life hangs upon me, and becomes a Burden ;
 And yet, when I behold the charming Maid,
 I'm ten Times more undone ; while Hope and Fear,
 And Grief, and Rage, and Love rise up at once,
 And with Variety of Pain distract me.

Por. What can thy *Portius* do to give thee Help ?

Marc.

Marc. Portius, thou oft enjoy'st the Fair One's Presence :

Then undertake my Cause, and plead it to her
With all the Strength and Heats of Eloquence,
Fraternal Love and Friendship can inspire.
Tell her thy Brother languishes to death,
And fades away, and withers in his Bloom ;
That he forgets his Sleep, and lothes his Food,
That Youth, and Health, and War are joyless to him :
Describe his anxious Days, and restless Nights,
And all the Torments that thou see'st me suffer.

Por. Marcus, I beg thee give me not an Office
That suits with me so ill. Thou know'st my Temper.

Marc. Wilt thou behold me sinking in my Woes ?
And wilt thou not reach out a friendly Arm,
To raise me from amidst this Plunge of Sorrows ?

Por. Marcus, thou can'st not ask what I'd refuse.
But here, believe me, I've a thousand Reasons——

Marc. I know thou'lt say my Passion's out of Season,
That *Cato's* great Example and Misfortunes
Should both conspire to drive it from my Thoughts,
But what's all this to one who loves like me !
Oh *Portius*, *Portius*, from my Soul I wish
Thou did'st but know thyself what 'tis to love !
Then would'st thou pity and assist thy Brother.

Por. What should I do ! If I disclose my Passion
Our Friendship's at an End : If I conceal it,
The World will call me false to a Friend and Brother,
[*Aside.*

Marc. But see where *Lucia*, at her wonted Hour,
Amidst the Cool of yon high Marble Arch,
Enjoys the Noon-day Breeze ! Observe her, *Portius* !
That Face, that Shape, those Eyes, that Heav'n of
Beauty !

Observe her well, and blame me if thou can'st.

Por. She sees us and advances——

Marc. I'll withdraw,
And leave you for a while. Remember, *Portius* !
Thy Brother's Life depends upon thy Tongue.

S C E N E

S C E N E II.

LUCIA, PORTIUS.

LUCIA.

DID not I see your Brother *Marcus* here !
Why did he fly the Place, and shun my Presence ?

Por. Oh, *Lucia*, Language is too faint to shew
His Rage of Love ; it preys upon his Life ;
He pines, he sickens, he despairs ; he dies :
His Passions and his Virtues lie confused,
And mixt together in so wild a Tumult,
That the whole Man is quite disfigured in him.
Heav'ns ! would one think 'twere possible for Love
To make such Ravage in a noble Soul !

Oh, *Lucia*, I'm distress'd ! my Heart bleeds for him :
Ev'n now, while thus I stand blest in thy Presence,
A secret Damp of Grief comes o'er my Thoughts,
And I'm unhappy, tho' thou smilest upon me.

Luc. How wilt thou guard thy Honour, in the Shock
Of Love and Friendship ! think betimes, my *Portius*,
Think how the Nuptial Tie, that might ensure
Our mutual Bliss, would raise to such a Height
The Brother's Grievs, as might perhaps destroy him.

Por. Alas, poor Youth ! what dost thou think, my
Lucia ?

His gen'rous, open, undefigning Heart
Has begg'd his Rival to solicit for him.
Then do not strike him dead with a Denial.
But hold him up in Life, and cheer his Soul
With the faint glimm'ring of a doubtful Hope :
Perhaps when we have pass'd these gloomy Hours,
And weather'd out the Storm that beats upon us —

Luc. No, *Portius*, no ! I see thy sister's Tears, —
Thy Father's Anguish, and thy Brother's Death,
In the Pursuit of our ill-fated Loves.
And, *Portius*, here I swear, to Heav'n I swear,
To Heav'n, and all the Pow'rs that judge Mankind,
Never to mix my plighted Hands with thine,
While such a Cloud of Mischiefs hangs about us,

But

But to forget our Loves, and drive thee out
From all my Thoughts, as far——as I am able.

Por. What hast thou said ! I'm thunder-struck——
Recall

Those hasty Words, or I am lost for ever.

Luc. Has not the Vow already pass'd my Lips ?
The Gods have heard it, and 'tis seal'd in Heav'n.
May all the Vengeance that was ever pour'd
On perjur'd Heads o'erwhelm me, if I break it.

[*After a Pause.*]

Por. Fix'd in Astonishment, I gaze upon thee ;
Like one just blasted by a Stroke from Heav'n,
Who pants for Breath, and stiffens, yet alive,
In dreadful Looks : A Monument of Wrath !

Luc. At length I've acted my severest Part,
I feel the Woman breaking in upon me,
And melt about my Heart ! my Tears will flow,
But Oh ! I'll think no more ! the Hand of Fate
Has torn thee from me, and I must forget thee.

Por. Hard-hearted, cruel Maid !

Luc. Oh ! stop those Sounds,
Those killing Sounds ! why dost thou frown upon me ?
My Blood runs cold, my Heart forgets to heave,
And Life itself goes out at thy Displeasure.
The Gods forbid us to indulge our Loves,
But Oh ! I cannot bear thy Hate and live !

Por. Talk not of Love, thou never knew'st its Force.
I've been deluded, led into a Dream
Of fancied Bliss. O *Lucia*, cruel Maid !

Thy dreadful Vow, loaden with Death, still sounds
In my stunn'd Ears. What shall I say or do ?

Quick, let us part ! Perdition's in thy Presence,
And Horror dwells about thee ! — Ha ! she faints !
Wretch that I am ! what has my Rashness done !

Lucia, thou injur'd innocence ! thou best
And loveliest of thy Sex, awake, my *Lucia*,
Or *Portius* rushes on his Sword to join thee.

——Her Imprecations reach not to the Tomb,
They shut not out Society in Death——

But hah ! She moves ! Life wanders up and down
Through all her Face, and lights up ev'ry Charm.

C

Luc.

Luc. O *Portius*, was this well!—— to frown on her
That lives upon thy Smiles! to call in Doubt
The Faith of one expiring at thy Feet,
That loves thee more than ever Woman lov'd!
——What do I say? My half recover'd Sense
Forgets the Vow in which my Soul is bound.
Destruction stands betwixt us! We must part.

Por. Name not the Word, my frightened Thoughts
run back,
And startle into Madness at the Sound.

Luc. What would'st thou have me do? Consider well
The Train of Ills our Love would draw behind it.
Think, *Portius*, think thou seest thy dying Brother
Stabb'd at his Heart, and all besmear'd with Blood,
Storming at Heav'n and thee! Thy awful Sire
Sternly demands the Cause, th' accursed Cause,
That robs him of his Son! poor *Marcia* trembles,
Then tears her Hair, and frantick in her Grievs
Calls out on *Lucia*! what could *Lucia* answer,
Or how stand up in such a Scene of Sorrow?

Por. To my Confusion, and eternal Grief,
I must approve the Sentence that destroys me.
The Mist, that hung about my Mind, clears up;
And now, athwart the Terrors that thy Vow
Has planted round thee, thou appear'st more fair,
More amiable, and risest in thy Charms.
Lovely'st of Women! Heav'n is in thy Soul,
Beauty and Virtue shine for ever round thee,
Bright'ning each other! Thou art all divine!

Luc. *Portius*, no more! thy Words shoot thro' my
Heart,
Melt my Resolves, and turn me all to Love.
Why are those Tears of Fondness in thy Eyes?
Why heaves thy Heart? why swells thy Soul with Sor-
row?

It softens me too much—Farewel, my *Portius*,
Farewel, tho' Death is in the Word; For-ever!

Por. Stay, *Lucia*, stay! What dost thou say? For-
ever?

Luc. Have I not sworn? If, *Portius*, thy Success
Must throw thy Brother on his Fate, Farewel,

Oh,

Oh, how shall I repeat the Word ! For-ever !

Por. Thus o'er the dying Lamp th' unsteady Flame
Hangs quiv'ring on a Point, leaps off by Fits,
And falls again, as loth to quit its Hold :
—Thou must not go, my Soul still hovers o'er thee,
And can't get loose.

Luc. If the firm *Portius* shake
To hear of Parting, think what *Lucia* suffers !

Por. 'Tis true, unruffled and serene, I've met
The common Accidents of Life, but here
Such an unlook'd-for Storm of Ills falls on me,
It beats down all my Strength. I cannot bear it.
We must not part.

Luc. What dost thou say ? not part ?
Hast thou forgot the Vow that I have made ?
Are there not Heav'ns, and Gods, and Thunder o'er us ?
——But see, thy Brother *Marcus* bends this Way !
I sicken at the Sight. Once more, Farewel,
Farewel, and know thou wrong'st me, If thou think'st
Ever was Love, or ever Grief, like mine. [Exit.

S C E N E III.

M A R C U S, P O R T I U S.

M A R C U S.

Portius, what Hopes ? how stands She ? Am I doom'd
To Life or Death ?

Por. What would'st thou have me say ?

Marc. What means this pensive Posture ? thou appear'st
Like one amazed and terrified.

Por. I've Reason.

Mar. Thy down-cast Looks, and thy disorder'd
Thoughts.

Tell me my Fate. I ask not the Success
My Cause has found.

Por. I'm griev'd I undertook it.

Marc. What ? does the barbarous Maid insult my
Heart,

My aking Heart! and triumph in my Pains?
That I cou'd cast her from my Thoughts for ever?

Por. Away, you're too suspicious in your Griefs;
Lucia, though sworn never to think of Love,
Compassionates your Pains, and pities you!

Marc. Compassionates my Pains, and pities me!
What is Compassion when 'tis void of Love!
Fool that I was to choose so cold a Friend
To urge my Cause! Compassionates my Pains!
Pr'ythee what Art, what Rhet'rick didst thou use
To gain this mighty Boon? She pities me!
To one that asks the warm Returns of Love,
Compassion's Cruelty, 'tis Scorn, 'tis Death——

Por. *Marcus*, no more! have I deserv'd this Treatment?

Marc. What have I said! O *Portius*, O forgive me!
A Soul exasp'rated in Ills falls out
With ev'ry Thing, its Friend, itself——But hah!
What means that Shout, big with the Sounds of War?
What new Alarm?

Por. A second, louder yet,
Swells in the Winds, and comes more full upon us.

Marc. Oh, for some glorious Cause to fall in Battle.
Lucia, thou hast undone me! thy Disdain
Has broke my Heart: 'tis Death must give me Ease.

Por. Quick, let us hence; who knows if *Cato's* Life.
Stand sure? O *Marcus*, I am warm'd, my Heart
Leaps at the Trumpet's Voice, and burns for Glory.
[Exit.]

S C E N E IV.

Enter SEMPRONIUS with the Leaders of the Mutiny.

SEMPRONIUS.

A T length the Winds are rais'd, the Storm blows high,
Be it your Care, my Friends, to keep it up
In its full Fury, and direct it right,
Till it has spent itself on *Cato's* Head.
Mean-while I'll herd among his Friends, and seem
One

One of the Number, that whate'er arrive,
My Friends, and Fellow-Soldiers, may be safe. [*Exit.*

I Lead. We all are safe, *Sempronius* is our Friend,
Sempronius is as brave a Man as *Cato*.

But hark ! he enters. Bear up boldly to him ;
Be sure you beat him down, and bind him fast,
This Day will end our Toils, and give us Rest !
Fear nothing, for *Sempronius* is our Friend.

S C E N E V.

Enter C A T O, S E M P R O N I U S, L U C I U S.
P O R T I U S, and M A R C U S.

C A T O.

WHERE are these bold intrepid Sons of War,
That greatly turn their Backs upon the Foe,
And to their General send a brave Defiance ?

Semp. Curse on their dastard Souls, they stand astonish'd. [*Aside.*

Cato. Perfidious Men ! and will you thus dishonour
Your past Exploits, and sully all your Wars ?
Do you confess 'twas not a Zeal for *Rome*,
Nor Love of Liberty, nor Thirst of Honour,
Drew you thus far ; but Hopes to share the Spoil
Of conquer'd Towns, and plunder'd Provinces ?
Fired with such Motives you do well to join
With *Cato's* Foes, and follow *Cæsar's* Banners.
Why did I 'scape th' envenom'd Aspic's Rage,
And all the fiery Monsters of the Desert,
To see this Day ? Why could not *Cato* fall
Without your Guilt ? Behold, ungrateful Men,
Behold my Bosom naked to your Swords,
And let the Man that's injur'd strike the Blow ;
Which of you all suspects that he is wrong'd,
Or thinks he suffers greater Ills than *Cato* ?
Am I distinguish'd from you but by Toils,
Superior Toils, and heavier Weight of Cares ?
Painful Pre-eminence !

Semp. By Heav'ns they droop !
Confusion to the Villains ; All is lost ; [*Aside.*

Cato. Have you forgotten *Libya's* burning Waste,
Its barren Rocks, parch'd Earth, and Hills of Sand,
Its tainted Air, and all its Broods of Poison ?
Who was the first to explore th' untrodden Path,
When Life was hazarded in ev'ry Step ?
Or, fainting in the long laborious March,
When on the Banks of an unlook'd for Stream
You sunk the River with repeated Draughts,
Who was the last in all your Host that thirsted ?

Semp. If some penurious Source by Chance appear'd.
Scanty of Waters, when you scoop'd it dry ?
And offer'd the full Helmet up to *Cato* ?
Did he not dash th' untasted Moisture from him ?
Did not he lead you through the Mid-day Sun,
And Clouds of Dust ? Did not his Temples glow
In the same sultry Winds, and scorching Heats ?

Cato. Hence, worthless Men ! Hence ! and complain
to *Cæsar*,
You could not undergo the Toils of War,
Nor bear the Hardships that your Leader bore.

Luc. See, *Cato*, see th' unhappy Men ! they weep !
Fear and Remorse, and Sorrow for their Crime,
Appear in ev'ry Look, and plead for Mercy.

Cato. Learn to be honest Men, give up your Leaders,
And Pardon shall descend on all the rest.

Semp. *Cato* commit these Wretches to my Care.
First let 'em each be broken on the Rack,
Then, with what Life remains, impaled and left
To writhe at Leisure round the bloody Stake.
There let 'em hang, and taint the Southern Wind.
The Partners of their Crime will learn Obedience,
When they look up and see their Fellow-Traitors
Stuck on a Fork, and black'ning in the Sun.

Luc. *Sempronius*, why, why wilt thou urge the Fate
Of wretched Men ?

Semp. How ! would'st thou clear Rebellion !
Lucius (good Man) pities the poor Offenders
That would imbrue their Hands in *Cato's* Blood.

Cato. Forbear, *Sempronius* !—See they suffer Death,
But

But in their Deaths remember they are Men,
 Strain not the Laws to make their Tortures grievous.
Lucius, the base degen'rate Age requires
 Severity, and Justice in its Rigour:
 This awes an impious, bold, offending World,
 Commands Obedience, and gives Force to Laws.
 When by just Vengeance guilty Mortals perish,
 The Gods behold their Punishment with Pleasure,
 And lay th' uplifted Thunder-bolt aside.

Semp. *Cato*, I execute thy Will with Pleasure.

Cato. Mean-while we'll sacrifice to Liberty.
 Remember, O my Friends, the Laws, the Rights,
 The gen'rous Plan of Pow'r deliver'd down
 From Age to Age, by your renown'd Forefathers,
 (So dearly bought, the Price of so much Blood)
 O let it never perish in your Hands!
 But piously transmit it to your Children.
 Do thou, great Liberty, inspire our Souls.
 And make our Lives in thy Possession happy,
 Or our Deaths glorious in thy just Defence.

[*Exeunt Cato, &c.*]

S C E N E VI.

SEMPRONIUS and the Leaders of the Mutiny.

I LEADER.

S *Empronius*, you have acted like yourself.
 One wou'd have thought you had been half in
 Earnest. [Wretches,

Semp. Villain, stand off, base grov'ling worthless
 Mongrels in Faction, poor faint-hearted Traitors!

2 *Lead.* Nay, now you carry it too far, *Sempronius*:
 Throw off the Mask, there are none here but Friends.

Semp. Know, Villains, when such paltry Slaves
 To mix in Treason, if the Plot succeeds, [presume
 They're thrown neglected by: But if it fails,
 They're sure to die like Dogs, as you shall do.
 Here, take these factious Monsters, drag 'em forth
 To sudden Death.

Enter Guards.

1 *Lead.* Nay, since it comes to this —————

Semp. Dispatch 'em quick, but first pluck out their
Tongues,
Lest with their dying Breath they sow Sedition.
[*Exeunt Guards with the Leaders.*]

S C E N E VII.

SYPHAX and SEMPRONIUS.

SYPHAX.

OUR first Design, my Friend, has prov'd abortive;
Still there remains an After-game to play;
My Troops are mounted; their *Numidian* Steeds
Snuff up the Wind, and long to scour the Desert:
Let but *Sempronius* head us in our Flight,
We'll force the Gate where *Marcus* keeps his Guard,
And hew down all that would oppose our Passage.
A Day will bring us into *Cæsar's* Camp.

Semp. Confusion! I have fail'd of half my Purpose:
Marcia, the charming *Marcia's* left behind!

Syph. How? will *Sempronius* turn a Woman's Slave!

Semp. Think not thy Friend can ever feel the soft
Unmanly Warmth and Tenderneſs of Love.

Syphax, I long to clasp that haughty Maid,
And bend her stubborn Virtue to my Passion:
When I have gone thus far, I'd cast her off.

Syph. Well said! that's spoken like thyself, *Sempronius*.
What hinders then, but that thou find her out,
And hurry her away by manly Force?

Semp. But how to gain Admission? For Access
Is given to none but *Juba*, and her Brothers.

Syph. Thou shalt have *Juba's* Dress, and *Juba's*
Guards:

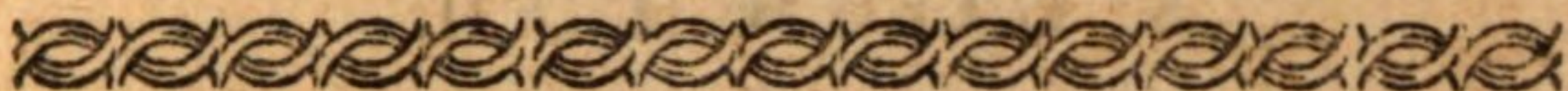
The Doors will open when *Numidia's* Prince
Seems to appear before the Slaves that watch them.

Semp. Heav'ns, what a Thought is there! *Marcia's*
my own?

How will my Bosom swell with anxious Joy,
When I behold her struggling in my Arms,
With glowing Beauty, and disorder'd Charms,
While Fear and Anger, with alternate Grace,
Pant in her Breast, and vary in her Face!

So

So *Pluto* seiz'd of *Proserpine*, convey'd
 To Hell's tremendous Gloom th' affrighted Maid,
 There grimly smil'd, pleas'd with the beauteous Prize,
 Nor envy'd *Jove* his Sun shine and his Skies. [*Exeunt.*]



A C T IV. S C E N E I.

LUCIA and MARCIA.

LUCIA.

NOW tell me, *Marcia*, tell me from thy Soul,
 If thou believ'st 'tis possible for Woman
 To suffer greater Ills than *Lucia* suffers?

Mar. O *Lucia*, *Lucia*, might my big swoln Heart,
 Vent all its Grievs, and give a Loose to Sorrow;
Marcia could answer thee in Sighs, keep Pace
 With all thy Woes, and count out Tear for Tear.

Luc. I know thou'rt doom'd alike to be lov'd
 By *Juba*, and thy Father's Friend *Sempronius*.
 But which of these has Power to charm like *Portius*!

Marc. Still I must beg thee not to name *Sempronius*!
Lucia, I like not that loud boist'rous Man;
Juba to all the Brav'ry of a Hero
 Adds softest Love and more than Female Sweetness;
Juba might make the proudest of our Sex,
 Any of Woman-kind, but *Marcia*, happy.

Luc. And why not, *Marcia*? Come, you strive in vain
 To hide your Thoughts from one who knows too well
 The inward Glowings of a Heart in Love.

Marc. While *Cato* lives, his Daughter has no Right
 To love or hate, but as his Choice directs.

Luc. But shou'd this Father give you to *Sempronius*!

Marc. I dare not think he will: But if he should—
 Why wilt thou add to all the Grievs I suffer
 Imaginary Ills, and fancy'd Tortures?
 I hear the Sound of Feet! they march this Way!
 Let us retire, and try if we can drown

Each softer Thought in Sense of present Danger,
 When Love once pleads Admission to our Hearts
 (In spite of all the Virtue we can boast)
 The Woman that deliberates is lost. [*Exeunt.*]

S C E N E II.

*Enter SEMPRONIUS, dress'd like Juba, with
 Numidian Guards.*

SEMPRONIUS.

THE Deer is lodg'd, I've track'd her to her Covert.
 Be sure you mind the Word, and when I give it
 Rush in at once, and seize upon your Prey.
 Let not her Cries or Tears have Force to move you.
 —How will the young *Numidian* rave to see
 His Mistress lost? If ought could glad my Soul,
 Beyond th' Enjoyment of so bright a Prize,
 'Twould be to torture that young, gay, Barbarian.
 —But hark, what Noise! Death to my Hopes! 'tis he,
 'Tis *Juba's* self! there is but one Way left——
 He must be murder'd, and a Passage cut
 Through those his Guards——Hah, Dastards, do you
 tremble!
 Or act like Men or by yon azure Heaven——

Enter JUBA.

Jub. What do I see? Who's this that dares usurp
 The Guards and Habit of *Numidia's* Prince?

Semp. One that was born to scourge thy Arrogance,
 Presumptuous Youth!

Jub. What can this mean? *Sempronius!*

Semp. My Sword shall answer thee. Have at thy Heart.

Jub. Nay, then beware thy own, proud, barbarous
 Man. [*Semp. falls. His Guards surrender.*]

Semp. Curse on my Stars! Am I then doom'd to fall
 By a Boy's Hand, disfigur'd in a vile
Numidian Dress, and for a worthless Woman?
 Gods, I'm distracted! This my Close of Life!
 O for a Peal of Thunder that would make
 Earth, Sea, and Air, and Heav'n and *Cato* tremble! [*Dies.*]

Jub. With what a Spring his furious Soul broke loose,
 And

And I left the Limbs still quiv'ring on the Ground!
 Hence let us carry off those Slaves to *Cato*,
 That we may there at length unravel all
 This dark Design, this Mystery of Fate.

[*Exit Juba with Prisoners, &c.*]

S C E N E III.

Enter LUCIA and MARCIA.

LUCIA.

SURE 'twas the Clash of Swords; my troubled Heart
 Is so cast down, and sunk amidst its Sorrows,
 It throbs with Fear, and akes at every Sound.
 O, *Marcia*, shou'd thy Brothers for my Sake! —
 I die away with Horror at the Thought.

Marc. See, *Lucia*, see! here's Blood! here's Blood
 and Murder!

Hah! a *Numidian*! Heav'ns preserve the Prince;
 The Face lies muffled up within the Garment,
 But hah! Death to my Sight! a Diadem,
 And Purple Robes! O Gods! 'tis he, 'tis he!
Juba, the loveliest Youth that ever warm'd
 A Virgin's Heart, *Juba* lies dead before us!

Luc. Now, *Marcia*, now call up to thy Assistance
 Thy wonted Strength and Constancy of Mind;
 Thou can'st not put it to a greater Trial.

Marc. *Lucia*, look there, and wonder at my Patience,
 Have I not Cause to rave, and beat my Breast,
 To rend my Heart with Grief, and run distracted!

Luc. What can I think or say to give thee Comfort!

Mar. Talk not of Comfort, 'tis for lighter Ills:
 Behold a Sight that strikes all Comfort dead.

Enter Juba listening.

I will indulge my Sorrows, and give way
 To all the Pangs and Fury of Despair,
 That Man, that best of Men, deserv'd it from me.

Jub. What do I hear? and was the false *Sempronius*,
 That best of Men? O had I fall'n like him,
 And cou'd have thus been mourn'd, I had been happy.

Luc. Here will I stand, Companion in thy Woes,

And

And help thee with my Tears, when I behold
A Loss like thine, I half forget my own.

Marc. 'Tis not in Fate to ease my tortur'd Breast,
This empty World, to me a joyless Desert,
Has nothing left to make poor *Marcia* happy.

Jub. I'm on the Rack? Was he so near her Heart!

Marc. O he was all made up of Love and Charms?
Whatever Maid could Wish, or Man admire:
Delight of ev'ry Eye! when he appear'd,
A secret Pleasure gladdened all that saw him;
But when he talk'd, the proudest *Roman* blush'd
To hear his Virtues, and old Age grew wise.

Jub. I shall run mad——

Marc. O *Juba*! *Juba*! *Juba*!

Jub. What means that Voice? did she not call on *Juba*?

Marc. Why do I think on what he was! he's dead!
He's dead, and never knew how much I lov'd him.

Lucia, who knows but his poor bleeding Heart,
Amidst its Agonies, remember'd *Marcia*,
And the last Words he utter'd call'd me Cruel;
Alas, he knew not, hapless Youth, he knew not
Marcia's whole Soul was full of Love and *Juba*!

Jub. Where am I! do I live! or am indeed
What *Marcia* thinks! all is *Elysium* round me!

Marc. Ye dear Remains of the most lov'd of Men!
Nor Modesty nor Virtue here forbid
A last Embrace, while thus——

Jub. See *Marcia*, see [*Throwing himself before her.*
The happy *Juba* lives! he lives to catch
That dear Embrace, and to return it too
With mutual Warmth and Eagerness of Love,

Marc. With Pleasure and Amaze I stand transported!
Sure 'tis a Dream! Dead and alive at once!
If thou art *Juba*, who lies there?

Jub. A Wretch,
Disguis'd like *Juba* on a curs'd Design.
The Tale is long, nor have I heard it out,
Thy Father knows it all. I could not bear
To leave thee in the Neighbourhood of Death,
But flew, in all the Haste of Love to find thee;
I found thee weeping, and confess this once,

Am wrapp'd with Joy to see my *Marcia's* Tears.

Marc. I've been surpris'd in an unguarded Hour,
But must not now go back: The Love that lay
Half smother'd in my Breast, has broke through all
Its weak Restraints, and burns in its full Lustre,
I cannot, if I would, conceal it from thee.

Jub. I'm lost in Ecstasy! and dost thou love,
Thou charming Maid? ———

Marc. And dost thou live to ask it?

Jub. This, this is Life indeed! Life worth preserving,
Such Life as *Juba* never felt 'till now?

Marc. Believe me, Prince, before I thought thee dead,
I did not know myself how much I lov'd thee.

Jub. O fortunate Mistake!

Marc. O happy *Marcia*!

Jub. My Joy, my best Beloved! my only Wish!
How shall I speak the Transport of my Soul!

Marc. *Lucia*, thy Arm! Oh, let me rest upon it!
The vital blood, that had forsook my Heart,
Returns again in such tumultuous Tides,
It quite o'ercomes me. Lead to my Apartment. ———
O Prince! I blush to think what I have said,
But Fate has wrested the Confession from me;
Go on, and prosper in the Paths of Honour.
Thy Virtue will excuse my Passion for thee,
And make the Gods propitious to our Love.

[*Exeunt Marc. and Luc.*]

Jub. I am so blest, I fear 'tis all a Dream.
Fortune, thou now hast made Amends for all
Thy past Unkindness, I absolve my Stars.

What tho' *Numidia* add her conquer'd Towns
And Provinces to swell the Victor's Triumph!

Juba will never at his Fate repine:

Let *Cæsar* have the World, if *Marcia's* mine. [Exit.]

S C E N E IV.

A March at a Distance.

Enter C A T O and L U C I U S.

L U C I U S.

I Stand astonish'd! What, the bold *Sempronius*!
That still broke foremost thro' the Crowd of Patriots,
As

As with a Hurricane of Zeal transported,
And virtuous even to Madness —

Cato. Trust me, *Lucius*,
Our civil Discords have produced such Crimes,
Such monstrous Crimes, I am surpris'd at nothing.
—O, *Lucius*, I am sick of this bad World!
The Day-light and the Sun grow painful to me.

Enter PORTIUS.

But see where *Portius* comes! what means this Haste?
Why are thy Looks thus changed?

Por. My Heart is griev'd,
I bring such News as will afflict my Father.

Cato. Has *Cæsar* shed more *Roman* Blood?

Por. Not so.

The Traitor *Sypbax*, as within the Square
He exercis'd his Troops, the Signal given,
Flew off at once with his *Numidian* Horse
To the South-Gate, where *Marcus* holds the Watch.
I saw, and call'd to stop him, but in vain,
He tost his Arm aloft, and proudly told me,
He would not stay, and perish like *Sempronius*.

Cato. Perfidious Men! but haste, my Son, and see
Thy Brother *Marcus* acts a *Roman's* Part. [*Exit* Portius.
—*Lucius*, the Torrent bears too hard upon me:
Justice gives way to Force: the conquer'd World
Is *Cæsar's*! *Cato* has no Business in it.

Luc. While Pride, Oppression, and Injustice reign,
The World will still demand her *Cato's* Presence.
In Pity to Mankind, submit to *Cæsar*,
And reconcile thy mighty Soul to Life.

Cato. Would *Lucius* have me live to swell the Number
Of *Cæsar's* Slaves, or by a base Submission
Give up the Cause of *Rome*, and own a Tyrant?

Luc. The Victor never will impose on *Cato*
Ungen'rous Terms. His Enemies confess
The Virtues of Humanity are *Cæsar's*. [Country,

Cato. Curse on his Virtues! They've undone his
Such Popular Humanity is Treason——
But see young *Juba*; the good Youth appears
Full of the Guilt of his perfidious Subjects.

Luc. Alas, poor Prince! his Fate deserves Compassion.

Enter

Enter JUBA.

Juba. I blush, and am confounded to appear
Before thy Presence, *Cato.* *Cato.* What's thy Crime?

Jub. I'm a *Numidian.* *Cato.* And a brave one too.
Thou hast a *Roman* Soul. *Jub.* Hast thou not heard
Of my false Countrymen? *Cato.* Alas, young Prince,
Falshood and Fraud shoot up in ev'ry Soil,
The Product of all Climes—*Rome* has its *Cæsar's*.

Jub. 'Tis generous thus to comfort the Distress'd.

Cato. 'Tis just to give Applause where 'tis deserv'd:
Thy Virtue, Prince, has stood the Test of Fortune,
Like purest Gold, that, tortur'd in the Furnace,
Comes out more bright, and brings forth all its Weight.

Jub. What shall I answer thee? my ravish'd Heart
O'erflows with secret Joy: I'd rather gain
Thy Praise, O *Cato*, than *Numidia's* Empire.

Re-enter PORTIUS.

Por. Misfortune on Misfortune! Grief on Grief!
My Brother *Marcus*——

Cato. Hah! what has he done?
Has he forsook his Post? has he giv'n Way?
Did he look tamely on, and let 'em pass?

Por. Scarce had I left my Father, but I met him
Borne on the Shields of his surviving Soldiers,
Breathless and pale, and cover'd o'er with Wounds.
Long, at the Head of his few faithful Friends,
He stood the Shock of a whole Host of Foes,
'Till obstinately brave, and bent on Death,
Opprest with Multitudes he greatly fell.

Cato. I'm satisfy'd.

Por. Nor did he fall before
His Sword had pierc'd through the false Heart of *Syphax*.
Yonder he lies. I saw the hoary Traitor
Grin in the Pangs of Death, and bite the Ground.

Cato. Thanks to the Gods! my Boy has done his Duty.
——*Portius*, when I am dead, be sure thou place
His Urn near mine.

Por. Long may they keep asunder!

Luc. O *Cato*, arm thy Soul with all its Patience;
See where the Corps of thy dead Son approaches!
The Citizens and Senators, alarm'd,

Have

Have gathered round it, and attend it weeping:

C A T O, meeting the Corps.

Cato. Welcome, my Son! Here lay him down, my
Full in my Sight, that I may view at leisure [Friends,
The bloody Coarse, and count those glorious Wounds.
—How beautiful is Death, when earn'd by Virtue!

Who would not be that Youth? What Pity is it
That we can die but once to serve our Country!

—Why fits this Sadness on your Brows, my Friends?
I shou'd have blush'd if *Cato's* House had stood
Secure, and flourish'd in a Civil War.

—*Portius*, behold thy Brother, and remember
Thy Life is not thy own, when *Rome* demands it.

Jub. Was ever Man like this! [Aside.

Cato. Alas, my Friends!

Why mourn you thus! Let not a private Loss
Afflict your Hearts. 'Tis *Rome* requires our Tears.

The Mistress of the World, the Seat of Empire,
The Nurse of Heroes, the Delight of Gods,
That humbled the proud Tyrants of the Earth,
And set the Nations free, *Rome* is no more.

O Liberty! O Virtue! O my Country!

Jub. Behold that upright Man! *Rome* fills his Eyes
With Tears, that flow'd not o'er his own dead Son. [Aside.

Cato. Whate'er the *Roman* Virtue has subdu'd,
The Sun's whole Course, the Day and Year are *Cæsar's*,
For him the self devoted *Decii* dy'd,
The *Fabii* fell, and the great *Scipio's* conquer'd:
Ev'n *Pompey* fought for *Cæsar*. Oh, my Friends!
How is the Toil of Fate, the Work of Ages,
The *Roman* Empire fall'n! O curst Ambition!
Fall'n into *Cæsar's* Hands! Our great Forefathers
Had left him nought to conquer but his Country.

Jub. While *Cato* lives *Cæsar* will blush to see
Mankind enslaved, and be ashamed of Empire.

Cato. *Cæsar* ashamed! Has not he seen *Pharsalia*!

Luc. *Cato*, 'tis Time thou save thyself and us.

Cato. Lose not a Thought on me, I'm out of Danger,
Heav'n will not leave me in the Victor's Hand.

Cæsar shall never say I conquer'd *Cato*.

But Oh, my Friends, your Safety fills my Heart

With

With anxious Thoughts : A thousand secret Terrors
Rise in my Soul : How shall I save my Friends !
'Tis now, O *Cæsar*, I begin to fear thee.

Luc. *Cæsar* has Mercy, if we ask it of him.

Cato. Then ask it, I conjure you ! let him know
Whate'er was done against him, *Cato* did it.
Add, if you please, that I request it of him,
That I myself with Tears request it of him,
The Virtue of my Friends may pass unpunish'd.
Juba, my Heart is troubled for thy Sake.
Shou'd I advise thee to regain *Numidia*,
Or seek the Conqueror ? —————

Jub. If I forsake thee

Whilst I have Life, may Heav'n abandon *Juba* !

Cato. Thy Virtues, Prince, if I foresee aright,
Will one Day make thee Great ; at *Rome* hereafter,
'Twill be no Crime to have been *Cato's* Friend.

Portius, draw near ! My Son thou oft has seen
Thy Sire engag'd in a corrupted State,
Wrestling with Vice and Faction : Now thou see'st me
Spent, overpower'd, despairing of Success ;
Let me advise thee to retreat betimes
To thy Paternal Seat, the *Sabine* Field,
Where the great *Censor* toil'd with his own Hands,
And all our frugal Ancestors were bless'd
In humble Virtues, and a rural Life.
There live retired, pray for the Peace of *Rome*.
Content thyself to be obscurely good,
When Vice prevails, and impious Men bear Sway,
The Post of Honour is a private Station.

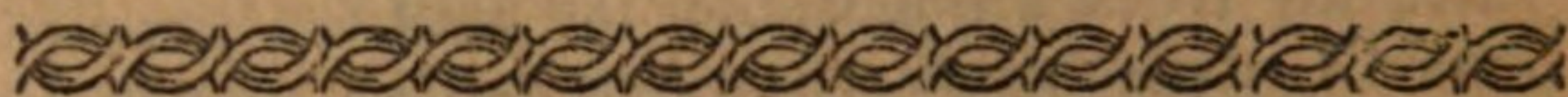
Por. I hope my Father does not recommend
A Life to *Portius*, that he scorns himself.

Cato. Farewel, my Friends ! if there be any of you
Who dare not trust the Victor's Clemency,
Know there are Ships prepar'd by my Command,
(Their Sails already op'ning to the Winds)
That shall convey you to the wish'd-for Port.
Is there aught else, my Friends, I can do for you ?
The Conqueror draws near. Once more Farewel !
If e'er we meet hereafter, we shall meet

In happier Climes, and on a safer Shore,
Where *Cæsar* never shall approach us more.

[*Pointing to his dead Son.*

There the brave Youth, with Love of Virtue fired,
Who greatly in his Country's Cause expired,
Shall know he Conquer'd. The firm Patriot there
(Who made the Welfare of Mankind his Care)
Tho' still, by Faction, Vice, and Fortune crost,
Shall find the generous Labour was not lost. [*Exeunt.*



A C T V. S C E N E I.

CATO solus, *sitting in a thoughtful Posture: In his
Hand Plato's Book on the Immortality of the Soul.
A drawn Sword on the Table by him.*

IT must be so—*Plato*, thou reasonest well——
Else whence this pleasing Hope, this fond Desire,
This longing after Immortality?
Or whence this secret Dread, and inward Horror,
Of falling into Nought? Why shrinks the Soul
Back on herself, and startles at Destruction?
'Tis the Divinity that stirs within us;
'Tis Heav'n itself that points out an Hereafter,
And intimates Eternity to Man.
Eternity! thou pleasing, dreadful Thought!
Through what Variety of untry'd Being,
Through what new Scenes and Changes must me pass!
The wide, th' unbounded Prospect lies before me;
But Shadows, Clouds, and Darkness rest upon it.
Here will I hold. If there's a Power above us,
(And that there is all Nature cries aloud
Through all her Works) He must delight in Virtue;
And that which he delights in, must be happy.
But when! or where—This World was made for *Cæsar*.
I'm weary of Conjectures—This must end 'em.

[*Laying his Hand on his Sword.*

Thus am I doubly arm'd: My Death and Life,
My Bane and Antidote are both before me:
This in a Moment brings me to an End;

But

But this informs me I shall never die.
 The Soul, secur'd in her Existence, smiles
 At the drawn Dagger, and defies its Point.
 The Stars shalt fade away, the Sun himself
 Grow dim with Age, and Nature sink in Years,
 But thou shalt flourish in immortal Youth,
 Unhurt amidst the War of Elements,
 The Wrecks of Matter, and the Crush of Worlds.

What means this Heaviness that hangs upon me?
 This Lethargy that creeps through all my Senses?
 Nature oppress'd, and harass'd out with Care,
 Sinks down to Rest. This once I'll favour her.
 That my awaken'd Soul may take her Flight,
 Renew'd in all her Strength, and fresh with Life,
 An Off'ring fit for Heav'n. Let Guilt or Fear
 Disturb Man's Rest; *Cato* knows neither of 'em,
 Indiff'rent in his Choice to sleep or die.

S C E N E II.

C A T O, P O R T I U S.

C A T O.

BUT hah! how's this, my Son? Why this Intrusion?
 Were not my Orders that I would be private?
 Why am I disobey'd? *Por.* Alas, my Father!
 What means this Sword? this Instrument of Death?
 Let me convey it hence: *Cato.* Rash Youth, forbear!

Por. O let the Pray'rs, th' Intreaties of your Friends,
 Their Tears, their common Danger, wrest it from you.

Cato. Wou'dst thou betray me? Wou'dst thou give
 A Slave, a Captive, into *Cæsar's* Hands? [me up
 Retire, and learn Obedience to a Father,
 Or know, young Man! —

Por. Look not thus sternly on me;
 You know I'd rather die than disobey you.

Cato. 'Tis well! again! I'm Master of myself.
 Now, *Cæsar*, let thy Troops beset our Gates,
 And bar each Avenue, thy gath'ring Fleets
 O'erspread the Sea, and stop up ev'ry Port:
Cato shall open to himself a Passage,
 And mock thy Hopes——

Por.

Por. O, Sir, forgive your Son,
 Whose Grief hangs heavy on him! O my Father!
 How am I sure it is not the last Time
 I e'er shall call you so! Be not displeas'd,
 O be not angry with me whilst I weep,
 And, in the Anguish of my Heart, beseech you
 To quit the dreadful Purpose of your Soul!

Cato. Thou hast been ever good and dutiful.

[*Embracing him.*]

Weep not, my Son, all will be well again,
 The righteous Gods, whom I have sought to please,
 Will succour *Cato*, and preserve his Children.

Por. Your Words give Comfort to my drooping Heart.

Cato. *Portius*, thou may'st rely upon my Conduct.
 Thy Father will not act what misbecomes him.
 But go, my Son, and see if aught be wanting
 Among thy Father's Friends; see them embark'd;
 And tell me if the Winds and Seas befriend them.
 My Soul is quite weigh'd down with Care, and asks
 The soft Refreshment of a Moment's Sleep. [*Exit.*]

Por. My Thoughts are more at Ease, my Heart revives.

S C E N E III.

P O R T I U S and M A R C I A.

P O R T I U S.

O *Marcia*, O my Sister, still there's Hope!
 Our Father will not cast away a Life
 So needful to us all, and to his Country.
 He is retired to Rest, and seems to cherish
 Thoughts full of Peace. He has dispatched me hence
 With Orders, that bespeak a Mind compos'd,
 And studious for the Safety of his Friends.
Marcia, take Care that none disturb his
 Slumbers. [*Exit.*]

Marc. O ye immortal Powers, that guard the just,
 Watch round his Couch, and soften his Repose,
 Banish his Sorrows, and becalm his Soul
 With easy Dreams; remember all his Virtues!
 And shew Mankind that Goodness is your Care.

S C E N E

C A T O.
S C E N E IV.

69

L U C I A and M A R C I A.

L U C I A.

W Here is your Father, *Marcia*, where is *Cato*?
Mar. *Lucia*, speak low, he is retir'd to Rest.
Lucia, I feel a gentle dawning Hope
Rise in my Soul. We shall be happy still.

Luc. Alas I tremble when I think on *Cato*,
In every View, in every Thought I tremble!
Cato is stern and awful as a God;
He knows not how to wink at human Frailty,
Or pardon Weakness, that he never felt.

Marc. Though stern and awful to the Foes of *Rome*,
He is all Goodness, *Lucia*, always mild,
Compassionate and gentle to his Friends,
Fill'd with domestick Tendernefs, the best,
The kindest Father I have ever found him,
Easy and good, and bounteous to my Wishes.

Luc. 'Tis his Consent alone can make us blest'd.
Marcia, we both are equally involv'd
In the same intricate, perplex'd, Distress.
The cruel Hand of Fate that has destroy'd
Thy Brother *Marcus*, whom we both lament--

Marc. And ever shall lament, unhappy Youth!

Luc. Has set my Soul at large, and now I stand
Loose of my Vow. But who knows *Cato's* Thoughts?
Who knows how yet he may dispose of *Portius*,
Or how he has determin'd of thyself?

Marc. Let him but live! commit the rest to Heav'n.

Enter L U C I U S.

Luc. Sweet are the Slumbers of the virtuous Man!
O, *Marcia*, I have seen thy God-like Father,
Some Pow'r invisible, supports his Soul,
And bears it up in all its wonted Greatness.
A kind refreshing Sleep is fall'n upon him:
I saw him stretch'd at Ease, his Fancy lost
In pleasing Dreams; as I drew near his Couch,
He smiled, and cry'd, *Cæsar*, thou can'st not hurt me.

Mar. His Mind still labours with some dreadful Thought.

Luc. *Lucia*, why all this Grief, these Floods of Sorrow?

Dry

Dry up thy Tears, my Child, we all are safe
While *Cato* lives——His presence will protect us.

Enter JUBA.

Jub. Lucius, The Horsemen are returned from viewing
The Number, Strength, and Posture of our Foes,
Who now encamp within a short Hour's March.
On the high Point of yon bright Western Tower
We ken them from afar, the setting Sun
Plays on their shining Arms and burning Helmets
And covers all the Field with Gleams of Fire.

Luc. Marcia, 'tis Time we should awake thy Father.
Cæsar is still disposed to give us Terms,
And waits at Distance 'till he hears from *Cato*.

Enter PORTIUS.

Portius, thy Looks speak somewhat of Importance.
What Tidings dost thou bring! methinks I see
Unusual Gladness sparkling in thy Eyes.

Por. As I was hasting to the Port, where now
My Father's Friends, impatient for a Passage,
Accuse the ling'ring Winds, a Sail arrived
From *Pompey's* Son, who through the Realms of *Spain*
Calls out for Vengeance on his Father's Death,
And rouses the whole Nation up to Arms.
Were *Cato* at their Head, once more might *Rome*
Assert her Rights, and claim her Liberty.
But hark! what means that Groan! O give me Way,
And let me fly into my Father's Presence. [*Exit.*

Luc. Cato, amidst his Slumbers thinks on *Rome*,
And in the wild Disorder of his Soul
Mourns o'er his Country; Hah! a second Groan——
Heav'n Guard us all——*Marc.* Alas 'tis not the Voice
Of one who sleeps! 'tis agonizing Pain,
'Tis Death is in that Sound.——

Re-enter PORTIUS.

Por. O Sight of Woe!

O, *Marcia,* what we fear'd is come to pass!
Cato is fall'n upon his Sword.—— *Luc.* O *Portius,*
Hide all the Horrors of thy mournful Tale,
And let us guess, the rest. *Por.* I've rais'd him up,
And plac'd him in his Chair, where pale, and faint,
He gasps for Breath, and as his Life flows from him,
Demands

Demands to see his Friends. His Servants weeping,
Obsequious to his Orders, bear him hither.

[*The back Scene opens, and discovers Cato.*

Marc. O Heav'n assist me in this dreadful Hour
To pay the last sad Duties to my Father.

Jub. These are thy Triumphs, thy Exploits, O *Cæsar*!

Luc. Now is *Rome* fall'n indeed!

[*Cato brought forward in a Chair.*

Cato. Here set me down——

Portius, come near me—are my Friends embark'd?

Can any Thing be thought of for their Service?

Whilst I yet live, let me not live in vain.

—O, *Lucius*, art thou here?—Thou art too good——

Let this our Friendship live between our Children,

Make *Portius* happy in thy Daughter *Lucia*.

Alas, poor Man, he weeps!—*Marcia*, my Daughter—

O bend me forward!—*Juba* loves thee, *Marcia*.

A Senator of *Rome*, while *Rome* surviv'd,

Wou'd not have match'd his Daughter with a King,

But *Cæsar*'s Arms have thrown down all Distinction;

Whoe'er is Brave and Virtuous, is a *Roman*——

——I'm sick to Death——O when shall I get loose

From this vain World, th' Abode of Guilt and Sorrow!——

——And yet methinks a Beam of Light breaks in

On my departing Soul. Alas, I fear

I've been too hasty. O ye Powers that search

The Heart of Man, and weigh his inmost Thoughts,

If I have done amiss, impute it not——!

The best may err, but you are good, and—Oh! [*Dies.*

Luc. There fled the greatest Soul that ever warm'd

A *Roman* Breast; O, *Cato*! O, my Friend!

Thy Will shall be religiously observ'd.

But let us bear this awful Corps to *Cæsar*,

And lay it in his Sight, that it may stand

A Fence betwixt us and the Victor's Wrath;

Cato, tho' dead, shall still protect his Friends.

From hence, let fierce contending Nations know

What dire Effects from civil Discord flow.

'Tis this that shakes our Country with Alarms,

And gives up *Rome* a Prey to *Roman* Arms,

Produces Fraud, and Cruelty, and Strife,

And robs the Guilty World of *Cato*'s Life. [*Exeunt omnes.*

E P I L O G U E,

By Dr. G A R T H.

Spoken by Mrs. P O R T E R.

W H A T odd fantastick Things we Women do !
Who wou'd not listen when young Lovers woo ?
But die a maid, yet have the Choice of Two !
Ladies are often cruel to their Cost :
To give you Pain, themselves they punish most.
Vows of Virginity should well be weigh'd ;
Too oft they're cancell'd tho' in Convents made.
Wou'd you revenge such rash Resolves —— you may
Be spiteful —— and believe the Thing we say,
We hate you when you're easily said Nay,
How needless, if you knew us, were your Fears ?
Let Love have Eyes, and Beauty will have Ears.
Our Hearts are form'd as you yourselves would chuse,
Too proud to ask, too humble to refuse :
We give to Merit, and to Wealth we sell :
He sighs with most Success that settles well.
The Woes of Wedlock with the Joys we mix :
'Tis best repenting in a Coach and Six.

Blame not our Conduct, since we but pursue
Those lively Lessons we have learn'd from you.
Your Breasts no more the Fire of Beauty warms,
But wicked Wealth usurps the Pow'r of Charms :
What Pains to get the gaudy Thing you hate,
To swell in Show, and be a Wretch in State.
At Plays you Ogle, at the Ring you Bow ;
Ev'n Churches are no Sanctuaries now :
There, golden Idols all your Vows receive,
She is no Goddess that has nought to give.
Oh, may once more the happy Age appear,
When Words were artless, and the Thoughts sincere ;
When Gold and Grandeur were unenvy'd Things,
And Courts less coveted than Groves and Springs.
Love then shall only mourn when Truth complains,
And Constancy feel Transport in its Chains.
Sighs with Success their own soft Anguish tell,
And Eyes shall utter what the Lips conceal :
Virtue again to its bright Station climb,
And Beauty fear no Enemy but Time,
The Fair shall listen to Desert alone,
And ev'ry *Lucia* find a *Cato's* Son.

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